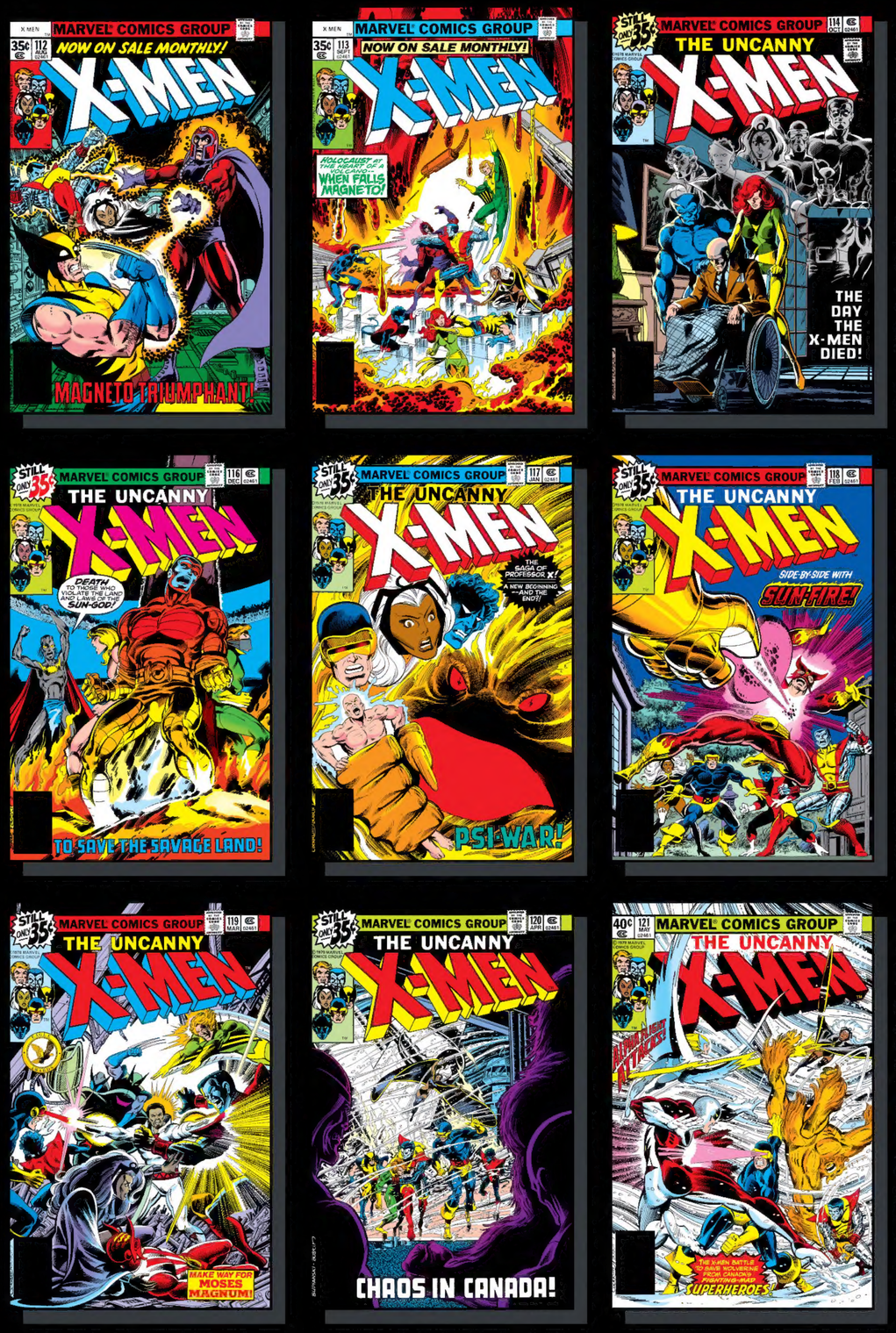
THE UNCANNY X-MEN®

MARVEL MASTERWORKS®
BY CHRIS CLAREMONT & JOHN BYRNE

MARVEL



MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

BY CHRIS CLAREMONT & JOHN BYRNE

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS PROUDLY PRESENT THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS COMICS AND SUPER HEROES FROM THEIR VERY BEGINNINGS IN A SERIES OF PAINSTAKINGLY RESTORED ARCHIVAL VOLUMES.

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THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT

NOW PLAYING

X-MEN ™

ONE WEEK ENGAGEMENT

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STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GENTS--

1 TON

--SEE THE STRANGEST SHOW ON EARTH!

NIGHT-CRAWLER

MAN OR MONSTER

WOLVERINE

STORM

GODDESS OF ELEMENTS

ONCE THEY WERE A MIGHTY SUPER-TEAM-- NOW THEY ARE MERE PERFORMING FREAKS!

KILLER BEAST IN HUMAN FORM!

SAVAGE!

CIRCUS

Cockrum · Austin

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS––feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

CHRIS CLAREMONT *Author* | JOHN BYRNE *Penciler* | TERRY AUSTIN *Inker* | TOM ORZECHOWSKI, *letterer* MARY TITUS, *colorist* | ARCHIE GOODWIN *Editor*

MINDGAMES!

HIS NAME IS HANK McCOY, AND WHEN HE WAS BORN HE LOOKED AS HUMAN AS YOU OR I. THAT HAS CHANGED.

IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS, HE WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL X-MEN, BUT THAT, TOO, HAS CHANGED. HE'S AN AVENGER NOW, AND HIS CONTACTS WITH HIS OLD FRIENDS AND TEAMMATES HAVE BECOME FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

I-- I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. I DON'T BELIEVE THIS AT ALL.

WHICH BRINGS US, ALBEIT INDIRECTLY, TO SULLIVAN COUNTY, TEXAS. THE BEAST HAS COME HERE LOOKING FOR THE X-MEN, AND HE'S JUST FOUND A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

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HUR-RY, HUR-RY, HUR-RY! COME ONE, COME ALL T' THE GREATEST LITTLE SHOW ON EARTH!

WE GOT T'RILLS AN' CHILLS, SIGHTS T' BEDAZZLE THE EYE AN' FREEZE THE HEART!

GODDESSES WE HAVE, AN' DEMONS, TOO. A MAN-BEAST FROM THE YUKON AND A MAN O' STEEL! ALL INSIDE THE MIDWAY, AN' ALL F'R THE MEASLY PRICE O' FIVE DOLLARS!

TICKETS $5.00

1 TON

IT'S THE BARGAIN OF A LIFETIME F'R YOUNG AN' OLD, AN' IF YE PASS IT BY YE'LL BE REGRETTIN' IT TILL YOUR DYIN' DAY!

FIVE DOLLARS I'M ASKIN', AN' THE SHOW'S CHEAP AT THE PRICE! YOW-ZER! YOW-ZER! YOW-ZER!

BANSHEE? A CARNIVAL BARKER??? AND THOSE POSTERS BEHIND HIM--!

FROM THE PICTURES I'VE SEEN, THEY COULD BE THE NEW X-MEN, BUT I'M NOT SURE.

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN TIME OUT TO MEET THEM, BUT LIFE IN THE AVENGERS HAS BEEN SO HECTIC LATELY I HAVEN'T HAD THE CHANCE.

I THINK I'LL NOSE AROUND QUIETLY FOR A WHILE. IF THESE ARE THE X-MEN, I'D PREFER KNOWING WHAT'S GOING ON-- WHO'S BEHIND THEIR TURNING INTO CARNIVAL FREAKS -- BEFORE I MAKE MY MOVE!

AND IF THESE AREN'T THE X-MEN, I'LL SIMPLY STEAL AWAY INTO THE NIGHT AND CHECK CEREBRO FOR MALFUNCTIONS.

LOOKS PRETTY MEAN, DON'T HE?

AW, GRAMPS, I BET HE AIN'T SO TOUGH.

JACKIE

THAT COULD HAVE BEEN WOLVERINE. THIS TELEPORTING CHARACTER COULD BE NIGHTCRAWLER. I MEAN, THERE CAN'T BE TWO LIKE HIM IN THE WORLD... CAN THERE?!

IF I COULD ONLY BE CERTAIN--!

YEARRGH!!

EEEEK!

ICK! HE STINKS! HEY, MARTY, I HEARD A CAT YELL LIKE THAT ONCE, WHEN MOMMA STEPPED ON HIS TAIL.

LOTTA LITTLE

LEIALOHA THE DUCK

JIM-BOB, THAT IS ONE GODDESS I WOULDN'T MIND BUNKIN' IN THE BOONDOCKS WITH, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

BET SHE BLEACHES HER HAIR.

NOW THAT IS WHAT I CALL A TOTAL WOMAN!

POOR KID. NO MATTER WHO SHE IS, SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS. FROM THE STORIES I'VE HEARD, THOUGH, STORM WOULDN'T.

SO WHAT DOES THAT *PROVE?* I *STILL* DON'T HAVE ANYTHING *CONCRETE*--AND I CAN ONLY GO *SO FAR* WORKING ON HUNCHES.

OH, LORNA--*WHAT* HAVE YOU GOTTEN THIS LITTLE BEASTIE *INTO?*

"SHE WAS *FRANTIC* WHEN SHE PHONED FROM SCOTLAND. HAVOK HAD BEEN *KIDNAPPED* AND SHE'D BEEN UNABLE TO GET ANY *ANSWER* WHEN SHE CALLED THE *X-MEN* FOR HELP.

"I *HOT-FOOTED* IT UP TO THE MANSION TO SEE WHAT *I* COULD DO. IF THE X-MEN WERE ON A *MISSION*, I COULD STILL USE *CEREBRO* TO FIND HAVOK.

"THE PLACE WAS *DESERTED*...

"... AND JUDGING FROM THE *MAIL*, HAD BEEN FOR QUITE A *WHILE.*

"... *HAVING A GREAT TIME, WISH YOU WERE HERE--CHARLES AND LILANDRA.*"

WHO'S LILANDRA?

CURIOUSER AND *CURIOUSER*--BEDS ARE UNMADE, EQUIPMENT LYING AROUND. FOOD'S HALF-COOKED, *HALF-EATEN...*

... ALMOST AS IF THEY'D *DISAPPEARED* BETWEEN ONE BITE AND THE *NEXT.*

I WONDER IF ALL THIS HAS *ANYTHING* TO DO WITH ALL THOSE VANISHING *AVENGERS...?*

*SEE *AVENGERS* #170-172. --A.G.

"THE *MORE* I FOUND--AND *DIDN'T* FIND--THE LESS I *LIKED* IT. SOMETHING WAS VERY *WRONG.* I CHECKED CEREBRO, ONLY TO FIND THE SYSTEM COMPLETELY *SHUT DOWN.*

"LUCKILY, THERE WAS NO PERMANENT *DAMAGE.* I RE-STARTED THE COMPUTER AND FOUND THE X-MEN IN *NOTHING FLAT.*

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I *EXPECTED* WHEN I FLEW OUT HERE -- AFTER CALLING THE *AVENGERS* ABOUT HAVOK--*

--BUT *Mr. MIKE'S ONE-RING TRAVELLING TENT SHOW* SURE WASN'T IT.

NOTHING MAKES SENSE, AND THE *HARDER* I TRY TO FIGURE THINGS OUT, THE *CRAZIER* IT ALL GETS.

THAT *AERIALIST*, FOR INSTANCE. SHE'S A *REDHEAD;* SHE COULD BE *JEAN.* BUT IF THAT POSTER OUTSIDE IS ANY INDICATION, SHE *SURE* ISN'T THE *MARVEL GIRL* I KNEW.

*TO SEE HOW THAT STORY TURNS OUT, CHECK *MARVEL TEAM-UP #70*, ON SALE NOW.--A.G.

ALL AROUND THE BEAST, THE CROWD **HOLDS** ITS BREATH AS THE SLIM YOUNG WOMAN, **FORTY** FEET **UP** AND WORKING WITHOUT A **SAFETY NET**--

--CLIMAXES HER PERFORMANCE WITH AN INCREDIBLE **TRIPLE SOMERSAULT.** SHE REACHES FOR HER **CATCHER**...

... AND THE CROWD **SCREAMS!**

SHE **MISSED!**

GOTTA GET **OUT** THERE! SHE'LL BE **KILLED!**

WHAT THE--?!?

BEFORE EVERYONE'S STUNNED, DISBELIEVING EYES, THE WOMAN FALLS, SEEMINGLY TO CERTAIN **DEATH**...

...AND THEN, AT THE LAST POSSIBLE **SECOND,** SHE SPREADS HER **ARMS**...

...AND FLOATS **GENTLY** DOWN TO EARTH.

LADEEZ AN' GENTLEMEN, LET'S HEAR A **GRAND** ROUND OF **APPLAUSE** F'R--

--**MIZ DESTINY!**

CALL HER WHAT YOU **LIKE,** BANSHEE, BUT AS FAR AS **I'M** CONCERNED, THE LADY'S NAME IS **JEAN GREY.**

I WAS **WATCHING** AS SHE FELL. THERE WERE NO HIDDEN **WIRES**--

--AND I'VE SEEN JEAN USE HER **TELEKINETIC** POWERS ENOUGH TO **RECOGNIZE** 'EM ANYWHERE.

I THINK IT'S **TIME** I MADE MY **MOVE.**

EXCUSE ME, "**MS. DESTINY**", MAY I **COME IN?**

THAT'S WHY THE DOOR'S **OPEN,** SPORT. I'M A LADY WHO **LOVES** TA MEET HER PUBLIC.

ONLY MAKE IT SHORT AN' **SWEET,** huh? I GOT A **HEAVY DATE.**

HUH?!?

WHAT'S'A **MATTA,** HANDSOME? **CAT** GOT'CHER TONGUE?

I THINK I'VE JUST MADE A *TERRIBLE* MISTAKE.

NO *WAY* THIS IS JEAN.

SAY SOMETHIN', OKAY, HUNK? I DON'T LIKE *STARERS.*

UH... I'M, uh, LOOKING FOR A *FRIEND* OF MINE, A WOMAN NAMED... *JEAN GREY?*

SO? YOU *FOUND* HER, CHUNKIE. ONLY I DON'T *'MEMBER* ANY FRIENDS LOOKIN' LIKE *YOU.*

MARVEL GIRL...?

SHEESH, A *KOOK.* I SHOULD'A *KNOWN.*

FELLA, *MY* HANDLE'S MIZ DESTINY, LIKE IT SAYS ON'A *DOOR.*

YOU GOT *TROUBLES,* BABY?

THIS BOZO'S GOT ME *CONFUSED* WITH SOME OTHER BROAD. GET HIM *OUTTA* HERE, WILLYA, SLIM?

I GOT A DATE WITH THE *BOSS.*

SLIM

SLIM--?

SCOTT?!?

YOU *HEARD* THE LADY, MISTER. TAKE A *WALK*-- AN' DON'T STOP TILL YOU HIT *TOWN.*

SCOTT, IT'S *ME, HANK!* DON'T YOU OR JEAN *RECOGNIZE* ME?

BEAT IT, PUNK! I DON'T KNOW *NOBODY* NAMED HANK, AN'--

--CRIPES!!

SLIM, HIS *FACE!* HE'S A *M-MONSTER!!*

THERE'S A BRIEF SCUFFLE AS Ms. DESTINY'S SCREAM ECHOES OUT ACROSS THE LOT. SLIM GRABS A HANDFUL OF FUR, TRIES TO THROW A PUNCH...

FOOM!

...AND THE BEAST DECIDES ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

UNFORTUNATELY..

HEY RUBE! HEY RUBE!

SLIM

Oh, BROTHER.

SO MUCH FOR THE *SUBTLE* APPROACH. I SHOULD HAVE *DECKED* HIM, I SUPPOSE--

--BUT I COULDN'T *HELP* PULLING MY PUNCH.

IN *RETROSPECT*, HOWEVER, THAT MAY HAVE BEEN A TACTICAL *NO-NO*.

SCOTT'S *CALL* SEEMS TO HAVE DRAWN A *CROWD*.

JUKIE--WHAT *IS* THAT THING?

WHO *CAYUHS*, BRUNO? HE'S A *SNOOPUH*...

...AN' THE *BOSS* SAYS WE GOTTA PUT ALL SNOOPUHS DOWN... *HAHD!*

SHEE-*OOT!* IT AIN'T *HUMAN!*

WILLIS, YOU DUMB *CLUCK!* YOU WENT AN' LEFT THE *G'RILLA* CAGE OPEN AGIN!

SORRY, CHARLIE--OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS--BUT YOU'RE *WRONG*.

WHAT YOU GOT HERE IS A 100% BONAFIDE, CARD-CARRYIN' *AVENGER*...

...WHO SEEMS TO HAVE THIS *KNACK* FOR GETTING INTO *SCRAPS*.

AN *AVENJUH--?!? TAKE HIM*-- ANY WAY YOU *CAN!* IT'S BACK TO THE *SLAMMUH* FOAH SURE IF HE *ESCAPES!*

HOW, JUKIE?! HE JUMPS HIGHER'N THE *HULK!*

NOT QUITE, PAL, BUT I'M NOT *COMPLAINING*.

BLAST! THESE GOONS ARE SPROUTING LIKE *WEEDS!* EVERY-WHERE I TURN, I RUN INTO *MORE* OF 'EM.

IF I CAN GET OUT OF THE *LIGHTS*, I THINK I CAN *LOSE* 'EM.

MOM, *LOOK!* ONE O' THE BIG *MONKEYS* GOT LOOSE.

THANKS, KID, MY EGO *NEEDED* THAT. DON'T YOU PEOPLE KNOW A *SUPER-HERO* WHEN YOU SEE ONE?

UH-UH, CONEHEAD! NO GUNS!

SOK!

AFTER ALL, WE WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE TO GET *HURT*.

I'M *BOXED IN*, AN' IF THAT CLOWN'S ANY INDICATION, THEY'LL HAVE *RIFLES* COVERING EVERY EXIT.

THERE'S STILL A *SHOW* GOING ON IN THE BIG TOP. I'VE GOT TO FIND A PLACE TO *LIE LOW* TILL IT LETS OUT.

AND THAT *FREAK SHOW* TENT -- MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT-- LOOKS MADE TO *ORDER*.

JUST IN *TIME*, METHINKS, AS THE POSSE *THUNDERS* BY. FROM THE SOUND OF IT, SCOTT'S IN THE *LEAD*.

I NEVER KNEW HE WAS SO *BLOODTHIRSTY*.

ASSUMING IT'S *SCOTT SUMMERS* TO BEGIN WITH. FOR ALL *I* REALLY KNOW, I'VE STUMBLED ONTO A GANG OF *DEAD RINGERS*.

IF THAT *IS* SCOTT, THOUGH, THEN IT'S A SURE BET SOMEONE'S BEEN *MUCKING* AROUND WITH HIS MIND-- WITH *ALL* THE X-MEN'S MINDS.

SO *WHAT* AM I GOING TO *DO* ABOUT IT?

I CAN'T RISK HANDLING THIS *ALONE*-- ANY FORCE OR BEING CAPABLE OF ZAPPING THE *X-MEN* ISN'T ONE TO BE TAKEN *LIGHTLY*.

I WONDER *WHO* COULD IT *BE!*

WELL, WHAT'S IMPORTANT *NOW* IS GETTING SOME *REINFORCEMENTS* IN HERE ON THE DOUBLE. LIKE, FOR INSTANCE, THE REST OF THE *AVENGERS*.

NO *NOISE* OUTSIDE. I'D BETTER BE MOVING *ON*.

AND, AS HE COMPLETES THE THOUGHT, THE BEAST DOES INDEED START MOVING...

KRRRIP!

BKAM!

...THOUGH NOT QUITE IN THE MANNER HE'D ORIGINALLY INTENDED.

ooohhhhhh...

Anyone... get the number... of that uru hammer?

IF THAT WAS A... *FIST* THAT HIT ME, I DON'T THINK I WANT TO SEE THE BODY IT'S *ATTACHED* TO.

HEY, YOU GUYS! THE RUSSKIE'S *FOUND* 'IM!

THAT TALKIN' TEDDY BEAR'S IN THE *FREAK SHOW TENT!*

TICKETS

THANKS A HEAP, COLOSSUS.

THAT PUNCH *HURT!* MY HEAD'S FULL OF COTTON WOOL AND *RAILROAD SPIKES*... AND MY LEGS FEEL LIKE *RUBBER*.

CAN BARELY *STAND*, LET ALONE *FIGHT*.

GIVE THE BEAST CREDIT, HE TRIES-- BUT HE'S TOO BADLY HURT, AND THE ODDS AGAINST HIM ARE TOO GREAT.

HE DOESN'T EVEN LAST *FIVE* MINUTES.

DO WE *KILL* 'IM, GEORGIE?

NOPE. BOSS WANTS HIM *ALIVE*. TAKE HIM OVER TA THE *MAIN CARAVAN*.

BOSS SAYS HE'S GONNA DO FER *FUZZY* HERE WHAT HE DID FOR THE *OTHERS*.

nnnNNOOO...!

GEORGIE, THAT'S *CRAZY!* HE SAID HE'S AN *AVENGER!* SUPPOSE HIS PALS COME *LOOKIN'* FOR HIM!

I MEAN, IF THE BEAST FOUND US, *THEY* CAN, TOO.

I *KNOW.* TRY TELLIN' THAT TA THE *BOSS.*

BILLIE-BOY, IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE *WANTS* THE AVENGERS TA COME.

BOSS, IT'S GEORGIE. WE GOT THE *BEAST.*

NOK,

NOK!

EXCELLENT. BRING HIM IN.

HELLO, BEAST. IT'S BEEN A LONG, *LONG* TIME.

Y-YOU--!!

MESMERO!!

OF *COURSE.* WHO ELSE COULD HAVE CONCEIVED OF SUCH A *DELICIOUS* REVENGE AGAINST HIS MOST *HATED* FOES?

SURPRISED, ARE YOU? DID YOU THINK THAT AFTER ALL THIS TIME I'D *FORGOTTEN* ABOUT YOU AND YOUR FELLOW X-MEN? *HARDLY,* BEAST.

I SNARED *MARVEL GIRL* IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION. IN THE *CONFUSION* OF THE RUSH HOUR CROWD, SHE DIDN'T REALIZE HER *DANGER* TILL IT WAS TOO LATE.

YOU'LL *NEVER* GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WHO'S TO *STOP* ME?

SHE GAVE ME *ACCESS* TO XAVIER'S MANSION, AND FROM THERE THE X-MEN FELL LIKE *DOMINOS.* AN INSTANT'S *EYE CONTACT* WAS ALL I NEEDED TO ENTHRALL EVEN THE *STRONGEST* OF THEM.

AS I WILL NOW ENTHRALL *YOU,* BEAST.

MESMERO'S EYES BEGIN TO GLOW AMID THE DARKNESS OF HIS CARAVAN, AND HANK McCOY FEELS HIS UNIVERSE SLIPPING OUT FROM UNDER HIM.

AT THAT SAME MOMENT, ACROSS THE CIRCUS LOT...

...THE MIDNIGHT SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF A CHAIN SNAPPING.

TINK!

THE STRAIN IS MURDEROUS--

...AS IMAGES EXPLODE AGAINST THE MIASMIC FOG ENSHROUDING HIS MIND.

--THE LINKS AND SHACKLES FORGED OF THE HARDEST STEEL MONEY CAN BUY, GUARANTEED UNBREAKABLE-- YET WOLVERINE NEVER YIELDS...

THE FIGHT HAS SPARKED A RESPONSE DEEP WITHIN HIM, A PRIMAL, ELEMENTAL NEED THAT'S BEEN AT THE CORE OF WOLVERINE'S BEING ALL HIS LIFE.

·AUGH!

SHK-

A NEED TO BE FREE!

WHAT THE... *FLAMIN'...?* WHERE AM I?!?

LAS' THING I *'MEMBER* WUZ... WUZ... JEANNIE WITH SOME *GREEN-SKINNED* DUDE... HIS EYES LIKE *FIRE*, BURNIN' INTA MY HEAD...

NEED SOME *ANSWERS*, AN' THIS BOZO LOOKS LIKE JUS' THE GUY *T'GIVE* 'EM T' ME.

SING, CANARY, 'FORE I COUNT T' *FIVE*--OR I *POP* MY CLAWS.

YOU--YOU'RE *BLUFFIN'!*

ONE. FOUR. FI...

I'LL TALK! *I'LL TALK!*

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN JEAN GREY'S CARAVAN...

SOME NIGHT, huh, JEANNIE?

YEUCCCHH!

JUST *THINKIN'* ABOUT THAT FUZZY FRUIT-CAKE GIVES ME THE *SHIVERS*, Y'KNOW? AND HE SAID HE *KNEW* ME!

GEEZ, I BETTER *RUN*! I'M LATE FER MY *DATE* WITH THE BOSS.

WH--?!?

SKA-BASH!

FREEZE IT, JEANNIE! YOU AIN'T GOIN' *NOWHERE*!

WHO *ARE* YOU?! WHAT DO YOU *WANT*?!? YOU KEEP AWAY FROM ME, HEAR--? *KEEP AWAY*!

SLIM-- HELP!!

NAME'S *WOLVERINE*, JEAN. I'M ONE O' THE *X-MEN*. JUST LIKE *YOU* ARE.

ALL YA GOTTA DO IS *REMEMBER*.

BACK OFF, SHRIMP! YA WANNA *MESS* WITH MISS GREY, YOU'RE GONNA HAVETA GO THROUGH *SLIM SUMMERS* FIRST!

KRAK!

MY *PLEASURE*, BUB.

C'*MERE*, BABE. YOU AN' ME ARE GONNA HAVE *WORDS*.

HEY, THERE AIN'T NO NEED TA BE *ROUGH*, Y'KNOW? I WON'T *SCREAM* OR NOTHIN' I'LL DO WHATEVER YA *WANT*.

ONLY DON'T *HURT* ME. PLEASE.

LADY, I WISH THERE WAS SOME *OTHER* WAY...

... BUT THERE *AIN'T.*

I BROKE *OUTTA* MY HYPNOTIC TRANCE BY REACTIN' T' THINGS ON A GUT, *INSTINCTIVE* LEVEL...

SWAK!

... A PART O' ME BURIED SO *DEEP* EVEN MESMERO'S POWER COULDN'T *TOUCH* IT.

NOW I GOTTA MAKE JEANNIE DO THE *SAME.* DOWN INSIDE, WE'RE A LOT *ALIKE*-- EVEN IF SHE DON'T *KNOW* IT YET. I'M GAMBLIN' THESE SLAPS'LL *SCRAMBLE* HER HEAD ENOUGH T'BRING THAT *PART* O' HER T' THE *SURFACE.*

BROW!

C'MON, JEANNIE, *REACT!* REAC--!

Ok, GEEZ.

STOP!

DON'T YOU *HIT* ME, LITTLE MAN!

DON'T YOU EVER *HIT* ME LIKE THAT AGAIN!

ZR'AKOW!

=UNNNGNH!=

Wha--?!?

LORD, WHAT'S *HAPPENING...?!?*

WOLVERINE!

WOLVERINE -- oh, I'M SO *SORRY*-- ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT?!*

I'M *BANGED UP* SOME, BUT I'LL *LIVE.*

SHOOT, LADY, YOU PACK A *MEAN ZAP.*

HELP ME *UP,* WILLYA? WE GOTTA USE YER POWERS T' FREE THE *REST* O' THE X-MEN.

"AN' THEN, BABE, WE GOT US SOME *SCORES* T' SETTLE."

IMPOSSIBLE!

I'M USING MY *FULL* STRENGTH, YET STILL THE BEAST RESISTS MY *HYPNOTIC POWERS!*

CAN'T... *WIN* 'EM ALL, eh... MESSY?

CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH... *LONGER.* SKULL FEELS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TO *BURST.*

IF ONLY HE'D... *EASE OFF* A LITTLE. I THINK I COULD... BUST *LOOSE!*

BOSS! *BOSS!* THE OTHER FREAKS--THE *X-MEN*-- THEY'VE GONE *CRAZY!* THEY'RE TRASHIN' EVERYTHIN' IN SIGHT. WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM *BACK!*

WHAT--?!?

BONK

SEE WHAT I *MEAN,* MESMERO? YOUR "*GRAND DESIGN*" FOR VENGEANCE IS TURNING OUT TO BE A *HOUSE OF CARDS.*

AND *HERE'S* WHERE A CERTAIN BASHFUL, BLUE-EYED, BLUE-FURRED *BON VIVANT* DOES HIS BIT--

--TO HELP BRING THAT HOUSE *DOWN* AROUND YOUR *EARS!*

YOU'VE HAD YOUR *BEST SHOT,* PAL. NOW IT'S *MY TURN.*

PUT UP YER *DUKES!*

Oh, MY GOD.

HEY, *RELAX.* I'M ONLY GONNA HIT YOU ONCE OR TWICE. OR *THRICE.* OR--

--AARRRRGH!!

YOU!

BUT-- IT C-CAN'T BE!

Ah, BUT IT *IS,* MESMERO.

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

...THE X-MEN ARE, INDEED, SETTLING A FEW SCORES. THANKS TO PHOENIX THEY REMEMBER EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM IN THE WEEKS THEY'VE BEEN IN MESMERO'S POWER.

AND THEY LIKE NONE OF IT.

THEY'RE OUTNUMBERED BETTER THAN EIGHT-TO-ONE BY MESMERO'S ROUSTABOUTS -- BOTTOM-OF-THE-BARREL BRUISERS GATHERED FROM THE CHEAP DIVES OF FOUR STATES.

BAMF

THESE BACK ALLEY MUSCLEMEN EXPECT THE FIGHT TO BE A MASSACRE.

WOK!

THEY'RE RIGHT.

BKOW!

ONLY THEY END UP BITING THE DUST.

HIT 'EM HARD, X-MEN--

ZBANG!

--AND HIT EM FAST! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO MESMERO BEFORE HE CAN SLIP AWAY!

HAVE NO FEAR, CYCLOPS-- NONE OF THESE... CREATURES WILL ESCAPE.

BUT IF THESE MOTHERLESS SCUM HAVE GODS, THEY SHOULD THANK THEM WITH ALL THEIR CRAVEN HEARTS--

--THAT THE X-MEN DO NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING.

EVEN SO, I AM SORELY TEMPTED!

YEAARRRGH!

WE *ALL* ARE, STORM. WE ARE *PEOPLE*, YET MESMERO TREATED US AS *THINGS*, PUPPETS TO BE USED AND *THROWN AWAY*.

AND TO THINK I USED TO *LOVE* THE CIRCUS.

THAT'S THE *LAST* OF 'EM, CYCLOPS

ALL THAT'S LEFT IS *MESMERO* HIMSELF.

CYCLOPS! LYING ON THE FLOOR--!

IT'S THE *BEAST*, COLOSSUS.

I'M *MINDPROBING* HIM, CYCLOPS. BEAST'S OKAY, JUST *UNCONSCIOUS*.

THANKS, PHOENIX. ALL RIGHT, MESMERO, FUN-AND-GAMES ARE *OVER*.

DO YOU COME *QUIETLY*, OR DO WE TAKE YOU *APART*?

MESMERO--?!

GOOD LORD!

THOMP!

I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT *MESMERO*, IF I WERE *YOU*, CYCLOPS.

SCOTT.

I SHOULD INSTEAD WORRY ABOUT SIMPLY *SURVIVING* TO SEE TOMORROW'S *SUNRISE*.

LENIN'S GHOST!

GODS OF THE EARTH AND AIR.

LORD, *NO!* WE'RE STILL NOWHERE NEAR *READY*.

GREETINGS, X-MEN. I TRUST YOU'RE ALL QUITE *RECOVERED* FROM MESMERO'S MINDGAMES.

WE HAVE *UNFINISHED* BUSINESS, YOU AND I. IF YOU'LL REMEMBER, WHEN *LAST* WE MET*, I SWORE THAT NOT *ALL* YOUR POWERS NOR YOUR *SKILLS* WOULD SAVE YOU FROM MY *WRATH*--

--AND THEY WILL *NOT!*

THIS TIME, THE FINAL VICTORY WILL BELONG TO--

--MAGNETO!

*X-MEN #104. -- A.G.

NEXT ISSUE: *TWO WORDS* SAY IT ALL, TWO WORDS THAT COULD VERY WELL SOUND THE *DEATH KNELL* OF THE X-MEN:

MAGNETO TRIUMPHANT!

X-MEN ™

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MAGNETO TRIUMPHANT!

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS––feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

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CHRIS CLAREMONT / AUTHOR | JOHN BYRNE / PENCILER | TERRY AUSTIN / INKER | BRUCE PATTERSON / LETTERER | M. TITUS / COLORIST | J. SHOOTER / EDITOR

THE GENTLEMAN'S NAME IS MAGNETO, A MAN THE NEW X-MEN HAVE FOUGHT ONCE BEFORE IN THEIR BRIEF CAREERS.*

HE BEAT THEM HANDS DOWN.

I'M A MAN OF MY WORD, MUTANTS. I SWORE I WOULD DESTROY YOU.

AND I SHALL!

*X-MEN #104 -- Jim

MAGNETO TRIUMPHANT!

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BULL!

YOU ONLY WON LAST TIME, BUCKET-HEAD, 'CAUSE CYCLOPS TURNED CHICKEN AN' MADE US RUN!

BACK OFF, WOLVERINE-- THAT'S AN ORDER!

IF MAGNETO GOADS US INTO AN ATTACK, WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD.

YOU'RE THAT ALREADY, MY FRIEND.

BUT WHY NOT GIVE YOUR LITTLE MADMAN HIS MOMENT OF GLORY. HE COULD USE A LESSON IN MANNERS.

HE'S TOYING WITH US! WHAT KIND OF AN ACE HAS HE GOT UP HIS SLEEVE?

EVERYONE OUTSIDE! ON THE DOUBLE!! NIGHTCRAWLER SCOUT AHEAD!

BAMF

ON MY WAY, CYCLOPS.

HEY!

ACH-- NEIN!!

I'M AFRAID, X-MEN, YOUR NIGHT OF SURPRISES HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN.

CYCLOPS, THAT SCREAM! IT'S NIGHTCRAWLER!

TAKE CARE O' THE DOOR, COLOSSUS! WE'VE GOT T' GET OUT THERE!

AS GOOD AS DONE, BANSHEE!

DO NOT FEAR, FRIEND NIGHTCRAWLER. WE ARE...

SKRAKT!

...COMING.

SAINTS ABOVE, WHAT'S HAP'NIN' HERE?!?

HOW THE BLAZES SHOULD I KNOW?! JUST GET ME OFF THIS VERDAMMT STAIR BEFORE IT BREAKS!

IT'S MADNESS, THEY TELL THEMSELVES. ONLY A MINUTE AGO, THEY WERE ON THE GROUND.

NOW THEY'RE MILES HIGH, THE CIRCUS WAGON HURTLING THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT SKY LIKE A ROCKET.

GOT YOU!

ABOUT TIME, TOO.

LEIBER GOTT, COLOSSUS, I ALMOST DIDN'T GRAB THE STEPS IN TIME.

BE CALM, KURT. YOU ARE SAFE NOW.

THE ELF IS SAFE, BIG FELLA--BUT BUCKET-HEAD AIN'T!

IF YOU WANT ME MADMAN, HERE I AM. I DEFY YOU TO DO YOUR WORST.

BUB, THAT'S MUSIC TA MY EARS.

WOLVERINE-- DON'T

YOU CRAZY LOON--FOR ONCE IN YOUR MISBEGOTTEN LIFE, THINK BEFORE YOU ACT. WE'RE TEN MILES UP, MAN! WHOSE POWER D'YOU THINK GOT US HERE, AND KEEPS US ALIVE?!

BANSHEE AND STORM CAN'T CARRY ANYONE; THERE ISN'T ENOUGH AIR UP HERE TO SUPPORT THEIR POWERS. AND EVEN IF THEY COULD, WE'D ALL FREEZE LONG BEFORE WE REACHED THE GROUND.

FACE IT, SHORTCAKE, THE BALL'S IN MAGNETO'S COURT. LET HIM MAKE THE NEXT MOVE.

"WHY?" CYCLOPS ASKS, AFTER WOLVERINE RELUCTANTLY SHEATHES HIS CLAWS. "WHY US, MAGNETO? WHY NOW?"

"I TOLD YOU, CYCLOPS, UNFINISHED BUSINESS. AFTER LEAVING MUIR ISLE, I WAS DISTRACTED FROM MY GOAL BY SOME MINOR ALTERCATIONS WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND DOCTOR DOOM.* BUT EVENTUALLY I MADE MY WAY TO XAVIER'S MANSION...

*CAP ANNUAL #4 & CHAMPIONS #15 -- JIM.

"...ONLY TO FIND IT DESERTED. IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED. THE QUESTION WAS... WHAT?

"AND WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE?

"THE BEAST'S SUDDEN ARRIVAL INTERRUPTED ME BEFORE I COULD BEGIN TO TRACK YOU DOWN.

"HIS DEMEANOR SUGGESTED THAT HE NEEDED TO FIND YOU URGENTLY, SO I DECIDED TO LET HIM DO MY WORK FOR ME.

"WHEN HE POINTED HIS AVENGERS QUINJET SOUTH AND WEST TOWARDS TEXAS, I FOLLOWED ALONG.

"MY CURIOSITY GREW AS THE BEAST LED ME TO A SMALL, PROVINCIAL CIRCUS. I WONDERED, BRIEFLY, IF THE RINGMASTER WAS INVOLVED.

"EVEN I, HOWEVER, WAS TAKEN ABACK WHEN I DISCOVERED THAT BANSHEE HAD BECOME A CARNIVAL BARKER--

"--AND MOST OF THE REST OF YOU, SIDE-SHOW FREAKS.

TICKETS $5.00

"WHOEVER IT WAS, HE SEEMED TO HAVE A DELIGHTFUL SENSE OF THE ABSURD.

"THE BEAST MADE AN EXCELLENT STALKING HORSE, DRAWING EVERYONE'S ATTENTION WHILE I STAYED IN THE BACKGROUND AND WATCHED WHAT DEVELOPED.

"A MOB OF CIRCUS ROUSTABOUTS -- LED BY YOU, CYCLOPS -- SOON CORNERED MY UNKNOWING ALLY.

PROFESS ZAPPO

"THEY BEAT HIM WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE BEFORE DRAGGING HIM TO THEIR LEADER."

MESMERO!

"MESMERO TURNED HIS HYPNOTIC POWERS ON THE BEAST, MEANING TO ENTHRALL HIM AS HE HAD THE REST OF THE X-MEN. AT THAT POINT, I'D SEEN ENOUGH."

FOR ALL HIS VAUNTED POWER, MESMERO WAS LESS THAN NOTHING TO ME. A MAGNETIC FORCE BLAST TOOK CARE OF BOTH HIM AND THE BEAST.

OH, MY ACHING HEAD. GEE, MAGGIE, I THOUGHT YOU AN' ME WUZ BEST BUDDIES.

YOU THINK TOO MUCH, BEAST.

HAD THE REST OF YOU NOT FREED YOURSELVES FROM MESMERO'S CONDITIONING, THOUGH, I'D HAVE DONE IT FOR YOU.

WE S'POSED TA BE *GRATEFUL*, BUB?

THIS MAKES NO *SENSE*. WHY ZAP MESMERO? YOU AND HE USED TO BE *ALLIES*.

HE AND I?

MY *DEAR* CYCLOPS, I DON'T EVEN *KNOW* THE MAN.

THE "*MAGNETO*" THIS FOOL SERVED -- THE ONE WHO CLAIMED TO BE THE *FATHER* OF LORNA DANE--WAS A *ROBOT*.*

*AS WAS SO DRAMATICALLY REVEALED IN X-MEN #58--JIM.

BARELY A HALF-HOUR HAS PASSED SINCE THEY LEFT SULLIVAN COUNTY...

...YET THE FLYING WAGON HAS GONE OVER *FOUR THOUSAND* MILES, FROM WEST TEXAS TO THE UNCHARTED WILDS OF THE *ANDES* MOUNTAINS.

ITS FLIGHT HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED.

JAGUAR CONTROL TO JAGUAR LEADER, DO YOU HAVE *VISUAL CONTACT* WITH THE UFO, OVER.

JAGUAR LEADER, *RESPOND*! THIS IS GENERAL ORTIZ, OVER!

HE SOUNDS *ANGRY*, COMPADRE. DO WE *ANSWER* HIM?

WELL, I *SEE* IT, CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, JORGE, BUT I DON'T *BELIEVE* IT.

IT-- IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*!

PEREZ

TIRADOR

I AGREE, MAJOR. THE PROBLEM IS, I SEE IT, TOO.

UNA CARETA-- SOME KIND OF WAGON, PAINTED LIKE IT'S PART OF A CIRCO, A CIRCUS. AND FLYING AT SEVENTY THOUSAND FEET.

IT'S HEADING DUE SOUTH CLIMBING AND PULLING AWAY FROM US AS IF WE WERE STANDING STILL.

WANT TO TRY TO SHOOT IT DOWN?

HOW?! WE DON'T CARRY A MISSILE FAST ENOUGH TO CATCH IT!

DIOS MIO! JORGE, LOOK! SOMETHING'S BEING THROWN OUT THE BACK!

IT'S A MAN--DROPPING TOWARDS THE AMAZON JUNGLE AS GENTLY AS A FEATHER.

NOTIFY JAGUAR CONTROL. TELL THEM WE... AH, LOST THE UFO BUT ONE OF ITS CREW HAS ...UH, BAILED OUT.

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM DOWN. CONTROL CAN SEND HELICOPTERS TO PICK HIM UP. AND THEN, MY FRIEND, WE WILL FLY HOME AND GET VERY, VERY DRUNK.

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE WAGON...

YOU--MONSTER! EVEN IF MESMERO WAS YOUR MOST HATED ENEMY...

...TO CALLOUSLY HURL HIM TO HIS DEATH--!

YOU UNDERESTIMATE MY POWERS, YOUNG WOMAN. I AM CONTROLLING MESMERO'S DESCENT. HIS LANDING WILL BE PAINFUL, BUT THAT'S NO MORE THAN HE DESERVES.

YOU ARE MY OLDEST FOES, X-MEN. MY BITTEREST DEFEATS HAVE BEEN AT YOUR HANDS.

IF ANYONE HAS EARNED THE RIGHT TO DESTROY YOU, IT IS I.

THERE'S SILENCE NOW, GRIM AND UNCOMFORTABLE, AS THE WAGON MOVES FARTHER AND FARTHER SOUTH--LAND'S END AT CAPE HORN GIVING WAY TO THE STORM-SWEPT WATERS OF THE DRAKE PASSAGE.

AND THEN, THEY'RE OVER LAND AGAIN, THE BLEAK, DESOLATE EXPANSE OF SNOW AND ICE THAT IS THE SEVENTH OF EARTH'S CONTINENTS--ANARCTICA!

THE X-MEN HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THEY ARE OR WHERE THEY'RE GOING AS THE WAGON SKIMS MILE AFTER MILE OF TRACKLESS WASTE.

FINALLY, THE WAGON BEGINS A STEEP DESCENT TOWARDS ONE OF THE MANY VOLCANOES THAT LINE THE CONTINENTAL RIM. MOST ARE EXTINCT.

THIS ONE IS NOT.

BEFORE ANYONE CAN REACT, THEY'RE INSIDE THE CRATER, DROPPING SWIFTLY TOWARDS THE LAVA POOL. THERE'S TIME FOR ONE THOUGHT: IS THIS HOW MAGNETO PLANS TO FINISH US OFF ?!

THEN, WITH A SOUNDLESS SPLASH, THE WAGON HITS THE LAVA...

...AND DROPS BENEATH THE SURFACE.

ALL ABOARD, SAVE MAGNETO HIMSELF, ARE MORE THAN A LITTLE SURPRISED TO FIND THEMSELVES STILL ALIVE AS THE WAGON HEADS UNERRINGLY FOR A CERAMIC STEEL DOME SET IN THE FLOOR OF A SECONDARY FISSURE.

THE DOME OPENS, THE MOLTEN LAVA KEPT AT BAY...

...BY A BUBBLE OF MAGNETIC FORCE SIMILAR TO THE ONE THAT'S BEEN PROTECTING THE WAGON. AFTER COMING HALFWAY 'ROUND THE WORLD, THE X-MEN'S JOURNEY IS ALMOST OVER.

MAGNETO ENDS IT WITH A BANG.

GODS--THE WAGON!

WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE HOME, X-MEN.

I HOPE YOU LIKE IT--BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE LEAVING.

HOME IT MAY BE, BUT THIS UNDERGROUND COMPLEX IS FAR FROM HUMBLE. BURIED A MILE BENEATH THE ICE CAP, IT COVERS AN AREA OF FIVE SQUARE MILES, ONE OF A NUMBER OF SIMILAR INSTALLATIONS MAGNETO HAS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.

DRAWING ITS POWER DIRECTLY FROM THE EARTH'S CORE, THE COMPLEX IS TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT AND VIRTUALLY IMPREGNABLE, A MASTERPIECE OF AUTOMATED TECHNOLOGY THAT WOULD DO TONY STARK OR REED RICHARDS PROUD.

THE X-MEN, HOWEVER, KNOW NONE OF THAT.

AT THE MOMENT, THEY HAVE MORE PRESSING CONCERNS.

KANG!

HE'S MADE HIS MOVE, EXACTLY AS I FIGURED HE WOULD. HAD NO CHANCE TO ALERT THE OTHERS...

BLOOD!

I'VE GOT TO START THINGS OFF MYSELF AND WORK EVERYONE ELSE IN AS WE GO ALONG.

I HATE TO DISILLUSION YOU, MAGNETO, BUT ZAPPING US ISN'T GONNA BE THAT EASY.

TAKE HIM, COLOSSUS!

ZKOW!

IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE, CYCLOPS.

KROM!

AN IMPRESSIVE PUNCH, COLOSSUS. BUT MY SHIELDS HAVE WITHSTOOD STRONGER.

AND HAVE YOU SO SOON FORGOTTEN THAT AGAINST ME--

--YOUR ARMORED FORM MAKES YOU THE WEAKEST X-MAN?!

NOT BAD, MAGGIE. BUT LET'S SEE YOU TRY THAT STUNT WITH THE GENUINE, GUARANTEED, NON-FERROUS BEAST.

KAWA-BONGA, SWEET-UMS!

I'VE SOMETHING BETTER IN STORE FOR YOU, AVENGER.

NAMELY, A MULTI-KILOVOLT STATIC CHARGE.

AARRRRGH!!

WONG!

YOU POOR, BENIGHTED FOOL! SINCE MY RESURRECTION AT THE HANDS OF ERIC THE RED*, MY POWERS HAVE BEEN AT THEIR PEAK!

NO FORCE ON EARTH CAN STAND AGAINST ME!

*X-MEN #104--JIM.

BEAST?

'S'ALL... RI... STORM... ONLY HURTS WHEN I...I ...LAFFFFF

I DAREN'T TRY A DIRECT ATTACK. THE LAST TIME I DID, MAGNETO HURLED MY LIGHTNING BOLTS BACK AT ME.

ANYTHING LESS THAN MY FULL STRENGTH WON'T DO ANY GOOD.

"BUT IF I SHOULD LOSE CONTROL, I MIGHT KILL HIM. IS THAT SO WRONG, THOUGH? HE HAS SWORN DEATH-- AND WORSE-- AGAINST ME AND MY FRIENDS.

"AND YET...I HAVE SWORN NEVER TO KILL."

A BLIZZARD RIPS UP OUT OF NOWHERE AROUND MAGNETO, THE BITTER COLD AND HUNDRED-KNOT WINDS SLICING THROUGH TO THE VERY MARROW OF HIS BONES.

A NORMAL MAN WOULD HAVE BEEN BATTERED UNCONSCIOUS IN SECONDS.

YOU...ALMOST HAD ME, MY DEAR. YET AT THE LAST INSTANT, YOU HELD BACK.

THAT WAS A FATAL MISTAKE.

SHZ

ZAM!

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU CONSIDER THAT EXTREME COLD ACTUALLY ENHANCES MY MAGNETIC POWERS--

--TURNING ME INTO A LIVING SUPERCONDUCTOR.

UNNNGNH!

HE'S DOING IT TO US AGAIN...

...TAKING OUR BEST SHOTS AND THEN SMASHING US DOWN.

IF I HAD ANY SENSE, I'D STAY HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS. AFTER ALL, I'M NO MORE THAN A GLORIFIED ACROBAT.

MAGNETO'S DECKED BEAST, STORM AND COLOSSUS. WHAT CHANCE DO I HAVE?!

EH?

SO WHO SAID I WANTED TO LIVE FOREVE--!

WHOU-U-UOFF!!

NIGHTCRAWLER!

VILLAIN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?!

MERELY HURLING HIM UP AT THE SAME RATE I BRING YOU DOWN, COLOSSUS. ANY OBJECTIONS?

HE MEANS US TO COLLIDE IN MID-AIR! AT THIS SPEED, HITTING MY ARMORED BODY WILL BE LIKE CRASHING INTO A BRICK WALL.

KURT WILL BE KILLED!

BUT THIS HIGH ABOVE THE FLOOR--IF I CHANGE TO HUMAN FORM, WILL I SURVIVE THE FALL?

MY FRIEND'S LIFE IS AT STAKE. I HAVE NO CHOICE.

WHAM!!O!

STUNNED THOUGH HE IS BY THE IMPACT, PETER RASPUTIN STILL MANAGES TO MAKE THE BEST OF A BAD LANDING, CUSHIONING KURT WAGNER'S BODY WITH HIS OWN.

NO BONES ARE BROKEN, NO PERMANENT DAMAGE DONE, BUT BOTH MEN WILL BE OUT COLD FOR QUITE A WHILE.

FIVE DOWN, THREE TO GO.

THAT'S THE TRUTH, BOYO--AN' NONE OF US ARE LIGHTWEIGHTS!

I'VE COME TOO FAR TO BE BEATEN NOW, BANSHEE-- BY YOU OR ANYONE!

EEEEEEEE

WHAT'S THIS, THEN? IS HE TRYIN' T' FUSE THOSE LITTLE FLAKES O' IRON T'ME BODY AGAIN?*

*AS IN X-MEN #104-- JIM.

SORRY, MAGGIE-ME-LAD, BUT BANSHEE'S TOO OLD AN' CAGEY A BIRD T' BE SNARED THE SAME WAY TWICE.

EE

EE

AH, BANSHEE-- MAGNETO IS NOT SUCH A FOOL AS TO PUT ALL HIS FAITH IN A SINGLE STRATEGEM.

LORD IN HEAVEN, HE'S WARPIN' ME SCREAM BACK AT ME--!

THRUMM

WALLS VIBRATIN'... LOW-FREQUENCY SONICS...

...MIND-- ENTIRE BODY-- FEEL LIKE I'M ...TEARIN' APART--!!

DAMN!

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A TEAM. AS A TEAM, I DOUBT THERE'S A VILLAIN ALIVE WHO COULD BEAT US, INCLUDING MAGNETO!

YOUR OPTIC BLASTS ARE AS STRONG AS EVER CYCLOPS, BUT THIS TIME I'M READY FOR THEM.

SO WHAT HAPPENS? EVERYONE GOES OFF AND ATTACKS ONE-ON-ONE.

NO COORDINATION, NO STRATEGY-- NO BRAINS!

AACKKGH!

THOM!

YOU FORGET, CYCLOPS, THAT UNLIKE YOU, I CAN DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE.

SHIELD MYSELF FROM YOUR OPTIC BLASTS, AND AT THE SAME TIME, COUNTER-ATTACK. GAME AND SET TO ME, WITH ONLY MARVEL GIRL KEEPING ME FROM TOTAL VICTORY.

FIRST OFF, MAGNETO--THE NAME ISN'T MARVEL GIRL ANYMORE--

WHAT IN THE NAME OF SANITY--?!?

I'M BEING... ASSAULTED ON MYRIAD LEVELS-- PHYSICAL AND PSYCHIC --BY POWER THAT RIVALS XAVIER'S!

--IT'S PHOENIX!

GOOD LORD.

WHAT NOW, OH MIGHTY MASTER OF MAGNETISM?! HOW CAN YOU EVEN HOPE TO STAND AGAINST ONE WHOSE POWER--

--IS BORN OF THE RAGING SUN ITSELF!?!

I'M DOING IT! I'M FORCING MAGNETO BACK, BEATING HIM! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE ACTUALLY LOOKS SCARED!

HER POWER IS A SONG WITHIN HER, FILLING HER WITH A PRIMAL GLORY, AN UNHUMAN JOY THAT SHE'S BEGINNING TO ENJOY MORE AND MORE.

BUT EVEN AS THE SONG CRESCENDOES WITHIN HER, IT ABRUPTLY... ENDS.

WHAT'S HAPPENING?!?

SHE FALTERS AND, SENSING HER WEAKNESS, MAGNETO STRIKES, SHAPING THE MAGNETIC FORCES OF THE EARTH ITSELF TO CREATE A "BOTTLE-EFFECT" AROUND PHOENIX--

-- THAT DRAWS HER LIFE-ENERGY OUT OF HER LIKE A SPONGE.

MAGNETO'S FIGHTING BACK! I NEED MORE POWER!

BUT THERE'S NO MORE LEFT! I'VE REACHED SOME KIND OF LIMIT! BUT I THOUGHT I HAD NO LIMIT!

H-HUH???

MAGGIE'S PUTTIN' THE KIBOSH ON JEANNIE. SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOIN' DOWN FER THE COUNT!

GAME, SET AND MATCH, PHOENIX. EIGHT OF YOU ENTERED MY DOMAIN; EIGHT HAVE GONE DOWN TO DEFEAT BY MY HANDS.

NOT YET, BUB!

SHAKT!

MISSED HIM, BLAST IT! I ONLY CAUGHT HIS FLAMIN' CAPE!

MADMAN, THIS TIME YOU HAVE PUSHED YOUR LUCK TOO FAR.

YOU'RE VERY QUICK TO THREATEN PEOPLE WITH THOSE CLAWS, WOLVERINE.

MY-- HAND!

LET'S SEE HOW IT FEELS TO BE ON THE RECEIVING END FOR A CHANGE.

THEY'RE COMIN' CLOSER! AN' I CAN'T-- STOP--'EM!!

LUCKY FOR YOU, LITTLE MAN, I WANT YOU-- AND YOUR COMPANIONS-- ALIVE.

PLEASANT DREAMS, WOLVERINE.

SNAKT!

BROW!

I'VE WON! I FACED MY DEADLIEST FOES--

--AND BEAT THEM ALL!!

IT'S A LONG TIME BEFORE HIS LAUGHTER FADES...

...AND A MUCH LONGER TIME BEFORE THE X-MEN AWAKEN.

NOT LONG AGO, CYCLOPS, YOU ASKED ME WHY? NOW, I'LL TELL YOU.

I AM A PROUD MAN, X-MEN. YOUR MENTOR, CHARLES XAVIER, AND MY TREACHEROUS CREATION, ALPHA, HUMBLED ME.*

AT THEIR HANDS, I WAS REDUCED TO INFANCY! BUT EVEN THEN, DEEP WITHIN MY SOUL, I REMEMBERED WHAT I HAD BEEN--AND HATED WHAT I HAD BECOME. IN MY RAGE, I SWORE DARK AND BLOODY VENGEANCE AGAINST XAVIER AND THOSE HE LOVES BEST IN THE WORLD--YOU, X-MEN.

WHEN I WAS FIRST RESURRECTED, I DETERMINED TO KILL YOU ALL. BUT I'VE SINCE FOUND A... BETTER REVENGE.

* DEFENDERS #16- JIM.

THIS IS NANNY. SHE WILL TEND YOUR EVERY NEED. IN ALL RESPECTS, YOU'LL FIND HER TO BE THE PERFECT MOTHER.

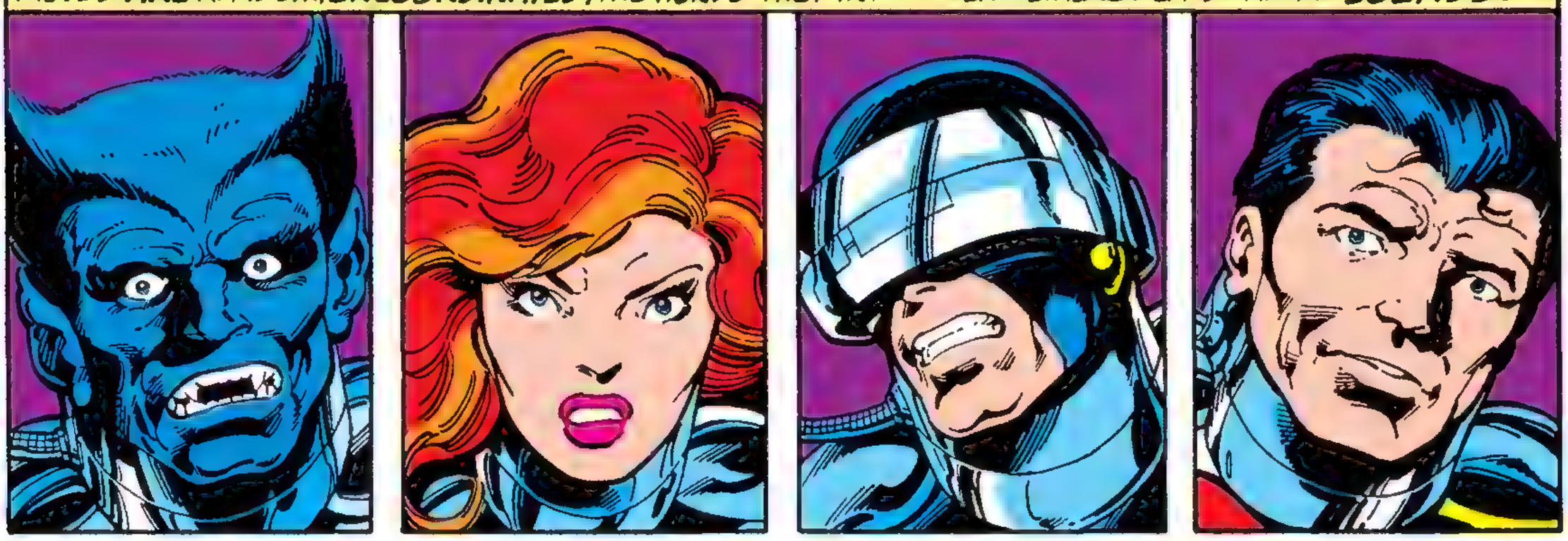
HELLO, CHILDREN. IT'S SO NICE TO MEET YOU. I HOPE WE SHALL ALL BE GREAT FRIENDS.

THIS COMPLEX WILL BE YOUR HOME AND PRISON, X-MEN--THESE CHAIRS YOUR CELLS.

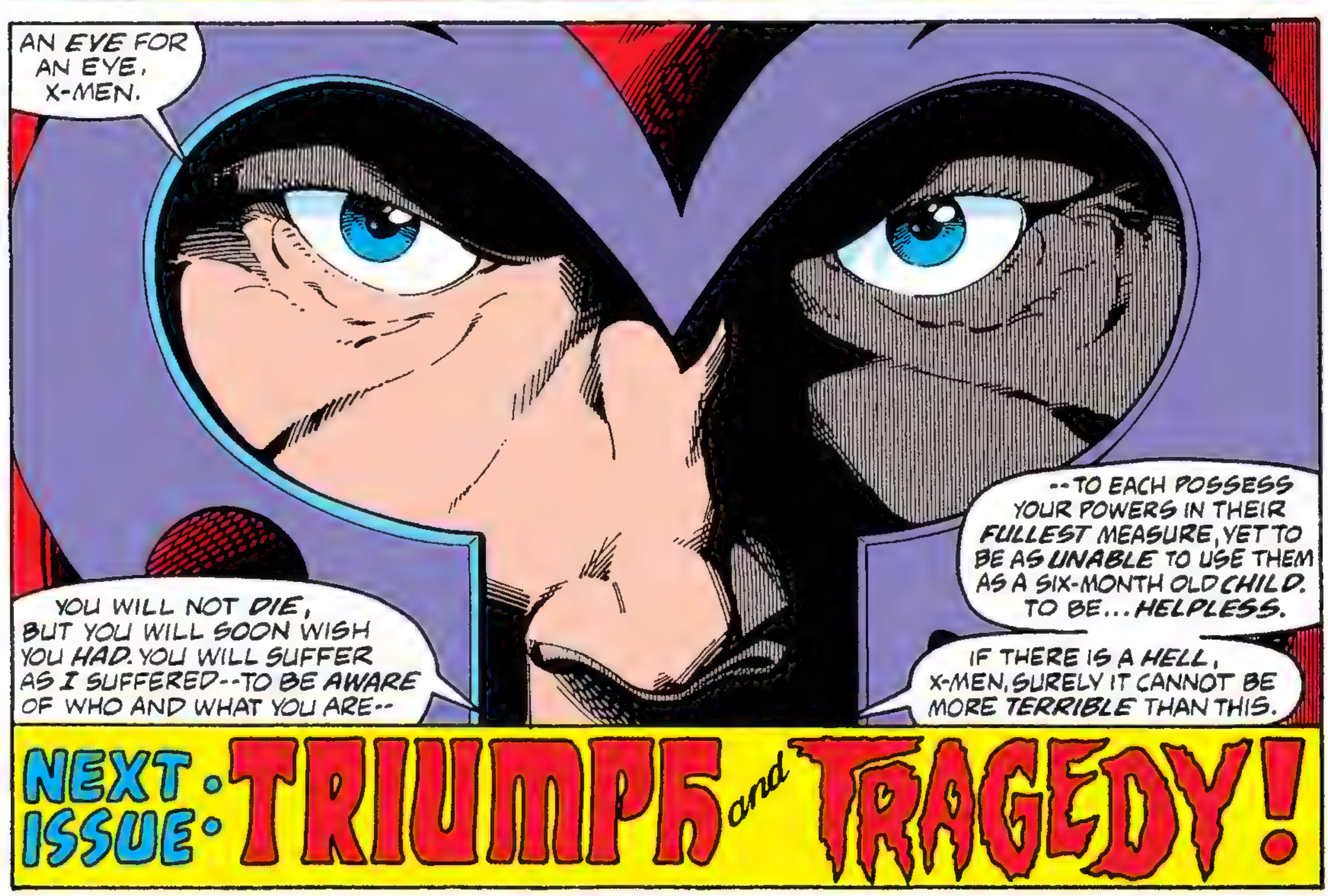
THEIR CIRCUITRY IS LOCKED INTO YOUR CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM... BUT RATHER THAN BORE YOU WITH WORDS, I THINK A DEMONSTRATION IS IN ORDER.

TRY TO USE YOUR POWERS, X-MEN. TRY, SIMPLY, TO SPEAK. AND THEREIN WILL YOU FIND THE LAST OF THIS NIGHT'S ...SURPRISES.

ONE BY ONE THEY TRY, AND ONE BY ONE, THEY DISCOVER THEY CAN'T. THEIR MINDS ARE AS CLEAR AS EVER, BUT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE, THEIR NEURAL CIRCUITS ARE BEING SCRAMBLED. THEIR MOVES ARE RANDOM, UNCOORDINATED, THE WORDS THEY TRY TO SPEAK EMERGING AS PRIMAL SOUNDS.



ONE BY ONE, THEIR FACES TWIST INTO MASKS OF HORROR AS THEY BEGIN TO REALIZE WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO THEM.



NEXT ISSUE: TRIUMPH and TRAGEDY!

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X-MEN

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HOLOCAUST AT THE HEART OF A VOLCANO--

WHEN FALLS MAGNETO!

BYRNE and LAYTON

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS––feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

CHRIS CLAREMONT & JOHN BYRNE / RACONTEURS / TERRY AUSTIN / EMBELLISHER / A. KAWECKI / LETTERER / G. WEIN / COLORIST / ROGER STERN, EDITOR / JIM SHOOTER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

SHOWDOWN!

"HE ATTACKED WITHOUT WARNING, SMASHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE DEFENSIVE PERIMETER AS IF IT WASN'T EVEN THERE.

"WITHIN MINUTES, THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AEROSPACE RESEARCH FACILITY HERE AT WOOMERA FOUND THEMSELVES FIGHTING A DESPERATE BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL--

--AGAINST ONE OF THE DEADLIEST BEINGS IN THE WORLD TODAY: MAGNETO, MASTER OF MAGNETISM!

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"IN THIS LATEST IN A SERIES OF DARING RAIDS ON RESEARCH COMPLEXES IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND...

SH-

-ZKOW!

"...MAGNETO ONCE AGAIN PROVED THAT THE MOST SOPHISTICATED WEAPONRY KNOWN TO MAN...

"...IS NO MATCH FOR HIS MUTANT POWER.

"SOME OF THE FINEST TROOPS IN THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY DID THEIR BEST...

ANOTHER SCANNER?! MY WORK REQUIRES PRIVACY, HUMANS.

"...BUT FOR ALL THE GOOD THEY DID, THEY MIGHT AS WELL HAVE STAYED HOME."

AND WHAT MAGNETO WANTS, HE GETS--

SQUARRRWK!

IT'S BEEN SIX HOURS SINCE MAGNETO STRUCK, AND MANY FIRES HERE ARE STILL RAGING OUT OF CONTROL.

WOOMERA FLIGHT CENTER HAS BEEN DESTROYED: AUTHORITIES REFUSE TO SPECULATE ON WHAT MAGNETO HAS STOLEN. IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THEY MAY NEVER KNOW.

IN THE PAST, SUPER-VILLAINS SUCH AS MAGNETO HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY OPPOSED BY GROUPS OF SUPER-HEROES.

UNFORTUNATELY, OF THOSE GROUPS, THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND THE CHAMPIONS HAVE DISBANDED, THE AVENGERS ARE UNDER VIRTUAL HOUSE ARREST BY ORDER OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT...

...AND THE X-MEN, WHO DEFEATED MAGNETO WHEN HE ATTACKED CAPE CITADEL...*

* X-MEN #1 -- ROG.

...SEEM TO HAVE VANISHED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

THIS IS JOHN CHEEVER, BBC NEWS, WOOMERA, AUSTRALIA.

KIRINOS, IN THE CYCLADES ISLANDS, OFF SOUTHERN GREECE.

CHARLES XAVIER FOUND THIS PEACEFUL ISLE YEARS BEFORE, WHEN HE WAS BUMMING AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN, TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF WHY MOIRA HAD LEFT HIM.

NOW, HE'S BROUGHT TO KIRINOS A WOMAN HE LOVES AS MUCH AS HE ONCE LOVED MOIRA MACTAGGERT:

LILANDRA, PRINCESS MAJESTRIX OF THE SHI'AR, AND HEIR TO THE THRONE OF A GALAXY-SPANNING EMPIRE.

I'M BEGINNING TO ENJOY MY TEMPORARY EXILE! TRUE, EARTH IS PRIMITIVE COMPARED TO IMPERIAL CENTER--

--BUT BEING WITH CHARLES MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

I CANNOT CONCEIVE OF LIVING MY LIFE WITHOUT HIM.

YET, SOMEDAY--POSSIBLY SOON--I MUST--UNLESS HE WILL RETURN TO THE EMPIRE WITH ME.

CHARLES, ARE YOU WELL?

WHAT?

WHAT'S WRONG, MY LOVE? YOU'VE BEEN TENSE ALL WEEK.

IT'S THE X-MEN, LILANDRA.

I'VE LOST MY TELEPATHIC RAPPORT WITH THEM.

THERE COULD BE A LOGICAL, NATURAL EXPLANATION.

OR THEY COULD BE IN DEADLY DANGER. IF I ONLY KNEW.

"WHERE ARE THEY, LILANDRA? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY X-MEN?!?"

THE ANSWER LIES HALF A WORLD AWAY, BENEATH THE FROZEN WASTELAND THAT MEN CALL--ANTARCTICA.

IT'S JUST PAST DAWN ON THE SURFACE, THE BEGINNING OF A NEW DAY.

FOR THE X-MEN, THOUGH, IT'S THE BEGINNING OF THE LATEST CHAPTER OF A NEVER-ENDING NIGHTMARE.

GOOD MORNING, CHILDREN. AND HOW ARE WE FEELING TODAY, HM?

NO ONE ANSWERS. THEY COULDN'T--EVEN IF THEY WANTED TO--MAGNETO'S SEEN TO THAT.

THEIR PRISON CHAIRS NOT ONLY NEUTRALIZE EACH X-MAN'S POWERS...

...THEY ALSO REDUCE THEIR PHYSICAL ABILITIES TO THOSE OF SIX-MONTH OLD INFANTS. THEIR MINDS ARE UNIMPAIRED, BUT THEIR BODIES ARE HELPLESS--THE X-MEN'S WELL-BEING, THEIR VERY LIVES, TOTALLY DEPENDENT ON THEIR ROBOT "NANNY."

NAUGHTY WOLVERINE! IF YOU KEEP SPITTING UP YOUR FOOD, YOU SHALL MAKE NANNY VERY CROSS WITH YOU.

NNNARRGHURRGLLLL

OH, DON'T CRY, POPPET. NANNY DIDN'T MEAN IT. NANNY LOVES YOU.

BATH AND MASSAGE FOR YOU TODAY, CYCLOPS.

GOD--THAT VOICE! LIKE A MARSHMALLOW SOAKED IN HONEY.

THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT OF THIS!

OH, BEAST, YOU'VE SUCH MARVELOUS, SILKY FUR. YOU ARE A JOY TO BRUSH.

I'VE AN IDEA. WOULD YOU LIKE BOWS FOR YOUR HAIR? I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND SOME.

I MUST BE OFF, CHILDREN.

I'LL BE BACK AT LUNCHTIME. AND THIS AFTERNOON, BEFORE YOUR NAPS, I'LL READ YOU A NICE STORY.

I THINK I'LL SCREAM.

LUNCHTIMEE THREE HOURS TILL THEN, MAYBE FOUR.

IT'S TAKEN ME *DAYS* TO BUILD MY CONTROL--PLUS OBSERVE NANNY'S *ROUTINE*--BUT NOW I THINK I'M *READY.*

MAGNETO MADE A *FATAL* MISTAKE WITH ME. TRUE, MY BODY IS *FORCED* TO FUNCTION AT THE LEVEL OF AN *INFANT*...

...BUT AT SIX MONTHS, I HAD THE *COORDINATION* OF A YOUNG GIRL. TRUE...*STRAIN* OF MAINTAINING CONTROL...IS ALMOST *MORE* THAN I CAN BEAR...

...BUT I CAN *CONTROL* MY BODY. I CAN *ACT.*

STORM?! WHAT THE BLAZES IS SHE *DOIN'?!*

SLOWLY, METHODICALLY, STORM *DRAGS* HER HEAD UP, THEN SNAPS IT *FORWARD*, TRYING TO DISLODGE HER HEAD-PIECE WITHOUT THROWING IT TO THE *FLOOR.*

AND THEN...

GODDESS BE PRAISED! IT'S FALLEN ALMOST *EXACTLY* WHERE I *WANT* IT!

THERE ARE MY *LOCK-PICKS.*

HAVE TO TOTALLY *RELAX* MY BODY...

...WITHOUT LETTING MY CONTROL *SLIP,* EVEN A LITTLE...

REACH OUT... CAREFUL... *CAREFUL!*

GOT IT!!

NOW FOR MY *SHACKLES.*

COMPLICATED LOCK--A DESIGN I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE. AND I'M SO OUT OF PRACTICE.

MUST REMEMBER ACHMED'S TRAINING AND TAKE THIS ONE STEP AT A TIME.

ACHMED EL-GÍBAR WAS THE SELF-STYLED MASTER THIEF OF CAIRO WHEN SOME OF HIS URCHINS FOUND HER IN A BACK-ALLEY A FEW WEEKS AFTER HER PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED.*

HE TOOK HER IN.

* SEE X-MEN # 102 --ROG.

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING--I CAN TASTE IT. IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY I COULD HELP--?!

JJJMM-MARRGH!

POOR SCOTT. HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S IN AGONY.

USED TOO MUCH PRESSURE. TUMBLERS ARE INCREDIBLY DELICATE--CAN'T FORCE THEM...

...AND THEY'RE SET IN A SEQUENCE. THE SLIGHTEST MISTAKE AND I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO SQUARE ONE.

WITHIN A YEAR, SHE WAS THE FINEST BEGGAR IN CAIRO, BUT ACHMED WANTED MORE FROM HER.

TROJAN

HE TRAINED HER, DAY AND NIGHT, UNTIL SHE COULD OPEN ANY LOCK, UNDER ANY CONDITIONS, IN RECORD TIME.

UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS, THIS LOCK WOULD BE A CHALLENGE, BUT NOW--?!

YOU ARE BOUND, AND THIS DOOR WILL BE LOCKED AND BOLTED WHEN I LEAVE. I CANNOT HELP YOU, CHILD, AND I CAN NO LONGER PROTECT YOU.

IF YOU ARE STILL HERE WHEN I RETURN, YOU ARE NOT THE PUPIL I THOUGHT YOU WERE.

AND YOU WILL DESERVE YOUR FATE. FAREWELL, ORORO.

ALMOST FINISHED--ACHMED, YOU'D BE PROUD OF ME TONIGH--NO!

PAK!

OH, NO!!

TI-NK!

IS ANYTHING THE **MATTER**, CHILDREN? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE **CRY OUT.**

NANNY!

MUST KEEP HER ATTENTION ON *ME* ... PRAY SHE DOESN'T NOTICE THE **LOCK-PICK**--OH, I WAS SO **CLOSE!**

MMMMMMWAAAHH!

STORM, YOU'VE **KNOCKED** YOUR HEAD-DRESS OFF.

POOR THING. NO WONDER YOU'RE SO **UPSET.**

DON'T **CRY**, POPPET. NANNY WILL PUT THINGS **RIGHT**, JUST YOU WATCH.

THERE WE ARE.

I'LL FIND SOME **PINS** AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN'T **FIX** THAT ON A BIT MORE **SECURELY.**

UNTIL THEN, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A NICE, LITTLE **NAP.**

STORM'S FACE IS **IMPASSIVE** AS NANNY ROLLS AWAY...

...BUT THEN, PIECE BY PIECE, THE MASK **CRACKS.**

AND FOR ONLY THE **THIRD** TIME SINCE SHE WAS A CHILD, ORORO **CRIES.**

TIME PASSES...

...A THOUSAND MILES OUT IN **SPACE**, A SMALL, ROVING **ASTEROID** SWINGS PAST THE EARTH IN A WILDLY **ECCENTRIC** ORBIT...

...ITS EXISTENCE KEPT **HIDDEN** FROM GROUND-BASED RADAR AND SATELLITE SENSORS BY AN ARRAY OF **SOPHISTICATED** ELECTRONICS HARDWARE FAR **SUPERIOR** TO ANYTHING USED BY THE RUSSIANS OR NASA.

THE ROCK MEASURES ROUGHLY A CUBIC MILE AND THOUGH IT'S NOT LISTED ON ANY CHART, IT HAS A NAME: ASTEROID M.

PING!

IT IS MAGNETO'S HOME.

HM--?!

THERE'S SOME SORT OF MINOR SYSTEMS MALFUNCTION AT MY ANTARCTICA COMPLEX. ODD, I WONDER WHY NANNY HASN'T REPAIRED IT?

IT COULD BE NOTHING, BUT IT'S BEST TO TAKE NO CHANCES. THAT BASE IS STILL VITAL TO ME...

...AND MUCH OF THE DATA IN ITS COMPUTER MEMORY BANK IS IRREPLACEABLE.

IN THE PAST, MY POWERS WERE SO DILUTED BY MY DEFEATS...

...THAT I NO LONGER HAD THE STRENGTH EVEN TO RETURN TO MY ASTEROID BASE, LET ALONE REBUILD IT. *

*AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION IN X-MEN #5 -- ROG.

THANKS TO ERIC THE RED, THAT HAS CHANGED. I AM STRONG BEYOND BELIEF, MY POWER UNTAINTED BY TIME OR WASTED BATTLES.

ONCE I'VE FINISHED WORK ON MY ASTEROID, I'LL HAVE AN IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS FROM WHICH I WILL TEACH ALL MANKIND THAT MAGNETO IS TRULY MASTER OF THE WORLD!

THIS IS THE CRITICAL TIME, THOUGH. MY RESOURCES ARE SPLIT BETWEEN THE ASTEROID AND MY TERRESTRIAL BASES.

IT'S IRONIC-- THAT THE MOMENT WHEN THE CULMINATION OF MONTHS OF WORK IS AT HAND...

...SHOULD ALSO BE WHEN I AM MOST VULNERABLE TO ATTACK.

THIS SUDDEN MALFUNCTION-- COULD IT HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE X-MEN?!

IMPOSSIBLE! THERE ARE A SCORE OF ALARM SYSTEMS IN THE COMPLEX--ALL SET TO GO OFF IF THOSE CURSED MUTANTS BROKE FREE.

EVEN IF THEY *HAVE* ESCAPED MY NEURAL SHACKLES, I HAVE *NOTHING* TO WORRY ABOUT.

I'VE *BEATEN* THOSE CHILDREN *TWICE* BEFORE. I CAN *EASILY* DO SO AGAIN.

EH?!? THE *LIGHTS* ARE OUT!

I'M NOT *USED* TO THIS PLACE IN THE DARK. IT WILL TAKE ME A MOMENT TO GET MY *BEAR*--WHAT'S THAT *NOISE*?!

NANNY--?!? ROLLING FULL SPEED IN A *CIRCLE*?!

AH, NANNY, I THOUGHT I BUILT YOU *BETTER* THAN THIS.

NO LIGHTS--NOW A *DAMAGED* ROBOT. THE X-MEN ARE MORE *RESOURCEFUL* THAN I GAVE THEM *CREDIT* FOR.

I'LL ACT AS IF NOTHING'S *AMISS*, LET THEM MAKE THE *FIRST* MOVE--BEFORE I *SMASH* THEM DOWN.

THE LAST LAUGH WILL BE *MINE*.

X-MEN, HIT HIM--*NOW*!!

YEEARRRGH!!

SHZ

KOW!

I WAS READY, *BRACED* FOR THEIR ATTACK...

...BUT THAT WAS ALMOST *MORE* THAN I COULD HANDLE.

HE'S *DOWN*, TROOPS!

AND *WOLVERINE'S* GONNA MAKE SURE HE *STAYS* THAT WAY!

NO, WOLVERINE! YOU CAN'T *REACH* HIM BEFORE HE *RECOVERS*.

YOU *KNOW* THE PLAN. EITHER *FOLLOW* IT--AND MY ORDERS -- OR *BACK OFF!* UNDERSTOOD?!

YEAH, BOSS-MAN.

NOW GET THE HELL *OUTTA* MY HEAD!

CYCLOPS *CATCHES* THE *ANGER* BEHIND WOLVERINE'S PARTING THOUGHT, BUT HE IGNORES IT AS *PHOENIX* REACHES OUT AND TELEPATHICALLY LINKS THE X-MEN'S MINDS WITH HIS.

CYCLOPS CALLS THE SHOTS, HIS ORDERS *INSTANTLY* TRANSMITTED OVER THE *MIND-LINK* TO THE X-MEN...

CYCLOPS WANTS ME TO DRAW ALL THE *HUMIDITY* OUT OF THE AIR AROUND MAGNETO...

...BUT THE *STRAIN* OF STARTING WORK *OVER* AGAIN WITH A SECOND LOCKPICK--THEN FREEING THE *OTHERS*--LEFT ME SO *WEAK*, I CAN BARELY STAND.

"I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN *DO* IT."

FOOLS! YOU'VE GIVEN ME TIME TO *REGAIN* MY STRENGTH!

THAT'S WHAT *YE* THINK, MAGGIE-DARLIN'!

EEE

EEE

WOLVERINE--GO! HE'S ALL YOURS!

YER ALL HEART, BUB. THIS TIME, THOUGH, I AIN'T MUCKING AROUND WITH NO CAPE!

THIS TIME I TAG THE MAN!

SKRAP!

YAHRRR--!!

ANIMAL--!!

UNNNGNH!!

WHEN THE BATTLE'S DONE, YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

WHO SAYS YOU'RE GOING TO WIN?!

RAZZK!

PHOENIX CAUGHT ME OFF-BALANCE. SHE'S NOTHING LIKE SHE USED TO BE... MUCH WILDER, ALMOST BARBARIC. SHE ENJOYS USING HER POWER--AS MUCH AS WOLVERINE LOVES USING HIS CLAWS.

MY PERSONAL SHIELD IS HOLDING, BUT THE FORCE BOLT'S THROWING ME ACROSS THE HANGER--INTO THE CONTROL CONSOLE!

SKT

HAA

THEY'RE USING *HIT-AND-RUN* STRATEGY...GIVING ME NO OPPORTUNITY TO *STRIKE BACK.*

LORD, IT'S *HOT* ALL OF A SUDDEN.

I'M *SWEATING* LIKE A PIG. IS THIS PART OF THEIR *PLAN*?!

YOU'VE FACED THE *OTHER* X-MEN, VILLAIN. NOW IT IS *MY TURN.*

COLOSSUS!

SIMPLETON! YOU ARE THE ONE MUTANT THEY SHOULD *NEVER* HAVE SENT--!

BRAK

OW!!

TWICE YOU HAVE USED ME AS A *WEAPON* AGAINST MY FRIENDS, MAGNETO.

IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!

I MUST NOT ALLOW HIM EVEN A *MOMENT'S* PEACE, OR HIS MAGNETIC POWERS WILL GIVE HIM *ABSOLUTE* CONTROL OVER MY *ARMORED FORM.*

I MUST KEEP *HAMMERING* AT HIM UNTIL HE *DROPS.*

PETER--COLOSSUS--OF ALL THE *STUPID* STUNTS! I TOLD YOU TO STAY ON THE SIDELINES IN *HUMAN* FORM--WHY THE BLAZES DIDN'T YOU *LISTEN*?!

AT LEAST HE'S HOLDING HIS *OWN* SO FAR--THAT'S *SOMETHING.*

HANK, NIGHTCRAWLER--GIVE COLOSSUS A *HAND!*

WE'RE WAY *AHEAD* OF YOU, CYKE.

THERE MUST BE A BETTER WAY!

ROUND AND ROUND HE GOES! BON VOYAGE!

FUNNY. I THOUGHT FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE X-MEN WOULD BE JUST LIKE OLD TIMES...

...BUT IT'S NOT.

BAMF

IN A FLASH OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE, NIGHTCRAWLER DISAPPEARS...

...ONLY TO REAPPEAR MERE FEET FROM MAGNETO.

WAH-HOOO!!

I GOT HIS HELMET, COLOSSUS! PUT HIM DOWN FOR THE COUNT!

COMRADE, IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE!

KROM!

UNGLAUBLICH! THAT PUNCH WOULD HAVE TORN A NORMAL MAN'S HEAD OFF--YET MAGNETO'S STILL ON HIS FEET.

CYCLOPS HAD THE RIGHT IDEA--WE KEEP MAGNETO OCCUPIED WITH HIT-AND-RUN ATTACKS WHILE STORM SUBTLY DEHYDRATES--EH?!?

THAT IS MOLTEN ROCK. WHAT'S IT DOING HE--?!

MEIN GOTT.

CYCLOPS--ALL OF YOU! THE ROOF DOME--IT'S OPENING!

VILLAIN, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

IF WE'RE DOOMED, X-MAN, THE BLAME IS YOURS!

PHOENIX' BLAST DESTROYED THE MAIN CONTROL CONSOLE. SYSTEMS ALL OVER THE COMPLEX ARE RUNNING WILD--AND YOU CAN'T DO A THING TO STOP THEM!

WHAT DO WE DO *NOW*, CYCLOPS? WE'RE A MILE BENEATH A *LIVE VOLCANO.*

I... I...

HURRY UP, CYCLOPS. YOUR TEAM'S *DEPEND-ING* ON YOU AND YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF *TIME.*

WAIT A MINUTE! THE ANSWER'S RIGHT IN *FRONT* OF US!

HAVE *MAGNETO* TAKE US OUT OF HERE THE *SAME* WAY HE BROUGHT US *IN--*

--INSIDE A *MAGNETIC FORCE BUBBLE!*

KONG!

SHARK!

AN *INTERESTING* THOUGHT, ELF, BUT I THINK *NOT.*

WHERE MAGNETO WALKS, HE WALKS *ALONE.*

STOP HIM, SOMEONE! HE'S OUR *ONLY HOPE--*

YIKES!!

ZRKT!

MUCH...*OBLIGED* FOR THE SAVE, IRISH, BUT WHAT'S THE *POINT?*

SOONER OR LATER, WE'LL RUN *OUTTA* PLACES TO GO.

TILL THEN, SHRIMP, WE'RE *ALIVE!* AND WHILE WE'RE ALIVE--

--WE DON'T *GIVE UP!*

WATCH IT, JEANIE!!

HANK!

JEAN!

STORM, BANSHEE--HELP ME *BLAST* A CHANNEL THROUGH THIS *LAVA FLOW!* WE'VE GOT TO *GET* TO THEM!

CYCLOPS--THE ROOF IS CAVING IN!!

THE COMPLEX IS *FILLING* WITH LAVA. IT'S TIME I TOOK MY *LEAVE.*

I MUST MOVE *FAST.* WHEN THE LAVA REACHES THE *THERMAL CONVERTERS* AT THE BASE OF THE COMPLEX, THIS PLACE WILL GO UP LIKE *KRAKATOA.*

WHEN THAT HAPPENS, I PREFER TO BE *ELSEWHERE.*

I SERIOUSLY *UNDERESTIMATED* THE X-MEN. SOMEHOW, CYCLOPS GOT THEM TO FIGHT AS A *TEAM,* INSTEAD OF INDIVIDUALS.

THEY HAD *ROUGH* EDGES, TRUE, BUT THEY WERE *DANGEROUS.*

GETTING TO THE SURFACE IS TAKING *LONGER* THAN I ANTICIPATED. I'M *HURT*--BROKEN RIBS, MAYBE *WORSE.*

MUST CALL ON LAST *RESERVES* OF POWER-- MAKE THE *ULTIMATE EFFORT.*

MADE IT!!

THERE'S SADNESS IN HIS EYES AS THE VOLCANO EXPLODES BEHIND HIM. THE WORK AND MEMORIES OF A LIFE-TIME HAD BEEN STORED THERE.

NOW THEY'RE GONE.

IT... IS OVER.

EVEN IN DEATH, X-MEN, YOU SEEK TO THWART MY PLANS. I AM ALIVE, BUT THANKS TO COLOSSUS--

--IT WILL BE MONTHS BEFORE I'M WELL ENOUGH TO RESUME MY WORK. MONTHS DURING WHICH MY PLANS WILL LIE DORMANT, GATHERING DUST.

BUT I AM ALIVE, X-MEN.

AND MY ONE CONSOLATION IS THAT WHEN, AT LAST, I BRING MY PLANS TO FRUITION--AND MANKIND TO ITS COLLECTIVE KNEES--

--YOU WILL NOT BE THERE TO INTERFERE!

FOR A TIME, THE ICE CAP IS SILENT--SAVE FOR THE VOLCANO'S BASSO RUMBLINGS AND THE SKIRLING HOWL OF THE WIND--AND THEN...

SKRAKOW!

YOU OKAY, HANK?

FUR'S *SINGED* SOME, BUT I'M NOT *COMPLAINING*. I THOUGHT WE WERE *DEAD* FOR SURE.

BUT YOU GOT US TO THE *SURFACE*, YOU *SAVED* US.

IT'S THE LEAST I COULD DO FOR AN OLD FRIENNNN...

JEAN!

SHE'S *UNCONSCIOUS*, AND HER PULSE IS SO *WEAK* I CAN BARELY *FEEL* IT!

I'VE GOT TO GET HER TO A *DOCTOR!*

BUT WHERE DO I FIND ONE A *BILLION* MILES FROM *NOWHERE?*

I'M STUCK ON *FOOT* IN ANTARCTICA WITH A DYING GIRL IN MY ARMS, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, IN A *BLIZZARD*. COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T FEEL SO WELL MYSELF!

I'LL BE LUCKY TO GO A *MILE* BEFORE I DROP.

IN TRUTH, HE DOESN'T LAST A HUNDRED YARDS.

NO... MORE STRENGTH... DON'T UNDERSTAND.

GOTTA PICK JEAN UP...*GO ON*... BUT ARMS, BODY... HEAVY AS *LEAD*-- FEET ALREADY NUMB ...FROSTBITE--*PICK HER UP, McCOY!!*

REST F'R... MINUTE... THEN I... WILL... LIE DOWN AND CLOSE MY EYES--JUS' F'R MINUTE... HEY, IF IT'S SO... COLD... HOW COME... DON'T FEEL... ANYTHING...

TO BE CONTINUED?

STILL ONLY 35¢

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THE UNCANNY X-MEN™

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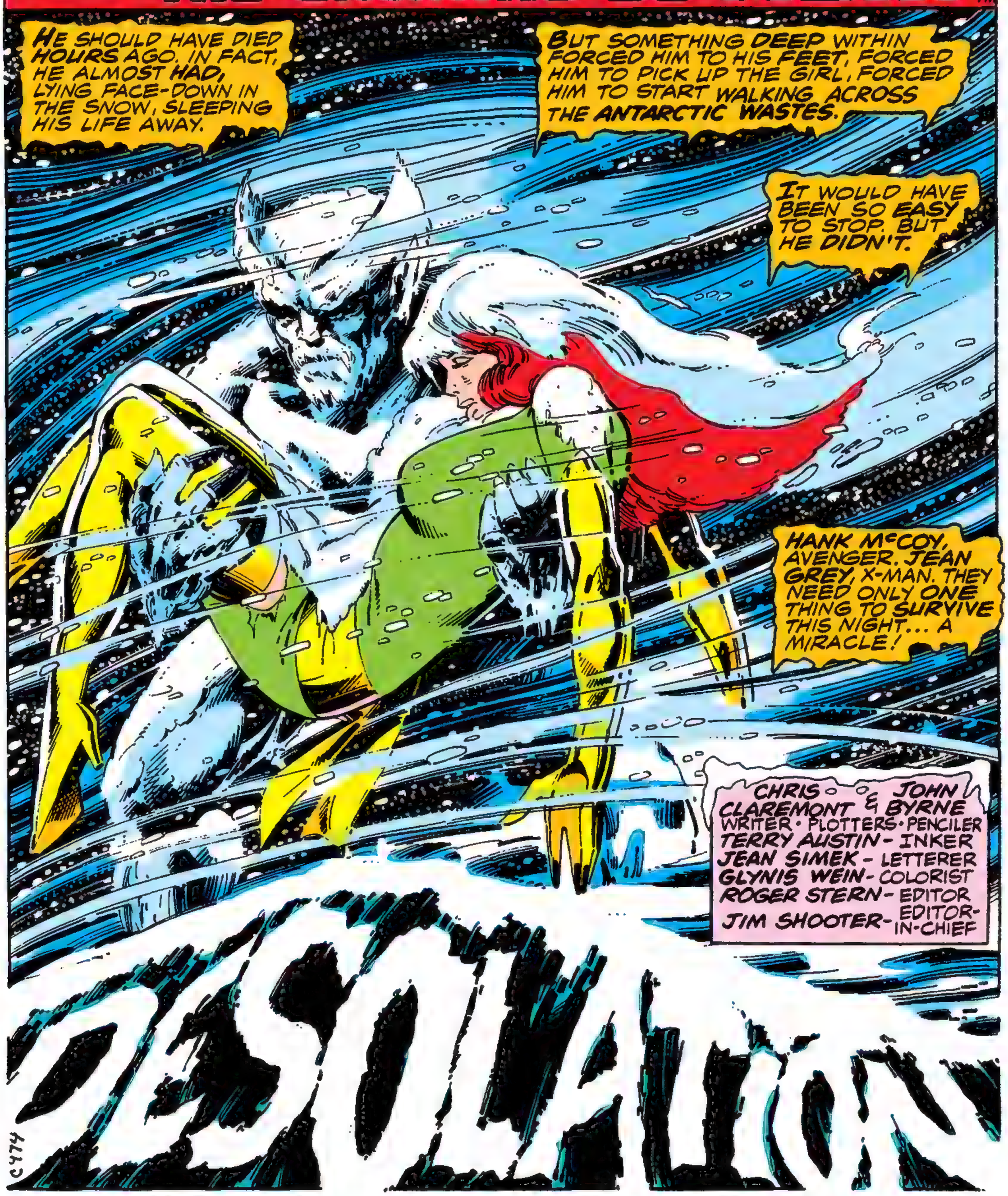
TM

THE DAY THE X-MEN DIED!

CHRIS CLAREMONT

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS——feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN! ™



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WHAT'S THAT?

LIGHT? STARS? NO, THEY'RE MOVING. I MUST BE DREAMING.

WHUPP

AWHU

PPAWHUPA!

NO! THEY'RE REAL--THEY'VE GOT TO BE!

IT'S A HELICOPTER!

HEY, YOU GUYS-- WE'RE OVER HERE!!

NO USE, THEY CAN'T HEAR ME. AND NO WAY ARE THEY GONNA SPOT A BLUE-FURRED BEAST AT NIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A STORM.

WE NEED SOME KIND OF FLARE.

C'MON, JEAN, WAKEY-WAKEY! TIME TO MAKE WITH A TELEKINETIC STARBURST.

JEANIE, I KNOW YOU'RE ALIVE. SO WAKE UP-- PLEASE. JEAN, WAKE--!!

--UP?

SCOTT?

KRAK

SCOTT!!!

OBOY.

JEAN, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?! I ASKED FOR A STAR-BURST, NOT THE FOURTH OF JULY!

THE X-MEN ARE *TRAPPED*, BEAST! THEY'RE *BURIED ALIVE* IN MAGNETO'S COMPLEX. WE'VE GOT TO DIG THEM *OUT!*

SHE WAS COLD AS *ICE*-- BARELY BREATHING. WHERE'S THIS POWER *COMING FROM?!*

JEAN, WAIT--!

CRIPES! SAMMY, DID YOU *SEE* THAT?!

SEE *WHAT*, BOSS?

LIGHT FLASH TO PORT, TEN-O'CLOCK LOW.

THERE IT IS AGAIN-- SHAPED LIKE SOME GIANT *BIRD!*

COMMANDER, *LOOK! PEOPLE!*

USN

DON'T *WORRY*, SCOTT, I'LL *SAVE* YOU! I'VE BEEN THROUGH *TOO MUCH* TO LOSE THE X-MEN NOW!

JEAN, FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN-- *STOP!*

THEY *NEED* ME, HANK! I'VE GOT TO *RESCUE* THEM!

LISTEN TO ME!

THE VOLCANO *FLOODED* THE ENTIRE COMPLEX WITH *MOLTEN LAVA.* YOUR POWER GOT YOU AND ME OUT-- BUT *THAT'S ALL.*

THERE'S *NO WAY* ANYONE ELSE COULD HAVE *SURVIVED!*

SCOTT AND THE X-MEN ARE *DEAD*, JEAN.

THEY'RE DEAD.

TIME PASSES...

...AND WHILE A U.S. NAVY HELICOPTER FIGHTS ITS WAY HOME THROUGH AN ANTARCTIC BLIZZARD--

--ELSEWHERE, IN A SOMEWHAT WARMER LOCALE...

TINK!

TEK!

TEK!

TEK!

NICE *PUNCH*, COLOSSUS. CAN ANY-ONE *SEE* ANYTHING?

EASY, ORORO, ***LEAN*** ON ME. WE'LL BE ***OUT*** SOON.

OH, SEAN, I THOUGHT THE TUNNEL WOULD GO ON ***FOREVER***, THAT WE'D BE ***BURIED***...

COMRADES, I THINK WE HAVE REACHED THE ***SURFACE***.

DO YOU NEED A ***HAND***, ORORO?

THANK YOU, KURT. I CAN MANAGE.

LET US ***HELP*** YOU, ORORO. WHAT ELSE ARE ***FRIENDS*** FOR?

GENTLY, LASS. YE'VE COME THROUGH ***HELL***-- THERE'S NO MORE NEED TO ***PUSH*** YOUR-SELF.

UH, SCOTT... IF THIS IS ***ANTARCTICA***...

I ***KNOW*** WHAT YA MEAN, IRISH. HOW COME WE AIN'T ***FREEZIN'***?!

OH, ***THIS*** IS ANTARCTICA ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE, A PART OF IT I ***NEVER*** THOUGHT I'D SEE AGAIN.

THERE, NESTLED IN THE ETERNITY MOUNTAIN RANGE OF ANTARCTICA, LIES A **REALM OUT OF TIME**-- A PREHISTORIC JUNGLE, FOREVER HIDDEN FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD BY A SHROUD OF BILLOWING CLOUDS.

X-MEN, WELCOME TO--

--THE SAVAGE LAND!

STORM'S LOOKING PRETTY *TWITCHY.* AFTER DAY AND A NIGHT TUNNELING MORE'N A *MILE* UNDERGROUND, I'M NOT *SURPRISED.*

ORORO-LUV WE'VE GOT *OPEN SKY* ABOVE US!

WHAT SAY WE DO A BIT O' *FLYIN'*?

A MOMENT LATER, THEY'RE BOTH AIR-*BORNE,* THE NIGHTMARE *FADING* UNDER THE WIND'S GENTLE *CARESS.* IT WAS ORORO WHO'D *SAVED* THE X-MEN IN MAGNETO'S COMPLEX, *CREATING* AN *ICE STORM* THAT HAD COOLED AND SLOWED THE LAVA FLOW *LONG* ENOUGH FOR CYCLOPS AND BANSHEE TO BLAST A WAY TO *SAFETY.*

SHE'S GOT *CLAUSTROPHOBIA,* YET ALL THE TIME WE WERE TUNNELING, SHE NEVER *CRACKED.* LORD KNOWS HOW MUCH THAT EFFORT *COST* HER.

SHE LOOKS *ALL RIGHT* NOW, THOUGH. BUT ON A *GLORIOUS* DAY LIKE THIS, WHO *WOULDN'T?*

UH-OH. EVERYONE'S *YELLIN'.* CAN'T HEAR 'EM OVER ME *SONIC SCREAM* -- I'D BEST SWING CLOSER, SEE WHAT'S THE *MATTER.*

HOLY MOTHER O' GOD!!

RULE I FOR SURVIVAL IN THE SAVAGE LAND: NEVER LET YOUR GUARD DOWN, EVEN FOR AN INSTANT...

...BECAUSE YOUR FIRST MISTAKE IS ALL TOO OFTEN YOUR LAST.

BANSHEE!!

BLAST! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THEM FLY OFF! KA-ZAR WARNED ME ABOUT THESE GIANT PTERASAURS, BUT I NEVER DREAMED THEY'D BE SO BIG!

IT'S TRYING TO GET STORM-- AND I HAVEN'T GOT A CLEAR SHOT!

THIS BEASTIE HAS A GRIP THAT PUTS A VICE TO SHAME.

CAN'T BREATHE... NO WAY TO SCREAM.

AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, I BARELY HAVE STRENGTH ENOUGH TO FLY, LET ALONE FIGHT.

BUT THAT MONSTER'S KILLING BANSHEE-- I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

COMRADES, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY WE CAN HELP--?!

THERE IS, COLOSSUS.

JUST MIX ME A FASTBALL SPECIAL--

--AND WATCH THE MAN WITH THE ADAMANTIUM CLAWS SAVE THE DAY!

WOLVERINE, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!

WHAT COMES *NATURALLY*, BOSS. ANY *OBJECTIONS?*

DIDN'T *THINK* SO.

SPARK!

THE BEASTIE *EASED* ITS HOLD--I GOT ME CHANCE TO BREAK *FREE.*

GOTTA TAKE THINGS SLOW AND *EASY*, THOUGH. CHEST'S BURNING LIKE *SIN.*

IT'S BEEN A *LONG* TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN ABLE TO *CUT LOOSE* LIKE THIS--

--AND I INTEND TO MAKE THE *MOST* OF IT.

WHUK!

CYCLOPS, THE MONSTER'S GOING *DOWN!*

STORM IS TAKING *CARE* OF BANSHEE, CYCLOPS. THEY ARE *CIRCLING* WHERE THE MONSTER *CRASHED.*

GOOD. I WANT TO *FIND* WOLVERINE BEFORE HE GOES LOOKING FOR *MORE* TROUBLE.

OH? MY *SYMPATHY'S* RESERVED FOR WHATEVER GETS IN WOLVERINE'S *WAY.*

LAUGH IF YOU LIKE, NIGHT-CRAWLER. BUT COMPARED TO *SOME* OF THE THINGS I'VE SEEN IN THE *SAVAGE LAND--*

--THAT PTERASAUR *RATES* ABOUT AS HIGH AS AN OVERWEIGHT *CANARY.*

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY-- IT *CAN'T* BE!

BUT IT *IS*-- *CYCLOPS!*

EVEN THOUGH HE'S *CHANGED* HIS COSTUME, I'D KNOW THAT VOICE *ANYWHERE.*

AND IF *HE'S* HERE-- PERHAPS THOSE PEOPLE *WITH* HIM ARE *X-MEN.*

THERE HE IS, MY FRIENDS.

GLAD TO SEE YOU STILL IN *ONE PIECE,* WOLVERINE.

NOPE.

MEIN GOTT-- FROM THE *LOOKS* OF THINGS, THIS BEAST NEVER HAD A *CHANCE.*

Y'KNOW, GROUP, I THINK I'M GONNA *LIKE* THIS PLACE.

DID YOU STOP TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU'D *MISSED?* YOU'D HAVE ENDED UP *SPLATTERED* OVER THE JUNGLE, AND BANSHEE WOULD HAVE BEEN *DEAD.*

I *DIDN'T* MISS, SUMMERS. I DID *GOOD.* AND IF THAT *BOTHERS* YOU...

CYCLOPS, WE'RE TIRED AND HUNGRY AND HURT. THIS IS *NO TIME* TO BE YELLING AT THE SHRIMP 'CAUSE YE DIDN'T *LIKE* THE WAY HE SAVED ME *LIFE.*

STORM AND I SPOTTED A *VILLAGE* ABOUT TWENTY MILES SOUTH.

HOW ABOUT WE PAY 'EM A *VISIT?*

THEY'RE *MUTANTS.* I CAN SENSE THEIR *POWER* FROM HERE.

EXCELLENT. THEY'RE PRECISELY WHAT I *NEED.*

A WEEK LATER, MORE THAN HALF-A-WORLD AWAY...

...A SLEEK SHIELD HOVERJET TOUCHES DOWN IN THE BACK YARD OF A CERTAIN WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK MANSION.

IT'S THE HOME OF CHARLES XAVIER, AND HIS SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS...

JEAN! IT'S GOOD THAT YOU'RE HOME. CHARLES AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING EVER SINCE YOU TELE-PHONED.

HE IS IN HIS UP-STAIRS STUDY.

THANKS, LILANDRA.

SO THIS IS THE FAMOUS PRINCESS LILANDRA. HI! I'M HANK McCOY.

I AM PLEASED TO MEET YOU, HANK. WAIT A MOMENT, JEAN! I'LL COME WITH--!

NO. LET HER GO ALONE, OKAY?

THE NEWS-- IT IS BAD?

YEAH. C'MON, PRINCESS, LET'S GO FOR A WALK IN THE GARDEN.

SHE MAKES NO SOUND AS SHE MOVES THROUGH THE HOUSE, AND WITH EACH STEP, MEMORIES SWIRL AROUND HER...

THE DAY SHE ARRIVED AND MET SCOTT SUMMERS FOR THE FIRST TIME...

...THE LIFE SHE SHARED WITH THE X-MEN, OLD AND NEW.

SHE NEVER THOUGHT THE HOUSE COULD FEEL SO EMPTY.

SHE ACHES INSIDE, A KNOT TIGHTENING AROUND HER HEART WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND.

AND YET, HER FACE IS CALM, HER HAND STEADY.

ONLY HER EYES BETRAY HER.

PROFESSOR?

CHARLES...

THAT SAME MORNING, IN THE SAVAGE LAND...

IT LOOKS TO BE ANOTHER FINE DAY. 'TIS A PITY JEAN AND HANK AREN'T HERE TO SEE IT.

ALL ME LIFE I'VE DANCED WITH DEATH, PUSHED ME LUCK AS FAR AS IT'LL GO AND MORE, JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT. I'VE COURTED THE REAPER--

IN MY TONGUE, BAROK, THIS IS CALLED EIN SCHWEIF-- A TAIL.

--WHY COULDN'T HE HAVE TAKEN ME IN THEIR PLACE?!

I CAN'T FIGURE SCOTT, THOUGH. SURE AND HE'S THE GROUP STOIC BUT I'D HAVE THOUGHT THE DEATH O' THE WOMAN HE LOVED WOULDA SHAKEN EVEN HIS COOL.

MORNING, BOSS. WHAT'S THE DRILL FOR TODAY?

MORE OF THE SAME, SEAN--REST AND RELAXATION.

HELLO, SEAN. CHIEF TONGAH'S WIFE GAVE ME THESE ROBES.

DO YOU LIKE THEM?

ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN -- WE'LL BE PULLING OUT SOON.

I'LL PASS THE WORD.

IT'S BEEN A NICE VACATION, BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO GET HOME. THE SAVAGE LAND IS A NICE PLACE TO VISIT, BUT IT ISN'T SEAN CASSIDY'S IDEA O'...

...PARADISE.

ORORO?

ORORO-LUV, DO YE HAVE TO ASK?

THIS PLACE REMINDS ME OF MY HOME IN AFRICA. I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW MUCH I MISSED IT.

AYE. I OFTEN FEEL *SAME* WAY ABOUT *CASSIDY KEEP.*

I'LL SEE YE A BIT *LATER,* LASS. I'VE SOME *ERRANDS* TO RUN FOR SCOTT.

BE *WELL,* SEAN. I AM GOING FOR A *SWIM.*

I WILL BE *SAD* TO LEAVE THIS PLACE.

PARTLY BECAUSE OF ITS *BEAUTY.* PARTLY BECAUSE IT HOLDS THE *SPIRIT* AND BONES OF MY DEAREST *FRIEND.*

AH, JEAN--IN KENYA, I WAS CALLED A *GODDESS,* YET I WAS *POWERLESS* TO SAVE YOU. WHEN YOU *NEEDED* ME MOST...

...I... *FAILED.*

I WAS IN COMMAND. EVERYONE *DEPENDED* ON ME-- TRUSTED ME--AND I *BLEW IT!*

AND JEAN AND HANK *DIED.*

I'VE BEEN *OVER* THAT FIGHT WITH MAGNETO A *THOUSAND* TIMES.

TROUBLE IS, IN *ABSOLUTE* TERMS, THE X-MEN DID PRETTY *WELL.*

HOW AM I GOING TO TELL THE *PROFESSOR?* IT'LL BREAK HIS *HEART.*

I'M *SURPRISED* IT HASN'T BROKEN *MINE.*

SURPRISED... AND A LITTLE *SCARED.*

NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW, THOUGH. I'LL HAVE TO *CROSS* THAT BRIDGE WHEN I *COME* TO IT.

HM. I WASN'T MUCH *IMPRESSED* WITH MY BEARD. WONDER IF I'LL LOOK ANY *BETTER* WITH JUST A *MOUSTACHE?*

WATER'S CLEARING... YOU KNOW, I DON'T LOOK HALF-BAD. KIND OF *PIRATICAL,* ALMOST LIKE...

...*CORSAIR!**

*LEADER OF THE STARJAMMERS, LAST SEEN IN X-MEN #109--ROG.

IT...IT DIDN'T *REGISTER* AT THE TIME, BUT HE SPOKE *ENGLISH*-- WITH A NEBRASKA TWANG AND USING *AMERICAN SLANG!*

I REMEMBER... BEING IN THE M'KRANN CRYSTAL ...THE NIGHTMARES! I THOUGHT I WAS *DREAMING,* BUT CORSAIR WAS HOLDING ME, CALLING ME-- "*SCOTT*"!

HE'D *NEVER* SEEN ME-- HOW'D HE KNOW MY *REAL NAME?!*

LIKE A LINE OF TOPPLING **DOMINOS**, ONE MEMORY **UNLOCKS** ANOTHER...

IN HIS MIND, HE'S **FALLING**--HIS BROTHER ALEX IN HIS ARMS, **FIRE** ALL AROUND HIM! HE'S CONFUSED AND **SCARED**, EVENTS FLASHING BY TOO FAST FOR HIM TO **ASSIMILATE**.

CORSAIR IS THERE...

...AND A **WOMAN** WITH HIM, **SOBBING** AS SHE SHOVES HER CHILDREN OUT A PLANE'S **ESCAPE HATCH**.

ALL HIS LIFE, SCOTT'S **WONDERED** ABOUT THE GRAY **NOTHINGNESS** THAT WAS HIS CHILDHOOD. NOW, SUDDENLY, THE **ANSWERS** ARE WITHIN HIS **GRASP**...

SCOTT?

NO!! THE MEMORIES--THEY'RE **GONE**.

AM I **DISTURBING** YOU?

NOT... REALLY, ORORO. WHAT CAN I **DO** FOR YOU?

I WAS **CONCERNED**. AND A LITTLE **LONELY**. IN MY OWN WAY, I **CARED** FOR JEAN AS MUCH AS **YOU** DID. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE SOMEONE WITH WHOM TO **SHARE** YOUR GRIEF.

I WISH I HAD SOME **GRIEF** TO SHARE.

I DO NOT **UNDERSTAND**.

I DON'T, EITHER. I **MOURNED** FOR HANK, BUT--FOR JEAN THERE'S **NOTHING** THERE.

AFTER THE **SHUTTLE FLIGHT**,* NOTHING HAD CHANGED BETWEEN US, YET **EVERYTHING** HAD. SHE WASN'T THE GIRL I'D **LOVED** ANYMORE.

PERHAPS IT WAS SIMPLY THAT SHE WAS NO LONGER A **GIRL**. AS YOU ARE NO LONGER A **BOY**.

*X-MEN #101--ROG.

WE HAVE **ALL** CHANGED, SCOTT, HOPEFULLY, WE HAVE ALL **GROWN** AS WELL.

IF YOU WANTED ONLY TO **PRESERVE** THE JEAN-THAT-WAS, LIKE A FLY IN **AMBER**, PERHAPS WHAT YOU FELT FOR HER WASN'T **LOVE** AT ALL.

I WAS SO *HARSH* WITH SCOTT...

...BUT I COULDN'T *HELP* MYSELF. JEAN LOVED HIM MORE THAN *LIFE* ITSELF, AND FOR SCOTT TO BE TOO *BLIND* TO--*EH?!*

WOULD YOU LIKE TO *JOIN* US?

TOVARISH, THESE LADIES WISH TO *SHOW* ME THEIR *SPECIAL* ISLAND.

WELL, I'LL BE--! IS THIS THE *PETEY PUREHEART* I'VE KNOWN AND LOVED?

MUCH *OBLIGED*, PAL, BUT I THINK I'LL *PASS*. THIS IS MY DAY FOR *SUN* AND SOLITUDE--AND *SEWING* UP WHAT'S LEFT O' MY *OUTFIT*.

ARE YOU *SURE*, COMRADE?

I'M SURE. 'SIDES, I WOULDN'T WANT TO *CRIMP* YOUR STYLE.

HAVE A *GOOD* TIME, BUB. *DON'T* DO ANYTHING *I* WOULDN'T DO, OKAY?

MY FRIEND, *IS* THERE ANYTHING YOU *WOULD NOT* DO?

NOPE.

THE KID *MEANS* WELL, AND THOSE WERE *FINE-LOOKIN'* FRAILS...

...BUT I GOT *NO USE* FOR COMPANY RIGHT NOW.

BABE, YOU WERE THE *FIRST* PERSON I EVER REALLY *CARED* FOR--AND I NEVER EVEN TOLD YOU MY *REAL NAME*.

I HAD *PLANS* FOR US, JEANIE.

NOW ALL I GOT IS AN *ACHE* INSIDE THAT'S *KILLING* ME...

...LIKE SOMEONE CUT OUT MY *HEART*.

NOT FAR AWAY, STORM HAS REACHED A SMALL UPLAND LAKE.

IT'S A *PRIVATE* PLACE, CUT OFF FROM THE *FALL PEOPLE'S* VILLAGE BY A THICK STAND OF *TREES*.

TO STORM'S MIND, THE SETTING IS *PERFECT*.

SHE'S NOT ALONE IN THAT REGARD.

HAVEN'T EATEN IN SO LONG, I CAN BARELY STAND.

THAT BLACK WOMAN... THE LIFE-FORCE WITHIN HER IS INCREDIBLE... NO! I MUSTN'T!

BUT -- I HUNGER!

THE WATER IS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, FED BY STREAMS FLOWING OFF OF THE MIGHTY ESCARPMENT THAT WALLS AND PROTECTS THE SAVAGE LAND...

...AND, TO ORORO, IT'S THE NEXT BEST THING TO HEAVEN.

I FEEL REBORN, MORE ALIVE THAN I'VE FELT IN WEEKS!

THIS LAND IS SO UNLIKE NEW YORK. HERE, THE AIR IS CLEAN.

THERE -- EVEN ON A GOOD DAY -- THE SKY SMELLS TO ME LIKE AN OPEN SEWER. SCOTT SAYS THAT IS BECAUSE OF PROGRESS.

YET, HOW CAN THE MURDER OF OUR MOTHER EARTH BE CALLED... PROGRESS...?

THERE IS STILL SO MUCH I DON'T UNDERST--!

OOOHHHHHHH!!

I AM SORRY, CHILD -- I DO NOT MEAN TO CAUSE YOU PAIN. BUT I NEED LIFE-ENERGY, ONLY A LITTLE, I...

NO!!

SUCH POWER IN HER -- I NEVER DREAMED -- SMASHING INTO ME LIKE A TIDAL WAVE--! CAN'T STOP IT!

DEAR LORD PRESERVE ME, I'M CHANGING!!

SOUNDS, EACH DROWNING THE OTHER OUT...

...A WOMAN'S SCREAM, THEN A MAN'S, AND THEN...

SZAKOW!

BLAZES--A LIGHTNING BOLT! ERUPTING UP FROM THE GROUND?!

STORM!!

WHAT WAS THAT?!

I DUNNO, LASS...

WOLVERINE, WHAT--?!

HAUL IT, ELF! I SAW STORM HEADIN' THAT WAY, AND THAT BIG ZAP BOLT IS HER TRADEMARK!

STORM--MEIN GOTT!

CYCLOPS, DID YOU HEAR--?! WOLVERINE SAW ORORO--!

I KNOW. BANSHEE SAYS SHE WAS GOING SWIMMING. IF SHE LET HER GUARD DOWN, SHE COULD HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED!

AMBUSHED, BOSS? HOW ABOUT MASSACRED?!

FREEZE, ALL OF YOU!

NO ONE MAKES A MOVE EXCEPT ON MY MARK!

CYCLOPS, WHAT--WHAT IS IT?!

"IT" IS SOMEONE WHO SHOULD BE DEAD.

DEAD, MUTANT?! I AM EVIL INCARNATE-- I CANNOT DIE!

BEHOLD FOOLS, THE REBIRTH OF--

--SAURON!!

AND KNOW THAT AS I *CLAIMED* THIS SHE-MUTANT'S *LIFE*-- SO SHALL I CLAIM *YOURS!!*

NEXT VISIONS OF DEATH!

STILL ONLY 35¢

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THE UNCANNY X-MEN

TM

ENTER: SAURON!

BYRNE & AUSTIN

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS––feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE UNCANNY X-MEN!** ™

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VISIONS of DEATH!

AS I CLAIMED THIS SHE-MUTANT'S LIFE, X-MEN-- SO SHALL I CLAIM *YOURS!*

AND THEN *SAURON* SHALL RULE THIS *SAVAGE LAND!*

WOLVERINE-- NO!

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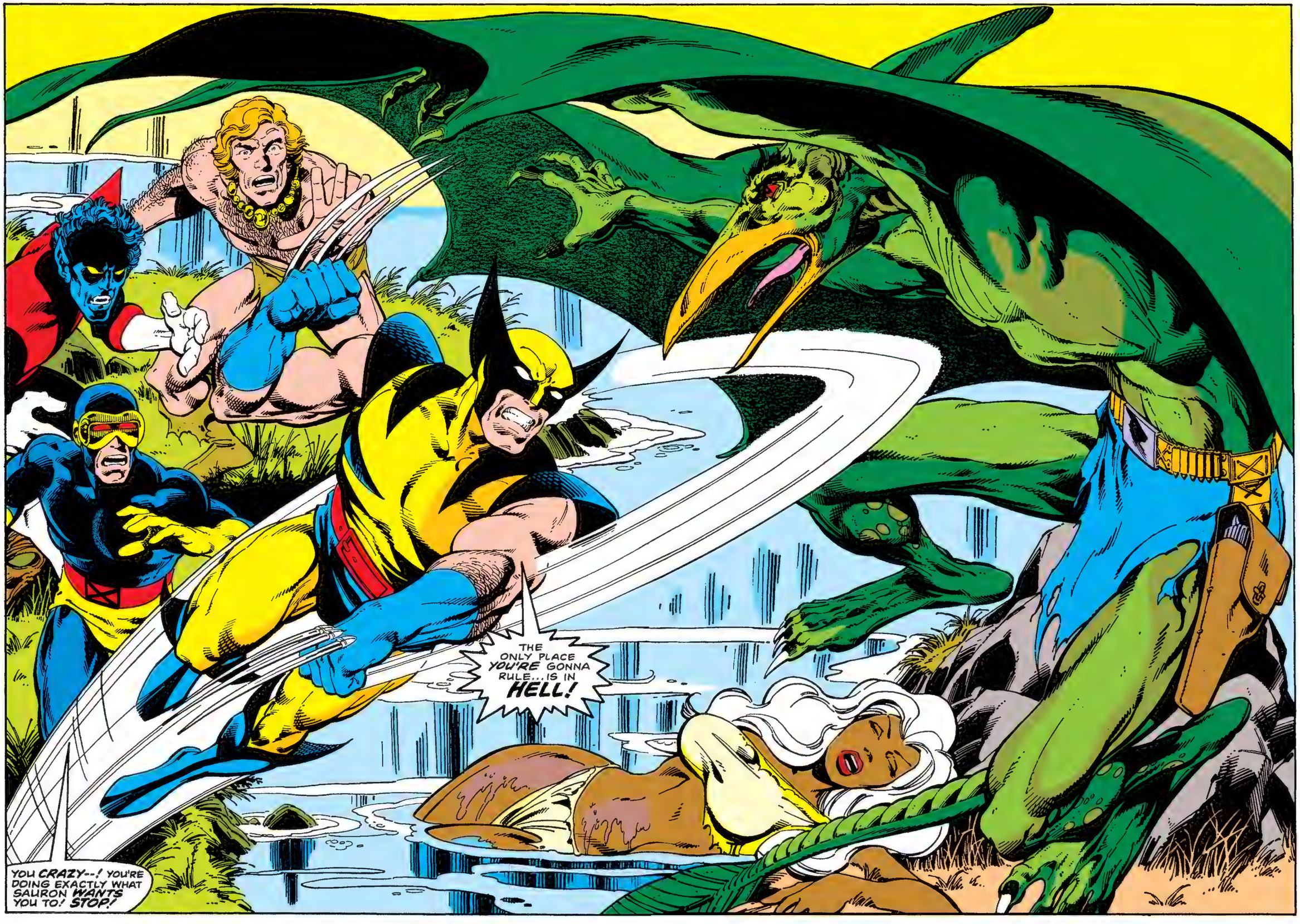
THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE GONNA RULE... IS IN HELL!
YOU CRAZY--! YOU'RE DOING EXACTLY WHAT SAURON WANTS YOU TO! STOP!

YOU STOP, GUTLESS! THIS BARGAIN-BASEMENT RODAN JUST CHOPPED AN X-MAN--

-- AN' WOLVERINE'S GONNA MAKE HIM PAY FOR-- HEY!!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOUR LEADER WHILE YOU HAD THE CHANCE, LITTLE MAN!

NOW IT'S TOO LATE!

GOTTA BUST FREE-- BUT HIS GRIP'S LIKE AN ICE-COLD VICE!

CRIPES! HIS EYES--

YOUR MIND-- YOUR VERY SOUL, MUTANT-- IS MINE!

QUICKLY X-MAN-- LOOK AT YOUR 'FRIENDS'--

--AND SEE WHO IS TRULY THE ENEMY HERE.

OH, NO! SAURON'S ZAPPED WOLVERINE JUST LIKE HE DID ANGEL THE FIRST TIME WE FOUGHT.' *

UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, WOLVERINE DOESN'T SEE X-MEN ANYMORE...

* WAY BACK IN X-MEN #'S 60 & 61. --RESEARCHIN' ROG.

...JUST A TRIO OF WALKING NIGHTMARES!

CYCLOPS, NIGHT-CRAWLER-- LOOK AT HIS FACE! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?!

BLAST! WHY COULDN'T WOLVERINE HAVE LISTENED FOR ONCE?!

WITH HIS POWER AND NATURAL FEROCITY, HE COULD CUT US ALL TO PIECES LONG BEFORE SAURON'S HYPNOTIC CONTROL WEARS OFF..

...UNLESS I STOP HIM FIRST!

SNAP KICK

UHNNGNH=

ARE YE MAD, MAN?! DID YE HAVE TO--?!

TRUST ME, BANSHEE-- I HAD TO. LOOK, I'VE NO TIME TO EXPLAIN...

...JUST GET AIRBORNE AFTER SAURON, AND DON'T LET HIM MAKE EYE-CONTACT WITH YOU!

INTERESTIN'. SOUNDS LIKE HE'S NEVER HEARD OF BANSHEE!

WHA--?! A FLYING SAVAGE?!

HE HAS A HYPNOTIC ZAP THAT MAKES MESMERO LOOK LIKE A RANK AMATEUR!

ALL I NEED ARE A FEW SECONDS T'GET UP-SUN OF HIM, AND THEN I'LL GIVE THIS FLYIN' HORROR AN EDUCATION HE'LL NEVER FORGET!

YOU'RE **WASTING** YOUR TIME, FOOL! MY STRENGTH **ALONE** IS MORE THAN ENOUGH--

--TO **SMASH** YOUR SCREECHING FORM TO A A BLOODY **PULP!**

IS IT NOW?!

EEEEEEEE

THWAM!

STAY **HERE,** NIGHT-CRAWLER!

MAKE SURE WOLVERINE AND STORM ARE **OKAY.**

AS YOU WISH, CYCLOPS.

RISE AND SHINE, MEIN FREUND. WE CAN'T HAVE YOU **DROWNING** ON US.

BROW!

LOUSY **DEMONS--** YOU AIN'T **TAKIN' ME!!**

WOKE UP... JUST IN *TIME!*

SLIME-MONSTER'S TRYIN' TO SKRAG *JEANIE!*

HE ATTACKS WITH ALL THE SPEED OF HIS *NAMESAKE*, NEVER REALIZING THAT HE'S RESPONDING TO AN *ILLUSION*, THAT HIS TARGET IS *ACTUALLY...*

... CYCLOPS, WAGING A *DESPERATE* BATTLE AGAINST SAURON.

GET *OUTTA* HERE, JEANIE!

WHAT? THAT *SOUND--!*

HE PIVOTS ONLY *SLIGHTLY*, BUT IT'S ENOUGH TO *SAVE* HIS LIFE.

WOLVERINE--!

I'LL HANDLE *SLIME-PUSS!*

NO-- SOMETHING'S *WRONG!* I'M TALKIN' LIKE JEANIE'S *ALIVE--*

--BUT... SHE *AIN'T!*

HE'S-- *HESITATING!*

THWOK!

KRASH!

...IT'S FOR YOUR OWN *GOOD!*

I *HATE* TO DO THIS, PAL, BUT AS THE *SAYING* GOES...

MARVELOUS, CYCLOPS. YOU'RE DOING MY WORK FOR ME!

AND ONCE I'VE FINISHED YOU, THE REST OF YOUR PATHETIC TEAM WILL BE EASY PREY.!

BANSHEE-- HIGH-LOW.! NOW.!!

AYE, CYCLOPS. NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY YE WANTED ME IN THE AIR.

MY SONIC SCREAM STUNS THE SCALY BEGGAR FROM ABOVE...

...AN' THEN YOUR OPTIC BLASTS DECK HIM FROM BE-LOW. A NASTY ONE-TWO COMBINATION, LAD, BUT NO MORE THAN SAURON DESERVES.

AARRGH.!

CURSE THEM--! THE ENERGY SHOCK TO MY SYSTEM WAS ALMOST MORE THAN I COULD STAND.

IT'S DRAINED MOST OF THE LIFE-FORCE I ABSORBED FROM THE BLACK WOMAN. I'M STARTING TO CHANGE BACK TO KARL LYKOS.!

LYKOS-- THE SNIVELLING WEAKLING.! I'LL DIE BEFORE I REVERT TO HIM AGAIN!

THERE'S THE WOMAN-- WAIT.!

THAT MAN HOLDING HER...

...I SENSE POWER IN HIM... AS GREAT AS HERS.!

STORM-- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?!

BE PROUD, MUTANT! YOUR POWER WILL MAKE SAURON INVINCIBLE!

THE YOUNG RUSSIAN'S BODY STIFFENS IN SILENT AGONY AS HE FEELS HIS VERY LIFE BEING TORN FROM HIM...

COLOSSUS!

SAURON'S FEEDING OFF HIM, LIKE A LEECH!

SOMEWHERE IN PETER RASPUTIN'S BRAIN, A PSYCHIC RELAY CLOSES AND AN AWESOME PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION BEGINS.

=!?!=

COLOSSUS--CHANGE!

IN HIS PLACE IS THE ARMORED FORM OF COLOSSUS!

SKKOW!

AND, AS CYCLOPS HAD HOPED, THE SUDDEN MASSIVE POWER SURGE IS TOO MUCH FOR SAURON TO WITHSTAND.

OOOOHHHH...WHO'S BEEN PLAYIN' PINBALL WITH MY HEAD?

AAYYII

WHAT THE--?!

YOU--SAURON!

I REMEMBER NOW. YOU TWISTED MY SKULL INSIDE-OUT, MADE ME TRY TO ACE THE X-MEN!

...CHANGING... THANK GOD...

I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO PEOPLE MUCKIN' WITH MY MIND, BUB!

ANY LAST REQUESTS?

STOP!

RELEASE MY FRIEND KARL LYKOS, COSTUMED ONE, OR FACE THE WRATH OF--

--KA-ZAR, LORD OF THE SAVAGE LAND!

RRAWRR!

THIS GUY OWES ME, BLONDIE--

--BUT SINCE HE'S YOUR BUDDY, I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE ON YOU AN' YOUR PUSSY-CAT, TOO.

HOLD IT.!

KA-ZAR, IT'S ME-- CYCLOPS.!

I REMEMBER YOU, X-MAN. IN FACT, IT WAS YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS LYKOS AND I WERE ON OUR WAY TO SEE.

WE NEED YOUR HELP.

RRR?

BUB, YOU SURE GOT A FUNNY WAY OF ASKIN'. COOL IT, CAT. I'LL MAKE NICE WITH YOUR PAL.

IT TAKES QUITE A WHILE FOR SOME UNDERSTANDABLY HOT TEMPERS TO COOL.

EVEN SO, THE AIR IS THICK WITH TENSION WHEN EVERYONE GATHERS IN THE VILLAGE COUNCIL HOUSE, STORM AND WOLVERINE STILL LOOKING DAGGERS AT KARL LYKOS ACROSS THE FIRE.

YOU SAID YOU NEED OUR HELP, KA-ZAR. WE'RE WAITING FOR AN EXPLANATION.

THE STORY BEGINS WITH ME, CYCLOPS...

"...ON THE NIGHT YOU -- AND... OTHER X-MEN -- STOPPED ME FROM MURDERING THE FATHER OF THE WOMAN I LOVED.

"I WAS MAD, THEN...

"...CONSUMED BY THE EVIL SIDE OF ME THAT IS SAURON.

"TO DENY THAT EVIL I FLED...

... HALF-WAY 'ROUND THE WORLD, TO TIERRA DEL FUEGO. I HOPED TO DIE THERE.

"BUT TANYA -- MY DEAR LOVE -- FOUND ME FIRST.

"RATHER THAN SURVIVE BY TAKING HER LIFE...

...I TRIED TO TAKE MY OWN. *

"YOU SAW ME FALL INTO THAT SEEMINGLY BOTTOMLESS CHASM. YOU DIDN'T SEE ME LAND -- SEMI-CONSCIOUS -- ON A SMALL LEDGE A FEW METERS BELOW THE TOP.

*X-MEN #61 -- ROG.

"WHEN I AWOKE, I MADE MY WAY SLOWLY DOWN THE CLIFF-FACE. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT AT THE BOTTOM.

"... BUT I KNEW THAT ANYTHING WOULD BE BETTER THAN THE HELL MY LIFE ON THE SURFACE HAD BECOME.

"EVENTUALLY, I REACHED THE SAVAGE LAND. IN A STRANGE WAY, I FELT LIKE I HAD COME HOME.

"OVER THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, MY WOUNDS--PHYSICAL AND MENTAL--HEALED.

"I STILL NEEDED LIFE-ENERGY TO SURVIVE, BUT I TOOK IT ONLY FROM THE LESSER ANIMALS AROUND ME.

"I BECAME ONE WITH THE LAND, A MAN FINALLY AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF.

"THEN--WAS IT JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO?-- I CHANCED UPON A STRANGE PROCESSION.

"PRIESTS AND ACOLYTES, I THOUGHT, LED BY AN EXOTICALLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN TO A NIGHT-MARISH TEMPLE..."

HEAR ME, O GAROKK!

HEAR THE WORDS OF ZALADANE, YOUR ANNOINTED PRIESTESS!

REJOICE, OH LORD OF THE SUN, FOR THE TIME OF APOTHEOSIS IS AT HAND!

PART OF THE ANCIENT PROPHECY HAS BEEN FULFILLED! ONCE AGAIN, A MAN FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD HAS COME INTO OUR LAND...

...TO BE TOUCHED BY THE HAND OF GOD!

TODAY BEGINS--GODBIRTH!!

"ZALADANE GESTURED, AND A MASSIVE SLAB ROSE OUT OF THE FLOOR OF THE TEMPLE CAVE...

"...A SLAB WITH A MAN CHAINED TO IT.

THIS IS INSANE! LISTEN TO ME-- PLEASE! THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

NO MISTAKE, KIRK MARSTON! YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE. BE SILENT NOW, AS I DAUB YOUR BREAST...

...WITH BLESSED OIL MADE FROM THE ASHES OF HIM WHO WAS OUR GOD.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! NO, PLEASE-- NO!

"HIS BODY BEGAN TO GLOW...

YARRRGH!

"...UNTIL IT DISAPPEARED WITHIN A LIGHT BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN.

"AND WHEN THAT GLOW FADED..."

WHAT... MADNESS IS THIS?!

I... DIED, CONSUMED BY THE STAR-BORN FIRES THAT GAVE ME BIRTH. YET NOW... THE PETRIFIED MAN... LIVES!

WELCOME, HOLY ONE.

I, ZALADANE, YOUR PRIESTESS, SUMMONED YOU FROM THE SHADOW KINGDOM! DEATH-- AND WORSE-- NOW STALK THE SAVAGE LAND...

...YOUR PEOPLE CRY OUT FOR YOU.

I SENSE... BOTH TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD IN YOUR WORDS, WOMAN.

YOU SPEAK OF DEATH AND WORSE THAN DEATH-- SHOW ME!

THERE, HOLY ONE! BEHOLD A CITY, WHERE BUT DAYS AGO THERE WAS ONLY SWAMP. EVEN THE SKY IS TAINTED BY ITS ITS BLASPHEMOUS PRESENCE!

YES.

PART OF ME REMEMBERS... WAR, CONQUEST... AND BASE BETRAYAL OF THOSE WHO TRUSTED THE MAN I WAS.

"I DIDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I HAD SEEN, OR WHAT I SAW THEN, BUT THOSE SIGHTS PALED BESIDE WHAT WAS TO COME.

THAT CITY IS THE CAUSE. EVEN FROM AFAR, I FEEL THE UNTOLD SUFFERING ITS ALIEN PEOPLE HAVE BROUGHT TO MY DOMAIN.

THEY SHALL BRING NO MORE!

BY MY SOUL, LET THIS MADMAN'S CONFLICT END--

--AND LET THESE ALIEN INTRUDERS-- BEGONE!!

"BLINDING BEAMS OF LIGHT FLASH FROM THE PETRIFIED MAN'S EYES.

"... AND THEN, I SAW THE OTHERWORLD CITY-- ITS UNIVERSE AROUND IT-- SIMPLY DISAPPEAR."

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT. SOMEHOW, HE MANIPULATED A TRANS-DIMENSIONAL WARP, LIKE A SCULPTOR MOLDING CLAY.

IN MANY WAYS, MY FRIEND, GAROKK-- THE PETRIFIED MAN-- IS INDEED LIKE UNTO A GOD.

THE NIGHT HE WAS REBORN...

"... I WAS LEADING AN ATTACK ON THE CITY OF SHEENARS.* AT THE TIME, I THOUGHT I AND MY FRIENDS HAD BEEN TRANSPORTED TO THE SHEENAR DIMENSION. WHEREAS, IN REALITY...

"... PARTS OF THEIR WORLD HAD BEEN TRANSPORTED INTO OURS.

*KA-ZAR #20 -- R.

"SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE, THE CITY AROUND ME -- THE FLYING SHARK BENEATH ME -- FADED AWAY...

"...AS IF THEY HAD NEVER BEEN.

"HAVING NO WINGS MYSELF, I FELL.

BA-SH!

"KARL LYKOS AND TANDY SNOW FOUND ME AND, TOGETHER, WE NURSED TONGAH, THE OUTWORLDER KLOSS, AND ZABU BACK TO HEALTH... THEY ALMOST DIED AT THE HANDS OF A SHEENAR VAMPIRE RACE.

"LYKOS TOLD ME OF GAROKK'S RESURRECTION. I KNEW THAT BODED ILL FOR THE SAVAGE LAND, BUT I COULD DO NOTHING UNTIL MY FRIENDS HAD FULLY RECOVERED.

"ALAS, BY THEN, IT WAS TOO LATE.

"USING SLAVE LABOR, GAROKK BUILT A GREAT METROPOLIS IN THE CENTRAL LAKE."

HE MEANS FOR ALL WHO DWELL IN THE SAVAGE LAND TO LIVE THERE. THOSE WHO REFUSE ARE SLAIN. A 'REGRETTABLE BUT NECESSARY STEP', HE SAYS, TO ENSURE THE COMMON GOOD.

HIS GOAL -- PEACE -- IS ADMIRABLE, BUT HIS MEANS ARE AN ABOMINATION. TONGAH'S FALL PEOPLE AND I HAVE TRIED TO STOP HIM. AND WE HAVE FAILED.

WITH YOUR HELP, X-MEN, PERHAPS WE CAN SUCCEED.

FINE BY ME, BLONDIE. SOUNDS LIKE MY KIND'A FRACAS.

MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY, SHORT-STUFF.

NO.

WHADDYA MEAN, 'NO'?!?

I MEAN, MUCH AS WE'D *LIKE* TO HELP KA-ZAR WE *CAN'T.*

BULL! WHAT'LL IT *TAKE*, BOSS-MAN-- BLONDIE DOWN ON HIS KNEES, *BEGGIN'*?!?

FIGURE IT FOR *YOURSELF*, WOLVERINE. *WE* SURVIVED THE VOLCANO.* WHAT IF *MAGNETO* DID, TOO? HIS NEXT TARGET WOULD BE *PROFESSOR X.*

I'M *SORRY*, BUT OUR *FIRST DUTY* IS TO THE PROFESSOR.

*X-MEN # 113-- R.S.

I *UNDERSTAND*, MY FRIEND... DO NOT *WORRY*. THE SAVAGE LAND IS VAST, AND WE KNOW IT *WELL*. GAROKK AND ZALADANE'S WARRIORS WILL NOT *FIND* US.

AS SOON AS THINGS ARE *SORTED OUT* ON THE SURFACE, KA-ZAR, WE'LL BE *BACK*. YOU HAVE MY *WORD*.

THAT'S A *LAUGH*! ANY WAY YA *CUT* THIS, WE'RE *BUG-GIN' OUT* AGAIN. AND I'M GETTIN' *SICK* OF IT!

THEY LEAVE AT DAWN, WITH KA-ZAR AND ZABU ESCORTING THE X-MEN TO THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL THAT LEADS OUT TO THE OPEN SEA...

DO SVIDANIA, NEREEL!

FAREWELL, MY PETER. I WILL *CHERISH* YOU ALWAYS.

BY LATE AFTERNOON, THEY'RE NEAR THE CAVERN ENTRANCE...

CYCLOPS, THE *TREES*-- EVERYTHING LOOKS *WITHERED*, AS IF BY A SUDDEN *KILLER FROST.*

I CAN SEE MY *BREATH*. THE AIR'S TURNED *COLD.*

THE QUESTIONS PILE ONE ON ANOTHER AS THEY CROSS THE FINAL MILES, AND THEN, THEY'RE AT THE GREAT RIVER ITSELF.

HOLY--! OUR WAY OUT IS A SOLID SHEET OF ICE!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THIS IS A TIDAL ESTUARY, FED BY A WARM WATER CURRENT.

CYCLOPS--ALL OF YOU--LOOK TO THE SKY.

WHAT--?!?

A SNOWFALL! I SENSE THAT IT WILL BE A HEAVY ONE.

IT'S NOT THE FIRST, EITHER.

THE FROZEN RIVER'S COVERED WITH THE STUFF.

HERE, WOLVERINE--CATCH!

FLOOMP!

ELF, YOU JUST PUSHED THE MAGIC BUTTON. CHOOSE YOUR SNOWDRIFT, BUB--LOSER BUYS THE BEER.

STOP YOUR PLAYING, FOOLS! DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

IT'S ONLY A SNOWSTORM, KA-ZAR. THEY HAPPEN ALL THE TIME.

NOT HERE, THEY DON'T

SOMEHOW, THE SUN-GOD HAS UPSET THE ECOLOGICAL BALANCE OF THE LAND, THE TROPICAL HOTHOUSE EFFECT THAT HAS KEPT THE ANTARCTIC COLD AT BAY THROUGH THE AEONS.

THIS IS NO MERE SNOWSTORM. FOR THE SAVAGE LAND... IT IS DEATH!

NEXT ISSUE

TO SAVE THE SAVAGE LAND!

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116 DEC

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THE UNCANNY X-MEN

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DEATH TO THOSE WHO VIOLATE THE LAND AND LAWS OF THE SUN-GOD!

BYRNE & AUSTIN

TO SAVE THE SAVAGE LAND!

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS--feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

THEY'D BEGUN CLIMBING AT DAWN -- LED BY KA-ZAR, THE LORD OF THIS SAVAGE LAND -- AND WITH EACH PASSING HOUR, THE AIR HAD GOTTEN COLDER, THE WINDS MORE BITTER. IT HAD SNOWED TWICE TODAY AND THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS WERE ICE-COATED, AND TREACHEROUS.

IT TOOK AN EFFORT TO REMEMBER THAT, ONLY DAYS BEFORE THIS HAD BEEN PART OF A VERDANT, PREHISTORIC JUNGLE.

OUR JOURNEY IS *ENDED*, X-MEN. BEYOND THIS RIDGE LIES OUR *THRICE-DAMNED* DESTINATION.

THE SAVAGE LAND

by CHRIS CLAREMONT & JOHN BYRNE
with TERRY AUSTIN inker
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BEHOLD, MY FRIENDS, THE CITY OF THE SUN GOD!!

KA-ZAR'S VOICE IS THICK WITH PAIN AND **FURY**. HE AND TONGAH'S FALL PEOPLE HAD **FOUGHT** BITTERLY TO PREVENT THE CITY'S CONSTRUCTION, BUT THEY HAD **FAILED**. AND THAT FAILURE MAY HAVE **DOOMED** THE SAVAGE LAND.

THE WAR HAD BEGUN **WEEKS** BEFORE, WITH THE RESURRECTION OF THE **PETRIFIED MAN** -- THE LIVING EMBODIMENT OF **GAROKK**, THE SUN GOD.* GAROKK WAS DETERMINED TO BRING EVERLASTING **PEACE** TO THE LAND, NO MATTER WHAT THE **COST**...

...SO HE -- AND HIS HIGH-PRIESTESS, **ZALADANE** -- SET OUT TO **BUILD A GREAT, ETERNAL METROPOLIS**, WHEREIN ALL THE MYRIAD RACES INHABITING THE SAVAGE LAND COULD LEARN TO LIVE TOGETHER AS **BROTHERS**. ANY WHO RESISTED THIS "NEW ORDER" WOULD, REGRETTABLY, BE **SLAIN**.

SOMEHOW, THOUGH, THE CITY **UPSET** THE DELICATE ECOLOGICAL **BALANCE** THAT, THROUGHOUT THE AEONS, HAD KEPT THE ANTARCTIC ICECAP AT **BAY**. NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE SAVAGE LAND KNOWS **WINTER**.

AND IF THE BALANCE IS NOT CORRECTED SOON, THE WINTER WILL LAST FOREVER.

*LAST ISSUE. --ROG.

INSTEAD OF LIVING IN *HARMONY* WITH THE LAND, THIS GAROKK IS *BREAKING* IT TO HIS WILL. HE WILL *DESTROY* ALL THAT HE WISHED TO *SAVE*.

KA-ZAR, *HOW* COULD HE HAVE BUILT SO MUCH, SO *FAST*?

WHEN YOU ARE A *GOD*, MY FRIEND, ALL THINGS ARE *POSSIBLE*.

INTRUDERS-- *STAND WHERE YOU ARE!*

CYCLOPS, *LOOK OUT!*

THUK!

IN THE NAME OF THE *MOST HIGH*-- *SURRENDER!*

OR DIE!

CRIPES! IT'S A FLAMIN' *AIR FORCE!*

BANSHEE, TAKE TO THE *SKY!* ON THE GROUND, WE ARE AT THESE WARRIORS' *MERCY!*

FOOLS, YOU CANNOT *ESCAPE* US!

SHE'S NOT *TRYING* TO, *MEIN HERR*.

BUT SHE'S STILL TOO *WEAK* FROM SAURON'S ATTACK* TO FIGHT *EFFECTIVELY*.

HOLD THE *FORT*, COLOSSUS--

*X-MEN #114-115.--Rog.

-- I'M GOING TO GIVE STORM A *HAND!*

BAMF

SHOK

STAY CLOSE, X-MEN! COVER THE BACK OF WHO-EVER'S NEXT TO YOU!

CYCLOPS!!

TOO LATE! ZALADANE'S SKY-DEMONS HAVE TAKEN HIM PRISONER.

ALL ALONG THE RIDGE, THE BATTLE QUICKLY GOES AGAINST THE X-MEN...

RUSSKIE --WATCH THE TAIL!

THAT FLYING HORROR SCOOPED COLOSSUS UP LIKE HE WEIGHED NOTHING!

I'D BEST GET OVER THERE. THE BOYO NEEDS MY HELP.

WHAT'S THAT--?! SAINTS ABOVE-- A NET!!

I DIDN'T HEAR 'EM COMIN' OVER THE SOUND O' ME SONIC SCREAM. AND THE BLOODY NET'S TOO CLOSE TO DODGE!

WE HAVE HIM, KOR-AT!

AYE, AND THE SO-CALLED 'JUNGLE LORD,' AS WELL!

NO!!

DO NOT FEAR, GOLDEN MANE, DEATH WILL NOT CLAIM YOU THIS DAY-- THOUGH YOU'LL SOON WISH IT HAD.

THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS THE BATTLE BEGAN, IT ENDS.

THEY-- THEY'RE *FLYING AWAY.*

THEY'RE PULLIN' OUT 'CAUSE THEY'VE *CAUGHT* AS MANY OF US AS THEY CAN *CARRY.*

I THINK *NOT,* WOLVERINE.

AS SOON AS THEY GET SOME *REINFORCEMENTS,* THEY'LL BE *BACK.*

THOSE PTERASAURS ARE *GLIDERS.* THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE ANY *HEADWAY* AGAINST THE *WINDS* I'VE SET UP AROUND THIS PEAK.

NICE WORK, ORORO. BUT WE WON'T BE HERE *LONG!*

WE'RE GOIN' *INTO* THAT CITY, FOLKS, AND WE'RE BUSTIN' OUR BUDDIES *FREE.* ANY *OBJECTIONS?*

NOT FROM ME. BUT WHAT ABOUT KA-ZAR'S *SABRE-TOOTH?*

RRAWR!

DON'T WORRY, ELF. *I'LL* HANDLE THE PUSSY-CAT.

C'MERE, ZABU, YOU AND ME ARE GONNA HAVE SOME *WORDS.*

RRR?

I KNOW YA WANT TO *HELP* US RESCUE YER PAL, BUT YA *CAN'T.*

DON'T *SNARL* AT ME--WE GOTTA BE *SNEAKY* DOWN THERE-- AND YOU'RE AS INCONSPICUOUS AS A *MACK TRUCK.*

SO *LISTEN*-- TONGAH DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S *HAPPENING*-- HE THINKS THE X-MEN ARE ON THEIR WAY *HOME.* YOU HEAD FOR HIS *VILLAGE...*

...AND BRING HIM AND HIS WARRIORS HERE-- *PRONTO!*

THAT'S SOME CAT. HE'S GOT MORE *SMARTS* THAN MOST *PEOPLE* I KNOW.

WOLVERINE, WERE YOU REALLY *TALKING* WITH THAT TIGER?

YUP.

WOLVERINE, TRULY THERE IS *MORE* TO YOU THAN MEETS THE *EYE*.

AT *MY* SIZE, BABE, THAT AIN'T *HARD*.

TIME'S A-*WASTIN'*, TROOPS--

"--LET'S GET *DOWN* THIS FLAMIN' CLIFF!"

A WHILE LATER...

A SENTRY!

WE GOTTA TAKE THIS CREEP OUT-- FAST AND SILENTLY.

I CAN TELEPORT...

THANKS, PAL, BUT NO THANKS.

THIS GUY'S MINE.

MEIN GOTT.

SNIKT

HE'S LIKE THE GREAT *CATS* ON THE VELDT. WHEN HE STRIKES, THERE IS NO *MERCY* IN HIM.

COAST IS CLEAR-- FOLLOW ME!

WOLVERINE-- THE STENCH!

= PHEW! =

IT'S PRETTY RIPE, BUT WHAT DID YOU EXPECT, ORORO? EVEN A PERFECT CITY HAS TO THROW ITS GARBAGE SOMEWHERE.

CREEEEAK!

I WAS *HOPIN'* TO PICK UP CYKE'S OR BANSHEE'S *SCENT*, BUT MY NOSE AIN'T WORTH *DIDDLEY* IN THIS MUCK.

SCOUT *AHEAD*, ELF. STAY IN THE SHADOWS AND '*BAMF*' BACK IF YOU SPOT *TROUBLE*.

HEY!!

GRRRAK!

WOLVERINE!

STAY BACK, STORM!

'*ROVER*' HERE'S GOT TEETH LIKE *RAZOR BLADES* AND CLAWS TO *MATCH!*

SNIKT!

IT'S JUST TOO *BAD* FOR HIM THAT WOLVERINE HAS SOME PRETTY SHARP *CLAWS* HIMSELF.

I *GUARANTEE* HE AIN'T GONNA TRY *THIS* TRICK AGAIN.

YOUR *ARM*-- YOU'RE *HURT!*

NOT SO'S YOU'D *NOTICE*. IT'S OKAY, BABE--I *HEAL* REAL FAST! AND THE BEAST AIN'T BEEN *BORN* THAT CAN BREAK *MY* BONES.

HEADS UP, HERE COMES THE REST OF HIS *PACK!* WOLVERINE, CAN YOU *HANDLE* THEM?!

HE WON'T *HAVE* TO.

THESE TUNNELS ARE *SIMILAR* TO THOSE WITHIN *VALHALLA MOUNTAIN**...

*SEE X-MEN #95. -- Rog.

"... AND LIKE THE *SOLDIERS* WE FACED THERE...

"... I *DOUBT* THESE DINOSAURS CAN STAND AGAINST A *FLASH FLOOD!*"

FOR *THIS*, THE PETRIFIED MAN IS WILLING TO *SACRIFICE* THE SAVAGE LAND?

HE IS *INSANE*.

CHEER UP, ORORO.

THIS IS JUST THE *LOW-RENT* DISTRICT. THINGS *IMPROVE* FURTHER ON.

BUT, ALTHOUGH THE CITY GETS CLEANER, IT DOESN'T GET BETTER.

YOU KNOW, I'VE SEEN *PRISONS* WITH MORE PERSONAL-ITY AND *WARMTH*.

LIKE-WISE. AND WHERE THE HECK *IS* EVERY-BODY?

ASK, MY FRIEND, AND YE SHALL BE *ANSWERED*.

TAKE A LOOK.

GODDESS.

PRETTY *IMPRESSIVE*, I'LL GIVE IT THAT.

THE VAST ARENA DWARFS THE SUPERDOME, DWARFS ANY STADIUM EVER BUILT BY MAN, TIER AFTER JAM-PACKED TIER RISING AWAY FROM A CENTRAL DAIS SO DISTANT...

...THAT, TO THE THREE WATCHING X-MEN, THE FIGURES ON IT ARE ALMOST INVISIBLE.

I THINK WE'VE *FOUND* CYKE AND THE OTHERS. BUT IF I TRY TO GET *DOWN* THERE ON FOOT, OR STORM IN THE *AIR*, WE'LL BOTH BE *SKRAGGED* BEFORE WE GO TEN FEET.

ELF, CAN YOU *TELEPORT* THAT FAR IN *ONE SHOT?*

I'VE NEVER *TRIED* IT. THE STRAIN COULD LEAVE ME *WEAK* AS A KITTEN.

WATCH ME.

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE CENTER OF THE ARENA...

YOUR *EXECUTIONS* WILL SERVE AS AN OBJECT LESSON TO THOSE LESS-*ENLIGHTENED* MEMBERS OF MY COMMUNITY. I WILL BROOK *NO* TRANSGRESSIONS OF MY *LAW OF PEACE.*

PEACE?! LAW OF *BUTCHERY* WOULD BE MORE *HONEST!*

WERE IT NOT FOR THESE *VIBRANIUM BONDS,* I WOULD--!

SILENCE! FOR THE GOOD OF THE *STATE,* OUTLANDER, SACRIFICES ARE *NECESSARY.*

YOUR TIME GROWS *SHORT,* X-MAN.

HOW MUCH *LONGER* CAN EVEN YOUR *ARMORED* FORM WITHSTAND THE AWE-SOME HEAT OF THAT *MAGMA PIT?*

HE'S *RIGHT.* MY BODY IS ALREADY GLOWING *RED-HOT.*

NO *PAIN* YET-- BUT IT WILL *COME.* I WONDER --WILL I *MELT?*

IT'S *HAPPENING* AGAIN! ANOTHER X-MAN IS ABOUT TO *DIE,* AND I'M *HELP-LESS* TO PREVENT--*EH?!*

MADE IT!

LEADER-- *DO YOUR STUFF!*

WITH *PLEASURE,* NIGHTCRAWLER!

COLOSSUS, THE *PILLAR--!*

ZZRAK!

I AM *FREE* NOW, GARROK-- AND I WILL NOT *STOP* UNTIL I HAVE BROUGHT YOUR *REIGN OF TERROR* TO AN *END!*

BANSHEE, DON'T MOVE A *MUSCLE.*

ZIPPT!

WOLVERINE, STOP *SQUIRMING--!*

THEN, *MOVE IT,* BABE-- 'FORE IRISH GETS A *SPEAR* IN THE BACK!

EF. EE

KRAK!

DO NOT *WORRY* ABOUT US, ORORO.

SAVE YOUR CONCERN FOR THESE *SLAYERS* OF OLD PEOPLE AND *CHILDREN!*

IN ALL THE *CONFUSION,* EVERYONE'S *FORGOTTEN* ABOUT ME AND KA-ZAR. TIED TO THESE STAKES, WE'RE *SITTING DUCKS!*

STORM, *CUT ME LOOSE!*

DONE, CYCLOPS.

THANKS. NOW DO THE *SAME* FOR KA-ZAR.

SO FAR, SO *GOOD*-- WE'RE TURNING THIS PLACE INTO A *MAD-HOUSE.* ZALADANE'S WARRIORS DON'T KNOW WHAT'S *HITTING* THEM.

UH-OH. THE PETRIFIED MAN'S MAKING A *RUN* FOR IT! *WHY--?*

I EXPENDED *TOO MUCH* ENERGY BUILDING MY METROPOLIS. THE EFFORT HAS LEFT ME *NO STRONGER* THAN A NORMAL *HUMAN*.

IF THE X-MEN ARE TO BE *DEFEATED*...

...AND MY DREAM *SAVED*...

"... I MUST *RE-ENERGIZE* MYSELF!

SLAM!

SLIDING DOOR! BUT IF GAROKK THINKS ITS EVEN GOING TO *SLOW* ME DOWN...

...HE'S SADLY *MISTAKEN!*

ZRAAP!

THERE HE GOES!

FOR SOMEONE WHOSE BODY IS THE NEXT BEST THING TO *SOLID ROCK*, HE'S PRETTY *SPRY*.

=WHEW!=

THESE STAIRS GO ON *FOREVER*. I THOUGHT I WAS IN *GOOD* SHAPE, BUT I'M *WINDED*.

CAN'T *SLOW DOWN*, THOUGH.

GAROKK'S NOT TRYING TO *ESCAPE*-- HE'S NOT THE *TYPE*.

HE'S AFTER *SOMETHING*, BUT WHAT?

Oh, *NO!* HE'S *FARTHER* AWAY THAN EVER. I WON'T *CATCH* HIM BEFORE HE REACHES THE *TOP* OF THE DOME...

... AND HE'S *TOO FAR* AWAY TO RISK AN *OPTIC BLAST*. BUT I *MUST* STOP HIM!

FROM WHAT *KA-ZAR* TOLD ME, THIS CITY IS BUILT OVER THE *GEOTHERMAL HEAT-SINK* THAT WARMS THE SAVAGE LAND, ACTING LIKE THE *SEAL* ON A GIGANTIC *PRESSURE COOKER*.

THE *CITY* WILL NEVER LACK FOR POWER--BUT THE SAVAGE LAND AROUND IT WILL *DIE*.

WHAT'S GAROKK *DOING* UP THERE?

HEY, THAT GRID'S FEEDING HIM *RAW ENERGY*, AND HE'S SOAKING IT UP LIKE A *SPONGE!*

MORTAL, IN *ATTACKING* ME YOU HAVE SOWN THE *WIND*.

NOW SHALL YOU *REAP THE WHIRL-WIND!*

I AM THE *PERSONIFICATION* OF FORCES THAT WERE *ANCIENT* BEFORE YOUR RACE WAS *BORN!*

I HAVE SEEN *DEATH* AND SUFFERING ENOUGH TO MAKE *GOD* HIMSELF *DESPAIR*.

AND I HAVE *SWORN* TO SEE IT *ENDED!*

⩾*UNNNNHH!*⩽

THE *FORCE* OF HIS EYE-BLASTS -- IT'S LIKE TAKING A *SLEDGE-HAMMER* IN THE HEAD.

I'VE GOT TO *PARRY* HIS BEAM WITH MINE *EXACTLY*. EVEN THE SLIGHTEST SLIP, AND HE'LL *BLOW* ME OFF THE DOME!

*THE BATTLE RAGES LIKE A **CONFLAGRATION**, AS EACH MAN PROBES THE OTHER'S DEFENSES FOR THE **WEAK SPOT** THAT WILL GIVE HIM **VICTORY**...*

*CYCLOPS DRAWS HIS STRENGTH FROM **WITHIN** HIMSELF, THE PETRIFIED MAN FROM HIS METROPOLIS' MASSIVE **GENERATORS**. THE QUESTION SOON BECOMES: **WHICH** WILL REACH HIS UPPER LIMIT **FIRST**?*

THAT SOUND-- LIKE *THUNDER* IN THE MOUNTAINS. AND WHAT IS THAT STRANGE *LIGHT?*

IT IS *GAROKK'S* DOING. X-MEN, FEEL THE GROUND *SHAKE* BENEATH OUR FEET? DOES THE MADMAN MEAN TO *DESTROY* US?!

BANSHEE, THE WALLS ARE *CRUMBLING!*

SAME DRILL AS IN MAGNETO'S LAB, STORM! WE'LL USE YOUR *LIGHTNING BOLTS* AND ME SONIC SCREAM TO *BATTER* A TUNNEL THRU THE CITY!

WOLVERINE, THE REST O' YOU -- GET *ALL* THESE PEOPLE *MOVING!*

GAROKK-- YOUR CITY IS *MAINTAINED* BY A BALANCE AS *FRAGILE* AS THE SAVAGE LAND'S *ECOLOGY!*

OUR BATTLE IS *SHATTERING* IT!

*SUDDENLY, WITH THE **RUMBLE** OF CRUMBLING MASONRY, AND AN ALMOST **HUMAN** SCREAM OF STEEL **TORTURED** BEYOND ENDURANCE...*

NO! THE *DOME*-- IT'S *COLLAPSING* UNDER US!

*BENEATH THEM, THE CITY'S **THERMAL** **SHAFT** YAWNS OPEN-- NEARLY A MILE WIDE, AND STRETCHING DOWN AS IF TO THE VERY CENTER OF THE EARTH!*

LOOKS LIKE MY NUMBER'S *UP* THIS TIME.

I HOPE THE *OTHERS* GOT OUT *OKAY.*

GOT YE!

WHA--?! BANSHEE!

GET OUT, SEAN!

I'LL *RESCUE* GAROKK!

THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE *EASY.* HEAT IS *PUSHING* AGAINST ME. I HAVE TO *TACK...*

...AND THAT USES UP *TIME,* TAKES US *DEEPER* INTO THE SHAFT-- *NO!* I MUSTN'T *THINK* ABOUT THAT.

ALMOST *THERE*-- HEAT, FUMES, GETTING HARD TO *BREATHE.*

REACH, MAN-- *REACH!!*

IMAGES COLLIDE IN HER MIND, GAROKK'S EYES MIRRORING THE ANCIENT TERROR WITHIN HER. WITHOUT MEANING TO, SHE HESITATES...

A *LIFE* IS IN PERIL. AND THAT'S WHAT'S *IM-PORTANT.*

AARRGH!

...AND IS LOST.

IN THAT INSTANT, STORM IS NO MORE. THERE'S ONLY ORORO, A CHILD...

... WHOSE PRIVATE HELL IS THE FEAR OF DYING ALONE, BURIED, IN THE DARK.

WHILE, ON THE SURFACE...

WE MADE IT!

IN THE *NICK* OF TIME, TOO!

THE CITY'S *TUMBLING* DOWN INTO THE SHAFT. AND ALL THE PETRIFIED MAN'S DREAMS *WITH* IT.

MY GOD--STORM'S STILL *IN THERE!* SHE WENT AFTER *GAROKK* WHEN BANSHEE CAUGHT ME!

CYCLOPS--*LOOK!*

SHKOW

THAT'S *ODD.*

WHY'S SHE LANDING SO FAR *AWAY* FROM US?

I'D BETTER SEE IF SHE'S *ALL RIGHT.*

LEAVE HER BE, IRISH.

HAH--?!?

THINK ABOUT IT. SHE WENT DOWN THAT HOLE TO *SAVE* A LIFE.

SHE CAME UP *EMPTY-HANDED.*

WHATEVER *HAPPENED* DOWN THERE, I FIGURE IT'S SOMETHIN' SHE'D *RATHER* WORK OUT ON HER *OWN.*

A FORTNIGHT LATER, AFTER THE GREAT RIVER HAS THAWED...

THE NEXT MONTHS WILL BE *DIFFICULT*, MY FRIEND, BUT IN THE END, I THINK ALL WILL BE *WELL*.

I THANK YOU FOR YOUR *HELP*.

I WISH WE COULD *STAY* AND DO MORE, BUT WITH *MAGNETO* POSSIBLY ON THE LOOSE...

WOLVERINE AND THAT TIGER-- *PHANTASTISCH*.

I'M *NOT* GOING WITH YOU, CYCLOPS. THE WORLD THINKS *KARL LYKOS* IS DEAD. LET'S *LEAVE* IT AT THAT.

I *UNDERSTAND*, LYKOS. WHATEVER YOU'RE *LOOKING* FOR, I HOPE YOU *FIND* IT.

THEN, WITH A BLAST FROM CYCLOPS' *EYE-BEAMS*, THE X-MEN ARE ON THEIR WAY...

IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THEY NEAR THE *OPEN SEA*...

CYCLOPS!

I SENSE A *STORM*! WE MUST GO *BACK*!

WE COULDN'T IF WE *WANTED* TO, ORORO. THE *CURRENT'S* GOT US!

BEFORE THEY *KNOW* IT, THEIR FRAIL CRAFT IS *SWEPT* OUT OF THE SHELTER OF THE GREAT *CAVERN*...

... AND INTO THE RAGING *FURY* OF ONE OF THE *WORST* WINTER GALES TO HIT THE *DRAKE PASSAGE*, SOUTH OF CAPE HORN, IN OVER A *HUNDRED YEARS*.

NEXT ISSUE:

THE LEAST-EXPECTED *X-MEN ORIGIN* OF THEM ALL:

PSI-WAR!

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THE UNCANNY X-MEN™

THE SAGA OF PROFESSOR X!

A NEW BEGINNING --AND THE END?!

TM

PSI-WAR!

Cockrum • Austin

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS––feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

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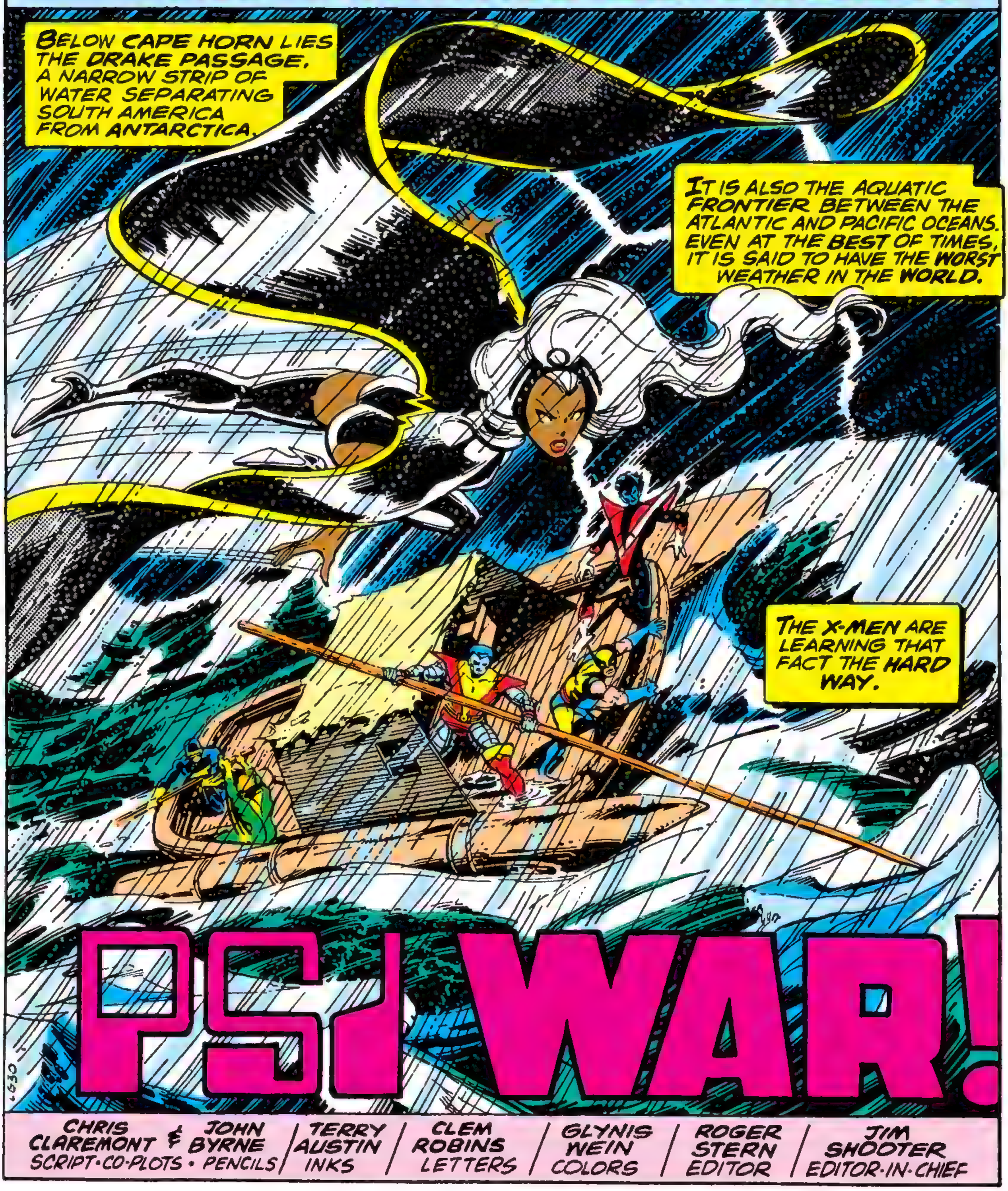

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WILL THIS STORM *NEVER* END?! I FEEL AS IF WE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING IT *FOREVER*.

COUNT YER *BLESSINGS*, BUB. THIS IS *SUMMER*. IN MID-WINTER, IT'S *REALLY* ROUGH.

CRIPES, IF THERE WAS ONLY *SOMETHIN'* WE COULD *DO*!

ANY BRIGHT *IDEAS*, BANSHEE? I'LL TAKE WHATEVER I CAN *GET*.

NOT A *ONE*, I'M AFRAID, CYCLOPS.

ME *SONIC SCREAM* IS NEAR-*USELESS* IN THIS BAD A BLOW!

HEY, BOSS-MAN, *STORM* CONTROLS WEATHER, RIGHT? HOW COME SHE AIN'T *USIN'* HER POWERS...

...TO *CALM* THINGS DOWN AROUND HERE?!?

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE *BEEN* DOING WOLVERINE?!

EVEN *MY* POWERS HAVE THEIR *LIMITS*.

AND I FEAR I *PASSED* THEM LONG AGO.

WAIT! SOMETHING NEAR THE HORIZON-- *GODDESS* BE PRAISED...

"...IT'S A SHIP!"

THERE'S NO DOUBT, CAPTAIN--

--WE HAVE *POSITIVE* RADAR AND VISUAL CONTACT ON SOME KIND OF *SMALL CRAFT.* LOOKOUT REPORTS *SURVIVORS* VISIBLE.

IN THIS SEA, THAT'S A *MIRACLE.*

MAY I *REMIND* THE CAPTAIN OF *MISSION-SECURITY?*

NO ORDERS WILL MAKE ME *VIOLATE* THE LAW OF THE *SEA,* TAKEDA. BRING THEM *ABOARD.*

WITH HER LAST *RESERVES* OF STRENGTH, STORM CREATES AN AREA OF RELATIVE *PEACE* AROUND THE TWO SHIPS.

IT ONLY LASTS A *FEW* MINUTES, BUT THAT'S *ALL* THE TIME THE X-MEN *NEED.*

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE JAPANESE CREW ARE *SOMEWHAT TAKEN ABACK* BY THEIR CATCH.

I THINK THEY'RE *AMERICANS.* IN THOSE COSTUMES, THEY COULD BE SHIELD, OR AVENGERS...

SILENCE, TAKEDA.

I AM *CAPTAIN* HAMA. WELCOME ABOARD THE *JINGUCHI MARU.*

THANK YOU FOR *RESCUING* US, CAPTAIN. I'M *CYCLOPS.* MY FRIENDS AND I ARE THE *X-MEN!*

IT'S IMPORTANT WE *CONTACT...*

I AM SORRY, BUT UNAUTHORIZED RADIO COMMUNICATION IS *FORBIDDEN.* WE ARE ON A GOVERNMENT MISSION OF SOME... *DELICACY.*

I AM AFRAID THAT UNTIL WE REACH *JAPAN,* I MUST *INSIST* THAT YOU REMAIN OUR... *GUESTS.*

TAKEDA, TAKE THEM *BELOW.*

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, SOME SIX THOUSAND MILES DUE NORTH...

...IN A WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK MANSION THAT ONCE HOUSED PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS...

...IT'S A TIME FOR FAREWELLS.

MY TAXI'S WAITING. I'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON.

ARE YOU SURE YOU WILL NOT STAY, JEAN?

I CAN'T, LILANDRA. THERE ARE TOO MANY MEMORIES IN THIS HOUSE.

I'VE GOT TO DEAL WITH THE FACT THAT SCOTT AND THE X-MEN ARE DEAD.*

I CAN'T DO THAT HERE.

*AS FAR AS JEAN KNOWS. SEE X-MEN #114--R.

WITH A FINAL EMBRACE, THE TWO FRIENDS PART, AND A DOOR CLOSES ON A PORTION OF JEAN GREY'S LIFE, PERHAPS FOREVER.

SHE IS TOO YOUNG TO HAVE SUCH DESOLATION IN HER EYES.

I KNOW SOME OF WHAT SHE FEELS, THOUGH I KNEW THE X-MEN FOR ONLY A SHORT TIME...

...AND MOSTLY THROUGH CHARLES.

CHARLES...

STRANGE, THE TRICKS FATE PLAYS ON ONE. I HAD MY PICK OF THE FINEST CONSORTS IN MY GALAXY, YET I LOST MY HEART TO CHARLES XAVIER.

WE ARE SO DIFFERENT, HE AND I... YET WITH HIM, I AM HAPPY.

NOW, IF I CAN ONLY REMEMBER HOW TO PREPARE THIS BREW HE LIKES SO MUCH.

SOMETIME LATER...

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE *GRATEFUL* FOR *SMALL* FAVORS. EARTH'S TECHNOLOGY MAY BE HOPELESSLY *PRIMITIVE*...

...BUT AT LEAST I CAN *METABOLIZE* THE LOCAL *FOOD*.

I WISH THAT WAS THE *LEAST* OF MY PROBLEMS.

CHARLES HAS BEEN *WITHDRAWING* MORE AND MORE INTO HIMSELF THESE PAST WEEKS. HE SPENDS *ALL* HIS TIME IN HIS STUDY, *STARING* INTO THE FIRE.

CHARLES, IT'S *LILANDRA*.

NOK NOK

GOOD MORNING, MY LOVE.

I'VE BROUGHT YOU *COFFEE*, AND THOSE *BAGEL*-THINGS. ALSO CREAM CHEESE AND SMOKED SALMON. I *SNUCK* A BITE OF FISH DOWNSTAIRS...IT'S VERY *GOOD*.

I'M NOT HUNGRY.

ALL THINGS *DIE*, CHARLES. AND NOT ALWAYS AT THE TIME OR IN THE MANNER OF OUR *CHOOSING*.

I KNOW.

BUT I KEEP THINKING --IF I'D *NEVER* FORMED THE X-MEN-- IF I'D ONLY LET THEM *LIVE* OUT THEIR LIVES IN *PEACE*!

I KEEP GOING BACK TO THE *BEGINNING*...

"I WAS WORKING TOWARDS MY DOCTORATE WHEN I MET MOIRA MacTAGGERT. IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT FOR BOTH OF US. THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED WERE THE HAPPIEST OF MY LIFE... WE TALKED OF MARRIAGE.

"BUT JUST BEFORE THAT TALK BECAME REALITY, I WAS DRAFTED. MOIRA PROMISED TO WAIT.

"I WAS IN HOSPITAL, RECOVERING FROM BATTLE-FIELD WOUNDS, WHEN I GOT HER LETTER. SHE WAS BREAKING HER ENGAGEMENT, RETURNING TO SCOTLAND. SHE WOULDN'T SAY WHY AND SHE ASKED ME NOT TO FOLLOW HER.

"I WENT A LITTLE CRAZY, THEN. I BECAME A NOMAD, BUMMING AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN. EVENTUALLY, I CAME TO THE ISLE OF KIRINOS."

THE PEOPLE THERE NEEDED MY HELP...IN RETURN THEY GAVE ME THE CARE AND LOVE I NEEDED TO BURN THE PSYCHIC POISON OUT OF MY SYSTEM.

"IN TIME, MORE A **WHOLE** MAN THAN I'D BEEN IN AGES, I LEFT KĪRINOS AND MOVED ON TO **CAIRO.**

"THERE WAS NO PARTICULAR **RHYME** NOR **REASON** TO MY ACTIONS. I WAS YOUNG, I HAD MONEY--AND I HAD **NO** REAL DESIRE TO RETURN TO THE STATES AND MY RESEARCH INTO **GENETIC MUTATION.**

"THERE WERE STILL TOO MANY PIECES IN MY LIFE I HAD TO **SORT** OUT BEFORE I COULD BEGIN TO WORK **EFFECTIVELY** AGAIN.

"BESIDES, I WAS NOW **ENJOYING** MY VACATION.

"I HAD NO **IDEA,** AS I STROLLED THROUGH THE CITY'S MAIN BAZAAR, THAT I WAS BEING CLOSELY **WATCHED.**

"I WASN'T EXPECTING **TROUBLE,** AND I'D LET MY PSYCHIC GUARD **SLIP** A LITTLE.

"BEFORE I KNEW THAT ANYTHING WAS **AMISS,** I FELT **FEATHER-LIGHT** FINGERS REACH FOR MY **WALLET...**

"...AND 'HEARD' A **BUBBLING** TELEPATHIC LAUGH INSIDE MY **MIND.**

HEY!!

"THE **PICK-POCKET** WAS VERY YOUNG AND VERY **SKILLFUL.**

"I GAVE CHASE. I ALMOST LOST HER A COUPLE OF TIMES--SHE KNEW THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND COULD SLIP THROUGH OPENINGS I COULDN'T.

"I USED MY MENTAL POWERS TO KEEP TRACK OF HER--BUT THAT SOON PROVED HARDER THAN I'D ANTICIPATED.

"THERE WAS FAR MORE TO THIS GIRL THAN MET THE EYE.

"ON A DESERTED SIDE-STREET, I STOPPED HER WITH A GENTLE FORCE BOLT.

OH!

"IT WASN'T UNTIL I SOUGHT MY NEW X-MEN YEARS LATER, THAT I REALIZED MY LITTLE PICK-POCKET WAS STORM.

"I RECOGNIZED HER LATENT MUTANT TALENT, AND OPENED MY MIND TO PROBE FURTHER...

AARRRGH!

"...WHEN, WITHOUT WARNING, I WAS SMASHED DOWN BY A PSYCHIC BOLT.

"WHEN I RECOVERED MY SENSES, STORM HAD VANISHED.

OH--MY HEAD! I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED SUCH RAW POWER... OR SUCH MALEVOLENCE.

"THE PSIONIC NEXUS WAS WITHIN A NEARBY SALOON...

"ON GUARD, MY SHIELDS UP AND READY, I ENTERED THE BAR. THE ATTACK OUTSIDE HAD BEEN INTENTIONAL. SOMEONE HAD SENSED MY POWER WHEN I STOPPED THE GIRL AND HAD DELIVERED A VERY BLUNT WARNING.

"THE ROOM WAS DARK AND QUIET AND ALMOST EMPTY--YET THERE WAS AN UNMISTAKABLE UNDERCURRENT OF TENSION, AND OF FEAR, AS WELL.

"I FLASH-PROBED EVERYONE IN THE ROOM, BUT NONE POSSESSED ANY REAL PSI TALENT. I KNEW MY ASSAILANT WAS NEARBY--PROBABLY SIZING ME UP.

MENU, M'SIEU?

NON, MERCI.

UN CAFÉ, S'IL-VOUS-PLÂIT.

"I DECIDED TO LET MY UNKNOWN FOE MAKE THE NEXT MOVE. IF HE WANTED A MEETING...

"...HE COULD COME TO ME.

"I DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT.

"OUR EYES MET, AND IN THAT INSTANT, THE GAUNTLETS WERE THROWN. WITHOUT A WORD BEING SPOKEN, WE WERE BITTER ENEMIES.

"WE SPOKE MIND-TO-MIND, AND MY SKIN CRAWLED AS I FELT HIS THOUGHTS. IT WAS LIKE SWIMMING IN A SEA OF MAGGOTS.

I AM AMAHL FAROUK. I RULE WHAT YOU TOURISTS LIKE TO CALL THE THIEVES' QUARTER.

WHO ARE YOU, MY FRIEND?

A STRANGER.

I BID YOU WELCOME, "STRANGER." I OWN THIS ESTABLISHMENT. SHOULD YOU WISH TO PARTAKE OF ANY OF ITS MANIFOLD... DELIGHTS...YOU HAVE BUT TO ASK.

THANK YOU-- NO.

YOUR LOSS.

I SENSE WE ARE KINDRED SPIRITS, YOU AND I. JOIN ME, STRANGER. I WILL SHOW YOU PLEASURE--AND POWER--BEYOND YOUR WILDEST IMAGININGS!

AT WHAT COST TO YOUR VICTIMS, THIEVE-MASTER?!

DOES THE LION CONCERN HIMSELF WITH THE FEELINGS OF HIS PREY?!

HE TAKES WHAT IS HIS BY RIGHT--AS DO I! MANY HAVE TRIED TO STOP ME --ALL HAVE LIVED TO REGRET IT.

YOU AND I ARE MUTANTS--TELEPATHS. TRUE, WE HAVE EXCEPTIONAL ABILITIES, BUT WE ALSO HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO USE THOSE ABILITIES FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR FELLOW MAN.

WE'RE NO KINDRED SPIRITS, AMAHL FAROUK, AND I SWEAR I WILL NOT REST UNTIL YOU'RE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE FOR YOUR CRIMES!

SO BE IT.

"I KNEW I WAS RUNNING A FEARFUL RISK, AS MY ASTRAL FORM SLIPPED FREE OF MY BODY. I HAD NEVER EVEN MET ANOTHER TELEPATH BEFORE.

"NOW, I WAS PREPARING TO FIGHT ONE TO THE DEATH.

"IN MY HEART, THOUGH, I KNEW I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE.

I SENSE FEAR IN YOU, STRANGER.

ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW?

ONLY A FOOL IS WITHOUT FEAR, AMAHL FAROUK.

A FOOL--OR A CORPSE!

"WITH A LAUGH, HE GESTURED...

"...AND REALITY TWISTED INSIDE-OUT AROUND US, THE DARK CONFINES OF FAROUK'S SALOON GIVING WAY TO...

"...SOMETHING ELSE.

SINCE I AM THE CHALLENGED PARTY, I TRUST YOU WILL HAVE NO OBJECTIONS TO MY CHOOSING THE SITE OF OUR DUEL.

MOST IMPRESSIVE, IS IT NOT?

IT IS--BUT WHY BOTHER? IS HE REALLY SO POWERFUL THAT HE CAN WASTE PSI-ENERGY ON GLORIFIED SPECIAL EFFECTS?

THIS IS LIKE MY FIRST *NIGHT PATROL* IN KOREA. I WAS SO *SCARED* I COULDN'T THINK STRAIGHT--AND THE *WORST* THING ABOUT IT WAS THE *SUSPENSE*...

...*KNOWING* THE ENEMY WAS OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE, WONDERING *WHEN* HE WOULD ATTACK.

AND, INFIDEL, AS THE *CHALLENGED* PARTY...

...I ALSO CLAIM CHOICE OF *WEAPONS.*

EN GARDE, STRANGER!

"HIS FIRST STRIKE *MISSED*...

"...AND IN THE SPLIT-INSTANT IT TOOK HIM TO RECOVER, I HAD MY OWN SET OF PSYCHIC ARMOR AND WEAPONRY.

OUR POWER SEEMS *EQUAL*, AND I'M PARRYING EVERY THRUST--*WHY* DO I GET THE FEELING THAT FAROUK IS *LAUGHING* AT ME...

...THAT I'M PLAYING INTO *HIS HANDS?!*

FOR ALL YOUR BLUSTER AND *BRAVADO*, STRANGER, I THINK YOU'RE A *NOVICE*.

YOU FIGHT WELL WITH A *SWORD*, BUT THAT SKILL IS ONLY AN *ILLUSION*. THE "GREAT GAME" IS PLAYED ON A *THOUSAND* DIFFERENT LEVELS, ALL AT *ONCE*!

I CAN FLIP FROM LEVEL TO LEVEL WITH THE *SPEED OF THOUGHT*. BY THE TIME YOU'VE COUNTERED *ONE* STRATEGEM, I'VE GONE ON TO *SOMETHING ELSE*!

...AND THE ONLY *NATURAL LAWS* ARE THE LIMITS OF MY *IMAGINATION*!

WHAT DOES HE *MEAN*?! GOOD LORD! HIS *BEAM* --IT'S CURLING AROUND *BEHIND ME*--!

AARRRGH!

HE'S... *RIGHT.*

MY SHIELDS ARE *HOLDING*, BUT THE STRAIN IS *INCREDIBLE!*

FAROUK'S *TAUNTING* ME, MIXING TRUTH AND HALF-TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD--ONLY I CAN'T TELL *WHICH* IS *WHICH*!

SHIELDS MAY PROTECT YOU FROM A *FRONTAL* ATTACK, BUT THIS IS A DOMAIN OF THE *MIND*...

"IN THE SALOON, MY BODY STIFFENED, THE BACK OF MY JACKET ALL BLACK AND CHARRED...

"...AS IF IT HAD BEEN SEARED BY AN OPEN FLAME.

I'M LOSING, AND I'LL KEEP LOSING SO LONG AS I KEEP FIGHTING ON FAROUK'S TERMS.

I'VE BEEN TREATING THIS LIKE ANOTHER KIND OF PHYSICAL FIGHT, TRYING TO MATCH FAROUK'S SKILL AT ILLUSION...

...WHEN ALL THAT TRULY MATTERS IS MATCHING HIS RAW POWER.

FOR YOUR BODY, DEATH WILL BE INSTANTANEOUS, BUT WITHIN YOUR MIND, IT WILL BE INFINITE, NEVER-ENDING AGONY.

"I DIDN'T TRY TO STOP HIM. I TURNED MY CONCENTRATION INWARDS, CALMING MYSELF, CLEARING MY BRAIN OF ALL UNESSENTIAL THOUGHTS.

"I'D BEEN AT WAR FOR THREE YEARS. I'D JUST BEGUN TO RE-DISCOVER THE JOYS OF LIFE. I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE.

"FAROUK CHANGED FORMS LIKE A CHAMELEON, EACH MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE ONE BEFORE. I IGNORED THEM ALL, AS I FOCUSED MY MUTANT POWER INTO A BEAM OF INCREDIBLE STRENGTH...

"...AND SHOT IT INTO FAROUK'S BRAIN LIKE A LASER.

"IT WAS OVER IN AN INSTANT. THERE WAS A SINGLE BURST OF LIGHT LIKE A SUPER-NOVA...

"...AND THEN NOTHING.

"THE BATTLE WAS OVER.

"AND I HAD WON.

THUD!

"AS I LEFT, I REMEMBERED FAROUK'S LAST WORDS, THAT PHYSICAL DEATH WOULD BE INSTANTANEOUS, BUT THAT IN THE MIND, IT WOULD TAKE FOREVER. 'INFINITE, NEVER-ENDING AGONY.'

"HE'D MEANT THAT END FOR ME, ONLY TO HAVE IT CLAIM HIM, INSTEAD."

I WAS IN HIS MIND WHEN HE DIED. IT WAS LIKE A GUIDED TOUR OF HELL.

AMAHL FAROUK WAS THE FIRST EVIL MUTANT I'D EVER MET, THE FIRST WHO MADE ME REALIZE HOW TRULY DEADLY MUTANT POWERS COULD BE IN THE WRONG HANDS.

THEN AND THERE, I FOUND MY *LIFE'S WORK*--TO BRING MANKIND AND ITS MUTANT CHILDREN *TOGETHER* IN PEACE AND HARMONY, AND TO *PROTECT* HUMANITY FROM CREATURES LIKE FAROUK.

FROM CAIRO, I MOVED *EAST*, ACROSS INDIA TO *TIBET*.

I FOUGHT THE ALIEN, LUCIFER, AND LOST THE USE OF MY *LEGS*.*

*X-MEN #20.--ROG.

EVENTUALLY, I CAME HOME AND FORMED THE *X-MEN*. FIRST THE OLD TEAM, THEN THE NEW.

THEY BECAME MY *FAMILY*. I *LOVED* THEM ALL...SO MUCH...

CHARLES, MY LOVE, *HEAR* ME. YOUR CHILDREN--YOUR X-MEN--HAVE *GROWN* AND LEFT YOU, OR THEY ARE *DEAD*.

YOU CANNOT START AGAIN. THERE IS *NOTHING* FOR YOU HERE, MY DARLING.

I OFFER YOU MY *HEART*, MY SOUL, MY LIFE--MY EMPIRE. COME *HOME* WITH ME.

LEAVE... EARTH? I *CAN'T!*

WHY NOT? WHAT'S TO *KEEP* YOU? I LOVE YOU, CHARLES. I WANT YOU TO *BE* WITH ME.

I *LOVE* YOU, TOO, LILANDRA. I...*YES*, I'LL GO WITH YOU...

...*WHEREVER* THAT MAY *LEAD* ME.

EPILOGUE--KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

J-A-L FLIGHT 200, NON-STOP TO TOKYO, NOW BOARDING...

WELL NOW, WHAT'S A *NICE* GAL LIKE YOU DOING IN A *PLACE* LIKE THIS?

PAN

HUH--?! *MISTY KNIGHT!*

YOU GOT IT, RED. YOUR ERSTWHILE *ROOMIE* IN THE FLESH.

HOW *ARE YOU?!* I HEARD YOU WERE IN THE *HOSPITAL!*

YUP. I WENT *SWIMMIN'* IN THE HUDSON AND CAUGHT A NASTY BUG.* BUT I'M *OKAY* NOW. HOW 'BOUT *YOU?*

NO... COMPLAINTS. I'M GRABBING A FAST *VACATION*, HEY--GOT TIME FOR A *CUP OF COFFEE?*

JAL

*PM/IF *53--ROG.

I *WISH.*

I'M *LATE* FOR MY FLIGHT ALREADY. I'VE GOTTA HELP *COLLEEN* OUT ON A JOB IN TOKYO. WRITE *POSTCARDS*, HON, AN' GIVE MY LOVE TO *SCOTT*, HUH? BE SEEIN' YOU!

SURE.

BARELY A HALF-HOUR LATER, MISTY'S FLIGHT IS AIRBORNE, THE BIG 747 HEADING WEST INTO THE SETTING SUN.

AS IT FADES FROM SIGHT, JEAN GREY SUDDENLY FINDS HERSELF SHIVERING, AND SHE REALIZES WITH A START THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE JOINING THE X-MEN, SHE'S ON HER OWN...

...WITH NO ONE TO TURN TO, OR DEPEND UPON, SAVE HERSELF.

AND THAT SCARES THE HELL OUT OF HER.

NEXT ISSUE: THE SUBMERGENCE of JAPAN!

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THE UNCANNY X-MEN™

SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH

SUN-FIRE!

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS--feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

WELCOME TO THE GOOD SHIP **JINGUICHI MARU**, RETURNING TO ITS HOME PORT OF **AGARASHIMA** ON THE MAIN JAPANESE ISLAND OF **HONSHU** AFTER A TWO-YEAR **ANTARCTIC VOYAGE**.

THE X-MEN HAVE MADE A LOT OF **FRIENDS** AMONG THE CREW IN THE SIX WEEKS SINCE THEY WERE PULLED, **HALF-DROWNED**, FROM THE STORM-TOSSED WATERS OF THE **DRAKE PASSAGE** OFF ANTARCTICA *

NOW, SOME OF THOSE NEW FRIENDS ARE **WEEPING**, SOME CURSING, SOME **PRAYING** THAT WHAT THEY SEE ISN'T **REAL**... THAT IT'S ONLY A **NIGHTMARE**.

*X-MEN #117-- Rog.

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THE SUBMERGENCE OF JAPAN

By CHRIS CLAREMONT and JOHN BYRNE

With RIC VILLAMONTE guest inker, TOM ORZECHOWSKI letterer, GLYNIS WEIN colorist, ROGER STERN EDITOR, JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

COMRADES... WE ARE *TEN KILOMETERS* FROM SHORE-- YET THAT FIRE IS AS *HOT* AS AN OPEN *BLAST FURNACE.*

ORORO-- IS THERE *NOTHING* WE CAN DO?!

MATSUNAGA... YOUR *FAMILY?*

I... *NO,* MY FRIEND. I DARE NOT EVEN *TRY.*

WHAT D'YE THINK *CAUSED* THIS?

EARTHQUAKE, PROBABLY...

THEY LIVE *WEST* OF THE CITY, NIGHTCRAWLER-SAN IN THE *HEART* OF THE FIRESTORM

MY FATHER TOLD ME HOW *TERRIBLE* THE FIREBOMBING OF TOKYO WAS DURING THE WAR, B-BUT I N-NEVER *BELIEVED*...

Oh, KYROSHI! *KYROSHI!*

CAPTAIN HAMA, CAN YOU PUT US *ASHORE?* WE CAN *HELP...*

IMPOSSIBLE, CYCLOPS. THE HARBOR IS LITTERED WITH *WRECKAGE,* AND MY SHIP IS DESPERATELY NEEDED TO EVACUATE *REFUGEES.*

I DARE NOT *RISK* HER.

I UNDER-STAND.

NIGHTCRAWLER, THE NORTH POINT LOOKS *CLEAR* OF FIRE. *TELEPORT* OVER THERE...

BA MF

... AND *CHECK* IT OUT.

ON MY WAY, *MEIN CHEF!*

MADE IT! NOT LONG AGO, I'D HAVE HAD TO MAKE THIS JUMP IN *STAGES.* THIS TIME -- WITH TRAINING AND PRACTICE -- I DID IT *NON-STOP...*

AND I'M BARELY *WINDED.*

NIGHTCRAWLER IS *WAVING,* SIGNALING *ALL CLEAR.*

ARE YOU *SURE,* STORM?

IF I WERE *NOT,* I WOULD HAVE KEPT *SILENT.*

A FEW, HURRIED MINUTES LATER...

ABOUT TIME, GROUP.

THE FIRESTORM IS *MOVING.* IF WE DON'T MOVE FAST, WE'LL BE *TRAPPED* HERE.

DON'T WORRY, KURT.

I'VE SUMMONED A *WIND.* IT WILL HOLD THE FIRE BACK, FOR A *WHILE.*

THAT'S *ALL* WE NEED, STORM. WE'RE HEADING FOR *SHIRO YOSHIDA'S* ANCESTRAL MANOR, OUTSIDE THE CITY. WE HAVE NO *PASSPORTS,* NO MONEY, NO WAY OF EVEN *CONTACTING* PROFESSOR X. LIKE IT OR NOT...

...WITHOUT *SUNFIRE'S* HELP, WE DON'T GO *HOME.*

IT'S A LONG, HARD TREK THROUGH THE **BATTERED** CITY. TIME AND AGAIN, THEY FIND THEMSELVES GIVING DAZED, OVERWORKED **RESCUE TEAMS** A BADLY NEEDED HAND.

EACH **CHILD'S** FACE I SEE... IS LIKE LOOKING INTO A **MIRROR.**

I LOOKED LIKE THIS ONCE, **WANDER-ING** THE STREETS OF CAIRO AFTER MOMMA AND POPPA WERE **KILLED.** *

*SEE X-MEN #102. -- Roy.

THE HOURS PASS, AND CRAMPED INNER CITY ALLEYS SLOWLY GIVE WAY TO THE OPEN **PARKLAND** OF THE EXCLUSIVE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT.

THE AIR IS STILL BLISTERINGLY HOT WHEN THEY FINALLY STOP FOR A **REST...**

... THE FIRESTORM STILL RAGING **UNCHECKED** OVER A **DOZEN** MILES AWAY.

I HEARD A **MISSIONARY** ONCE IN KENYA. THIS LOOKS MUCH LIKE HIS DESCRIPTION OF **HELL.**

SCOTT, ARE YOU **ALL RIGHT?** I HEARD YOU **COUGHING.**

I JUST SWALLOWED TOO MUCH **SMOKE.**

HEY! ALL OF A SUDDEN THE AIR SMELLS **SWEETER.** THANKS, ORORO.

THIS MAY SOUND **MACABRE,** BUT I CAN'T HELP WONDERIN' WHAT HAPPENED TO THE **PEOPLE.** THIS IS A **BIG** CITY, BUT IT LOOKS ALMOST **DESERTED.**

PAPER SAYS MOST EVERYONE WAS **EVACUATED.**

WHAT--?! **WHY?**

EARLY WARNIN' OF A BIG '**QUAKE.**

AN EARTHQUAKE WITHOUT **PRE-** OR **AFTER-SHOCKS?** THAT DOESN'T MAKE **SENSE.**

LOOK, BUB, ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I **READ** IN THE **NEWSPAPERS.**

YOU READ **JAPANESE?**

YUP.

I... DIDN'T KNOW.

YOU NEVER ASKED.

MY MISTAKE. NEXT TIME I'LL KNOW *BETTER*.

I CAN'T *SHAKE* THE FEELING THAT WHAT HAPPENED WASN'T A *NATURAL* DISASTER.

WHICH MAKES IT *VITAL* WE FIND SHIRO, AND CONTACT THE *PROFESSOR*.

WE'VE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH FAR TOO *LONG*.

AT THAT MOMENT, SOME TWENTY THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH, A MASSIVE IMPERIAL STARSHIP PULLS OUT OF ITS PARKING ORBIT...

...AND HEADS INTO DEEP SPACE...

... CARRYING LILANDRA, PRINCESS-MAJESTRIX OF THE SHI'AR -- AND HER TERRAN CONSORT, CHARLES XAVIER -- HOME IN TRIUMPH.

THERE IT IS, CHARLES, IN ALL ITS *GLORY*. YOUR WORLD -- *EARTH*.

I'VE SEEN *PICTURES*, BUT THE REALITY IS SO MUCH MORE... *BEAUTIFUL*.

CAPTAIN'S COMPLIMENTS, MAJESTY. WE'RE PREPARING TO *WARP*.

AND HE WOULD PREFER US TO BE IN OUR *QUARTERS* FOR THE TRANSITION. THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT.

I WONDER, LILANDRA -- DID I DO THE *RIGHT* THING LEAVING EARTH?

EVEN THOUGH THE *X-MEN* ARE DEAD,* THERE ARE STILL JEAN, WARREN, BOBBY, HANK...

THEY HAVE THEIR *OWN* LIVES TO LEAD, CHARLES. LET THEM *BE*.

WE LIVE. WE *LOVE*.

THAT IS ALL THAT *MATTERS*.

*WE KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE, BUT THE PROF DOESN'T. SEE *X-MEN* #114. -- R.

THERE IT IS.

THE YOSHIDA *ANCESTRAL MANOR.*

THEY EXPECTIN' *COMPANY?* I'VE SEEN LESS HARDWARE AND BODIES AROUND *FORT KNOX.*

THERE ARE *GOVERNMENT LIMOUSINES* IN THE COURTYARD. IT MUST BE AN *IMPORTANT* MEETING.

LOGICAL. SHIRO'S HEAD OF AN *INFLUENTIAL* FAMILY.

INTO *COSTUMES,* PEOPLE. THEY'RE ABOUT *ALL* WE'VE GOT TO ESTABLISH OUR *BONA-FIDES.*

STORM, WHIP US UP SOME *COVER.*

THOSE GUARDS LOOK *TRIGGER-HAPPY.* I'D RATHER NOT REVEAL OURSELVES TILL WE'RE *PAST* THEM.

IS THIS *FOG* WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND, CYCLOPS?

<I THINK NATURE'S GONE *CRAZY,* TADEO. FIRST, A 'QUAKE STRIKING WHERE *NO* 'QUAKE HAD A RIGHT TO BE, THEN THAT *FIRESTORM*-- NOW THIS CURSED *PEA-SOUP* FOG... >

<WHAT WAS THAT?!>

<I HEARD NOTHING. YOU'RE *IMAGINING* THINGS, AGAMA.>

SO FAR, SO GOOD. WE'RE IN THE *OUTER COURT.*

FOLLOW YER *NOSE,* BOSS. THE MAIN HOUSE IS *DEAD AHEAD.*

YOU HEARD THE MAN, TROOPS.

INTRUDERS -- STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

WHAT THE FLAMIN' *HELL--!?!*

OR FACE THE *WRATH* OF THE *PROTECTOR* OF JAPAN -- THE *LORD OF THE LIVING SAMURAI* --

oo *SUNFIRE!*

SUNFIRE! IT'S ME, *CYCLOPS!* I'M HERE WITH THE *X-MEN!* WE COME IN *PEACE!*

CYCLOPS -- THE *TROOPS!*

HE AIN'T LISTENIN', BUB.

<WHAT ARE YOUR *ORDERS*, SUNFIRE-SAN?>

CALL OFF YOUR DOGS, SHIRO. YE *KNOW* WHO WE ARE!

DO I? THE X-MEN I REMEMBER DO NOT *SKULK* LIKE THIEVES IN THE NIGHT.

ARREST THEM, CAPTAIN!

LEAVE 'EM BE, CAP'N. *PRIME MINISTER'S* ORDERS.

MISTY KNIGHT! YOU *DARE* -- ?!?

SURE LOOKS THAT WAY.

MISTY KNIGHT? SHE'S JEAN'S *ROOMMATE* -- WHAT'S SHE DOING *HERE*?!

WOMAN, YOU ARE A *GUEST* IN MY COUNTRY...

I'M NOT GONNA *ARGUE*, HOTSHOT. YOUR PREMIER WANTS THE X-MEN INSIDE -- *PRONTO!*

INTERLUDE: A NARROW LANE NEAR THE YOSHIDA MANOR...

PULL UP HERE. ANY *CLOSER* AN' WE'LL HIT THE *POLICE LINES*.

MacRay

ACTIVATE ALL SYSTEMS. ALERT THE *ASSAULT TEAM*.

WE STRIKE AT *MIDNIGHT*.

WHERE'S *WOLVERINE?* I FEEL LIKE A *FOOL* JUST STANDING HERE. I NEED AN *INTERPRETER.*

WONDER WHAT SUNFIRE'S *RAVING* ABOUT?

〈...THE *COMMUNIQUÉ* STATED THAT AGARASHIMA WOULD BE *DESTROYED* BY AN EARTHQUAKE AT 8:00 THIS MORNING. IT *WAS.*〉

〈ALL JAPAN IS *THREATENED.* AND I, FOR ONE, WOULD *WELCOME* ANY AID WE CAN *GET...*〉

〈*NO,* OSAMA-SAN! WE NEED NO AMERICAN LADY DETECTIVES LIKE *COLLEEN WING* -- EVEN IF SHE IS YOUR *NIECE!* AND WE NEED NO AMERICAN *SUPER HEROES!*〉

〈MY POWER *ALONE* IS SUFFICIENT TO *PROTECT* NIPPON.〉

HAH!

〈*MIND YOUR PLACE,* WOMAN!〉

〈THIS *IS* MY PLACE, BUSTER! LIKE YOU, I AM *DAIMYO* AND *SAMURAI.* UNLIKE YOU, I KNOW MY *LIMITATIONS.*〉

〈*GRANDSTAND PLAYS* WON'T SAVE US, SHIRO-SAN. OUR ONLY HOPE IS *TEAMWORK.*〉

THE *HECK* WITH 'EM. I'M GOING TO FIND A *PHONE.*

SO THAT'S *SCOTT SUMMERS,* huh? WHAT A *HUNK!*

PITY MISTY SAYS HE'S *SPOKEN FOR.*

...THINGS ARE GETTING PRETTY *HAIRY,* TIGER. I DON'T KNOW *WHEN* WE'LL CLEAR THIS CAPER.

I WISH I COULD *HELP,* MISTY, BUT '*POWER MAN AND IRON FIST*' ARE *NECK-DEEP* IN CASES.

TAKE *CARE* OF YOURSELF, OKAY? I *MISS* YOU.

I *MISS YOU,* TOO, DANNY. 'BYE.

ALL YOURS, SCOTT.

THANKS.

WHAT DO I *SAY?* '*PROFESSOR, JEAN AND HANK ARE DEAD*'? I STILL CAN'T *BELIEVE* IT.

AND WHY DON'T I *FEEL* ANYTHING FOR JEAN? MY GOD, I *LOVED* HER!

...I AM SORRY, SIR, BUT **ALL** THE NUMBERS YOU GAVE ME ARE NO **LONGER** IN SERVICE.

OPERATOR, THERE MUST BE SOME *MISTAKE.*

I'M AFRAID NOT. SERVICE WAS DIS-**CONTINUED** AT THE REQUEST OF **DR. CHARLES XAVIER.**

THAT'S *INSANE.*

BANSHEE, PROFESSOR X HAS ***SHUT DOWN*** ALL THE SCHOOL PHONES, EVEN THE EMERGENCY DIRECT LINE TO **CEREBRO.**

WE'VE GOT TO GET **BACK** THERE!

FINE BY ME, BUT **COLLEEN'S** LOOKIN' FOR YE. SAYS IT'S ***IMPORTANT.***

INTERLUDE:

2345 HOURS. TIME TO OPEN UP.

YOU ***CERTAIN*** WE CAN TAKE SUNFIRE? HE'S NO ***PUSH-OVER.***

GREG, OL' BUDDY, THESE BABIES CAN ***PULVERIZE*** ANY MUTANT SCUM LIVING WITHOUT EVEN WORKIN' UP A DECENT ***SWEAT.***

MEANWHILE, UP IN THE HOUSE...

...I WAS A ***PUNK KID*** LAST TIME I WAS IN JAPAN. I DIDN'T FIGURE ON EVER ***COMIN' BACK.***

MAN, I SHOULD'A STAYED IN THE ***SAVAGE LAND.*** I GOT NO USE FOR ***CIVILIZATION.***

TOO MANY ***RULES.*** TOO MANY FLAMIN' PEOPLE SAYIN' ***NO!***

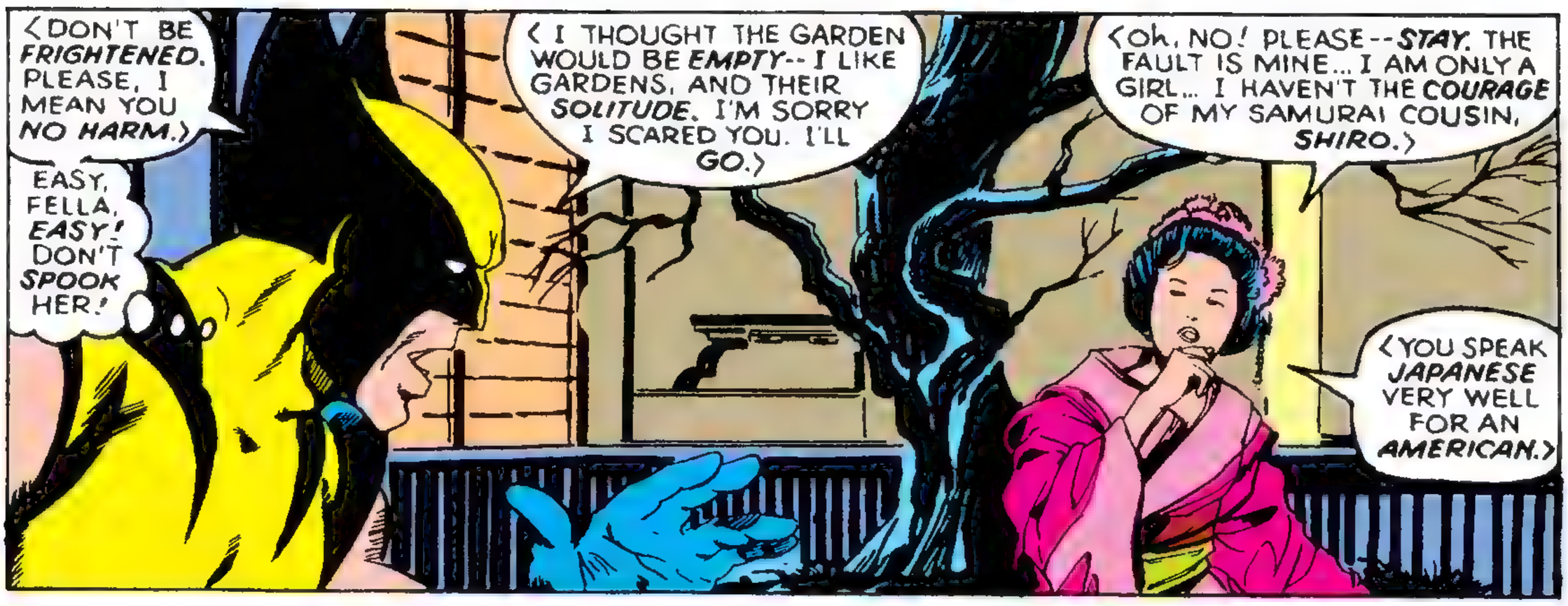
I WANT TO ***CUT LOOSE*** EVERY TIME I FIGHT-- BUT I GOTTA ***HOLD BACK.***

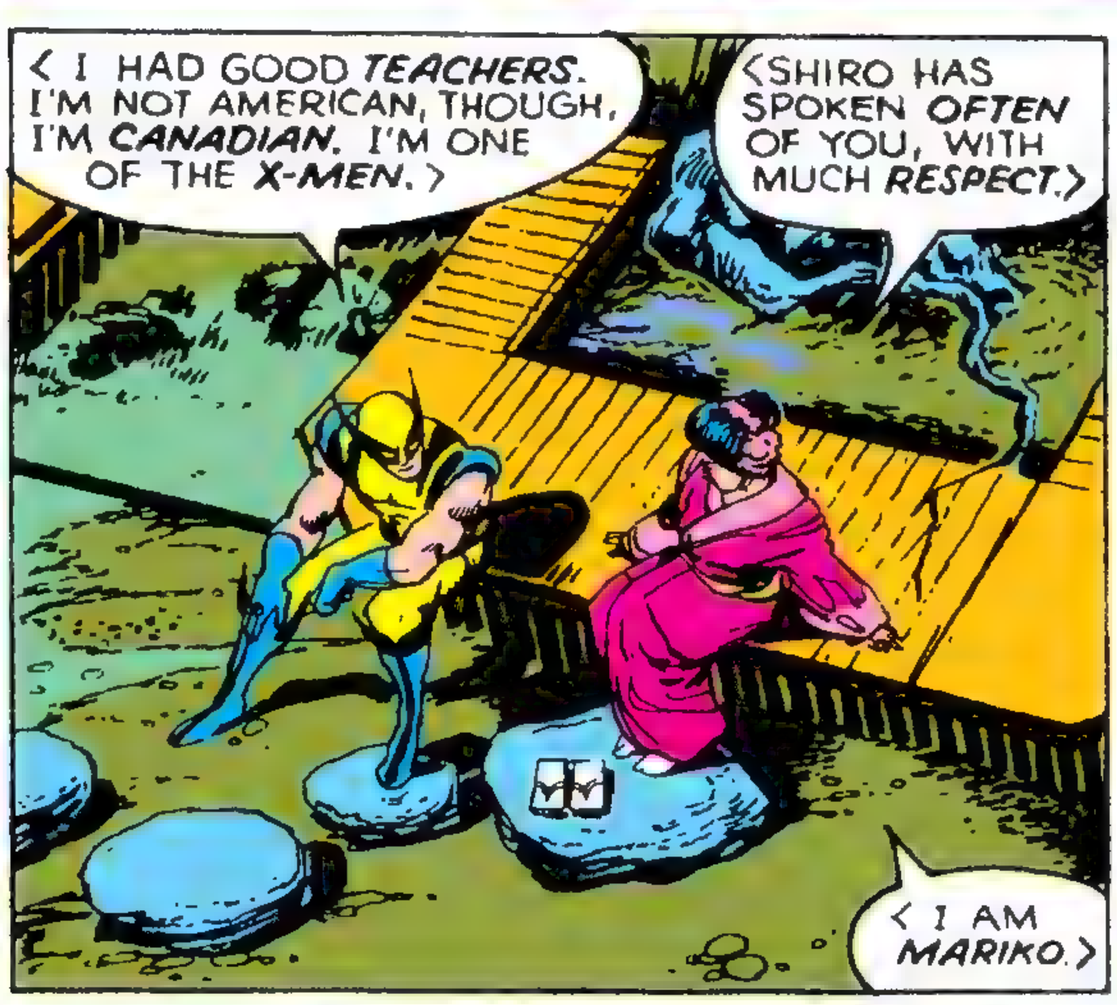
UH-OH. SOMEONE'S IN THE ***GARDEN.*** I BETTER...

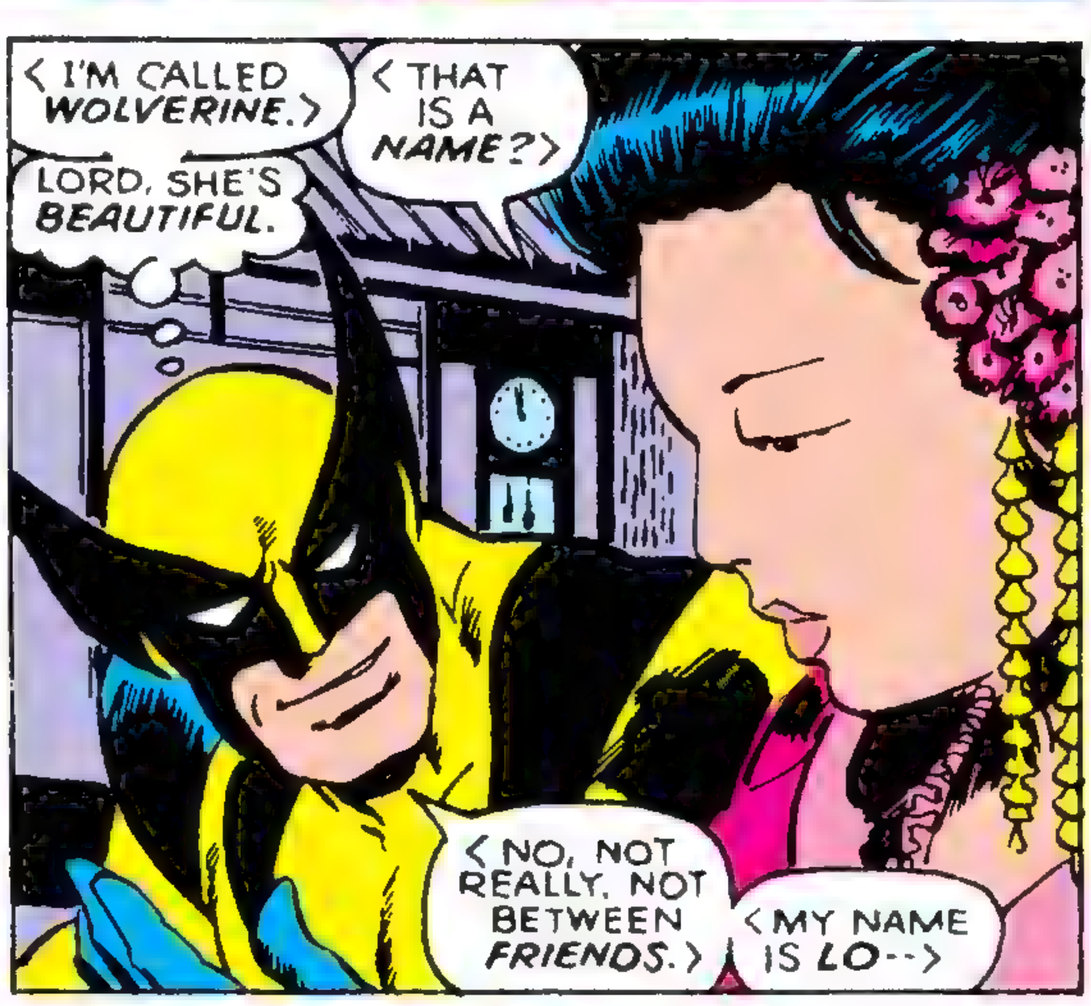
WOW.

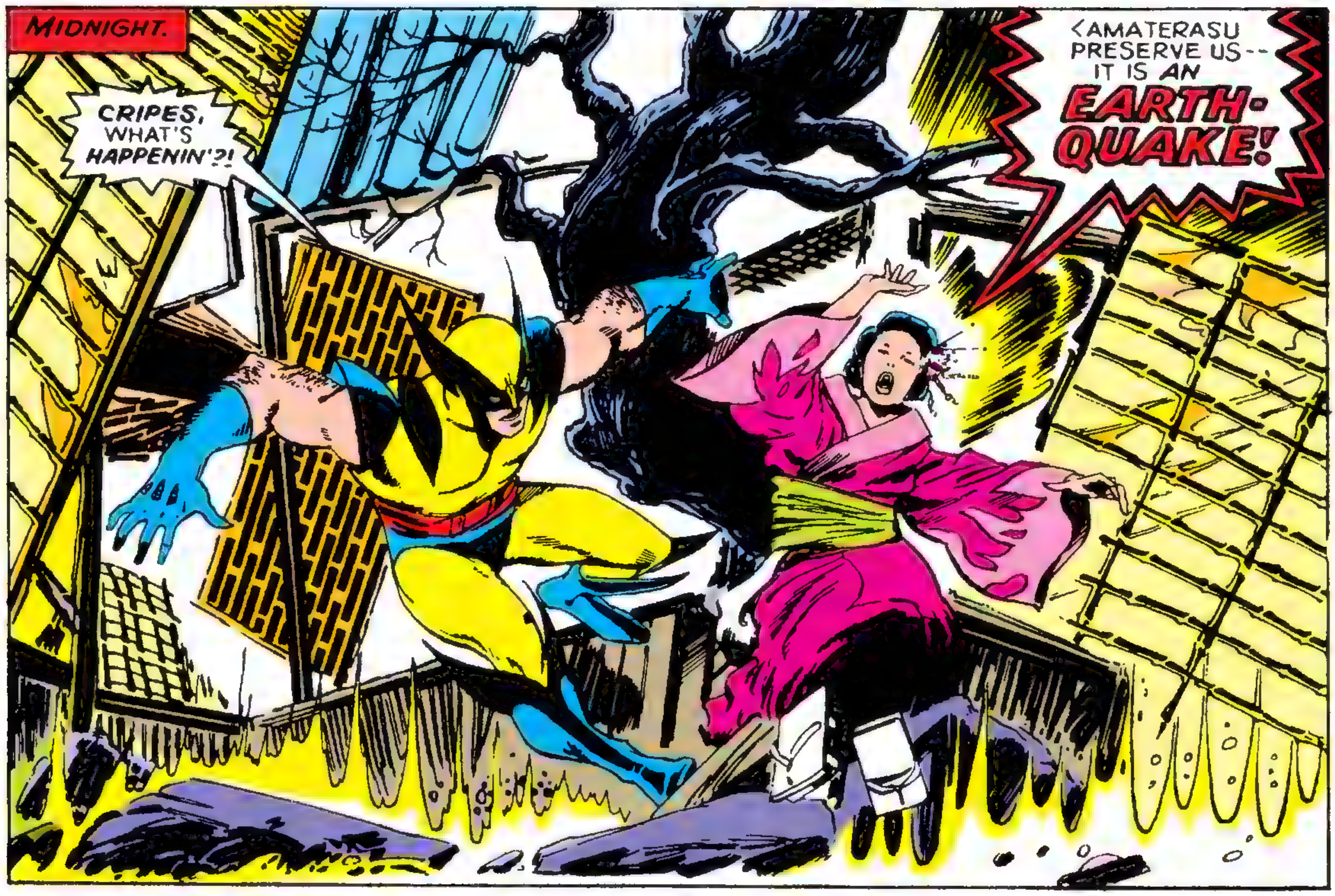
<IS SOMEONE THERE? I THOUGHT I--***OH!***>

<WHO ***ARE*** YOU?! WHAT--WHAT DO YOU ***WANT*** HERE?!>


〈DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. PLEASE, I MEAN YOU NO HARM.〉
EASY, FELLA, EASY! DON'T SPOOK HER!
〈I THOUGHT THE GARDEN WOULD BE EMPTY-- I LIKE GARDENS, AND THEIR SOLITUDE. I'M SORRY I SCARED YOU. I'LL GO.〉
〈oh, NO! PLEASE--STAY. THE FAULT IS MINE... I AM ONLY A GIRL... I HAVEN'T THE COURAGE OF MY SAMURAI COUSIN, SHIRO.〉
〈YOU SPEAK JAPANESE VERY WELL FOR AN AMERICAN.〉


〈I HAD GOOD TEACHERS. I'M NOT AMERICAN, THOUGH, I'M CANADIAN. I'M ONE OF THE X-MEN.〉
〈SHIRO HAS SPOKEN OFTEN OF YOU, WITH MUCH RESPECT.〉
〈I AM MARIKO.〉


〈I'M CALLED WOLVERINE.〉
〈THAT IS A NAME?〉
LORD, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.
〈NO, NOT REALLY. NOT BETWEEN FRIENDS.〉
〈MY NAME IS LO--〉


MIDNIGHT.
CRIPES, WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?!
〈AMATERASU PRESERVE US-- IT IS AN EARTH-QUAKE!

<HOLD ON, MARIKO! I'LL GET YOU *OUT* OF HERE!>

THAT AIN'T GONNA BE *EASY.* THE WAY THE GROUND'S *JUMPIN'*--

KT!

--IT'LL BE LIKE *RUNNIN'* ACROSS A FLOOR FULL O' *MARBLES!*

<WOLVERINE-- THE *TREE!*>

SKASSSHH!

<I *SEE* IT, LITTLE ONE. THERE'S *NOTHING* TO WORRY ABOUT.>

SHIELDING MARIKO WITH HIS BODY...

...WOLVERINE BULLS HIS WAY THROUGH THE CRUMBLING MANOR HOUSE.

HE SOON FINDS THAT THE OTHER X-MEN HAVE THE SAME IDEA.

DUCK, COLLEEN!

STORM! WHY DIDN'T YOU *WARN* US ABOUT THIS 'QUAKE?

I SENSE *NATURAL* THINGS, CYCLOPS. THIS EARTH-QUAKE IS *NOT* NATURAL.

SOMEONE-- SOME FORCE-- *MADE* IT HAPPEN!

HOW CAN THAT *BE?!* WHO COULD *COMMAND* SUCH POWER--BY THE *WHITE WOLF!*

THE WALL--IT'S *EXPLODING!*

KRAKAM!

ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE, THE PARTY'S OVER! THE **BOSS** WANTS YOU GOVERNMENT TYPES AS HIS SPECIAL **GUESTS**...

...AND HE'S SENT THE **MANDROIDS*** TO GET YOU!

WE ARE ***TRUE*** SONS OF NIPPON, MONSTER! WE WILL NEVER ***SURRENDER!*** WE WILL ***FIGHT!***

AND IF ***ANY*** ARE TO DIE IN THIS PLACE, IT WILL BE ***YOU!***

SUNFIRE, ***WAIT!*** I RECOGNIZE THOSE OUTFITS...

WE'RE TO BRING YOU BACK ***ALIVE***, OR LEAVE YOU ***DEAD***. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

*LAST SEEN IN AVENGERS #95 -- ROGER.

WANNA ***BET***, MUTIE?

KKKGH

VORP!

THOSE ***COMBAT SUITS*** WERE DESIGNED TO ZAP THE ***AVENGERS***. BUT THERE'S NO WAY IN HEAVEN THEY COULD HAVE BEEN PREPARED TO STOP ***US!***

HIT 'EM, X-MEN -- WITH ***EVERYTHING*** YOU'VE GOT!

WE HAD SIX WEEKS *TRAINING* ON THE *JINGUICHI MARU*, COURTESY OF *CYCLOPS*.

HERE'S WHERE WE SEE IF IT *PAYS OFF!*

ZAK!

HOLD STILL, BLAST YOU! HOW CAN ANY-ONE MOVE SO FAST?!

*RELAX, NUMBER THREE. WE'VE **GOT** HIM NOW.*

*NO MATTER **HOW** FAST HE JUMPS THIS TIME, WE'LL **BURN** HIM DOWN.*

QUITE *TRUE, MEIN HERREN...*

BUT SUPPOSE I SIMPLY...

...DISAPPEAR?

THKAM

BAMF

A GOOD *BEGINNING*, FRIEND KURT. I HOPE I CAN DO *AS WELL*.

FOR ALL THE *HELP* I HAVE GIVEN THE X-MEN OF LATE...

...I WONDER *WHY* I EVEN BOTHER TO *TRY*.

EVERYTHING I DO SEEMS TO *BACKFIRE*.

NO! I MISSED HIM!

TOO BAD, TIN-MAN.

*NOW IT'S **MY** TURN!*

COLOSSUS!

LEAVE HIM, WOLVERINE! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE *MANDROIDS* FIRST!

SNIKT!

BOSS, THAT'LL BE A *PLEASURE!*

BUB, THAT *REVERSE POLARITY* MAGNETIC ZAP MAY HAVE WORKED AGAINST MY *STEEL BUDDY*--

...BUT IT DON'T RATE *DIDDLEY* AGAINST *ADAMANTIUM CLAWS!*

ONE DOWN, *TWO* TO GO. WE'VE GOT THEM *OFF-BALANCE*--WE'VE GOT TO *KEEP* THEM THAT WAY.

IF I *PULSE* MY OPTIC BEAMS...

... SETTING UP A *SPECIFIC* VIBRATION PATTERN IN THE MANDROID *ARMOR*--!

BANSHEE--GO!!

MY STRIKE FORCE IS *FINISHED*, MUTANT. BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR OUR DEFEAT WITH YOUR *LIFE!*

SHIRO, MY COUSIN--YOU'RE *HURT!* LET ME *HELP!*

SUDDENLY, THE AIR IS SPLIT BY A PIERCING **HOWL** AS BANSHEE'S SONIC SCREAM **COUNTERS** CYCLOPS'S OPTIC PULSE ON A FRACTIONALLY DIFFERENT **VIBRATION FREQUENCY**...

...THE TWO **OPPOSING** PATTERNS CREATING SUCH **TITANIC** MOLECULAR STRESSES THAT THE ARMOR LITERALLY **SHAKES** ITSELF TO **BITS.**

MARIKO, GET *AWAY* FROM HERE!

TOO LATE, KID. LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA SKRAG TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

NO!

THAT THE **BEST** YOU CAN DO, SUNNY? YOU'RE NOT **HURTING** ME, YOU'RE ONLY MAKING ME **STRONGER!**

AS SOON AS THE ARMOR'S **THERMO-COUPLE** UNIT HAS ABSORBED THIS ENERGY, YOU'RE A **DEAD MAN!**

WHAT THE--? IT'S **RAINING!**

FREEZING RAIN, ACTUALLY.

AS STORM'S **ELEMENTAL** TEMPEST RADICALLY DROPS THE TEMPERATURE AROUND THE MANDROID IN A MATTER OF **SECONDS--**

-- THE **STRESS** BECOMES FAR MORE THAN THE ARMOR WAS DESIGNED TO **WITHSTAND.** THE END COMES **QUICKLY.**

THEY'RE ALL GONE-- **DESTROYED!**

RUN FOR IT, JAKE!

WE'VE GOT TO **WARN** THE BOSS!

WATCH IT, JAKE-- **POTHOLE!**

SKRAAAM!!

SHORTLY...

THESE ARE THE *LAST* OF THEM, CYCLOPS. THE *AUTHORITIES* ARE EXAMINING THEIR TRUCK.

TAKE 'EM TO THE POLICE VAN FOR *INTERROGATION.*

BY THE WAY, PEOPLE, YOU DID *GOOD* TONIGHT. THERE'S *HOPE* FOR THE X-MEN YET.

STOP *FUSSING,* MARIKO. IT'S ONLY A *SCRATCH.*

HOPE FOR THE *X-MEN,* PERHAPS. BUT FOR JAPAN-- *NONE.*

WHAT--?!?

A *HOLOGRAM*-- EMANATING FROM THE MANDROID ARMOR!

I AM MOSES MAGNUM, MASTER OF THE MAGNUM FORCE!

THIS IS MY *ULTIMATUM,* PRIME MINISTER. YOU HAVE *24 HOURS* TO ACCLAIM ME SOLE, ABSOLUTE *RULER* OF YOUR PRECIOUS ISLAND NATION...

...OR, AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW--

--I WILL **SINK** *JAPAN!*

NEXT 'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE Christmas!

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THE UNCANNY X-MEN

TM

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EAGLE AWARDS

MAKE WAY FOR MOSES MAGNUM!

Cockrum • Austin

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

CHRIS CLAREMONT AUTHOR/CO-PLOTTERS / JOHN BYRNE PENCILER / TERRY AUSTIN INKER / COSTANZA letters / G.WEIN colors / R.STERN editor / J.SHOOTER ed.-in-chief

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE Christmas...

THE KURIL ISLANDS, JUST NORTH OF JAPAN...

THE X-MEN CAME TO THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN BY **ACCIDENT**, AFTER A LAST MINUTE RESCUE AT THE SEAWARD ENTRANCE TO THE **SAVAGE LAND.***

ALL THEY WANTED WAS SOME **HELP** FROM SUN-FIRE TO GET HOME. AS USUAL, THINGS HAVE WORKED OUT SOMEWHAT ...**DIFFERENTLY.**

THERE IS OUR **TARGET**, KURT. ARE YOU **READY?**

AS READY AS I'LL **EVER** BE, I GUESS-- I'VE SPOTTED WHERE I WANT TO **LAND.**

YOU KNOW, ORORO, EVEN THOUGH THIS **VERRÜCKT** STUNT WAS **MY** IDEA...

LG-275

*SEE X-MEN #117 & #118 --R.

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GOOD LUCK, MY FRIEND

BAMF!

...I WISH THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY!

WITH A FAINT PLOP OF IMPLODING AIR, NIGHTCRAWLER VANISHES...

...TO REAPPEAR ALMOST INSTANTAN-EOUSLY ON A MAIN-TENANCE PLATFORM JUST INSIDE THE CRATER OF THE ANCIENT, EXTINCT VOLCANO.

BINGO!

NOW, MAYBE, I CAN BREATHE AGAIN. I COULDN'T LET STORM SEE HOW SCARED I WAS.

ONE MISTAKE, AND I COULD HAVE TELEPORTED MYSELF HALF-IN, HALF-OUT-OF THAT STEEL FLOOR.

UNFORTUN-ATELY, I LANDED AT THE VERY TOP OF THE COMPLEX.

I CAN'T DO CYCLOPS AND THE OTHERS MUCH GOOD UP HERE.

I'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE.

WHICH MEANS GETTING PAST THIS GUARD...

...WITHOUT MAKING A FUSS.

BAP!

:URRRRKK!:

HE SHOULD BE UNCONSCIOUS LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO DO MY JOB.

WOLVERINE WOULD HAVE HANDLED THIS DIFFER-ENTLY...

...BUT I HAVEN'T HIS INSTINCT FOR THE JUGULAR.

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS"-- THE X-MEN ARE OFF TO *SAVE* THE WORLD OR A SMALL *PART* OF IT, ANYWAY

YOU'D THINK THAT AFTER *ALL* WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, I'D BE *USED* TO THIS SORT OF THING BUT I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S *HAPPENING*...

THAT ONE MAN CAN OFF-HANDEDLY *CONDEMN* A HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE TO *DEATH*.

*AS HE MOVES FARTHER DOWN THE CRATER, NIGHTCRAWLER'S MIND FLASHES BACK TO THE **BRIEFING** THE X-MEN AND SUNFIRE HAD RECEIVED, ONLY A FEW SHORT **HOURS** AGO..*

YOU ALL HEARD THE *ULTIMATUM*-- SURRENDER BY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT, OR JAPAN WILL BE *DESTROYED*.

BUT *HERR* OSAMA-- IS THAT *POSSIBLE?*

THEORETICALLY-- *YES*.

THE EARTH UNDER JAPAN IS INHERENTLY *UNSTABLE*. IF SUFFICIENT TECTONIC PRESSURE IS APPLIED ALONG THESE CRITICAL *FAULT LINES*, THE HOME ISLANDS WILL *SHATTER*.

THE *OBLITERATION* LAST NIGHT OF THE PORT OF AGARASHIMA WAS A MOST EFFECTIVE *DEMONSTRATION* THAT THIS THREAT IS NO *BLUFF*. *

*LAST ISH -- ROG

THIS IS THE MAN RESPONSIBLE: *MOSES MAGNUM*. SELF-PROCLAIMED HEIR TO ANTHONY STARK'S TITLE OF "*ARMS DEALER* TO THE WORLD."

HE'S BRILLIANT, STRONG, RUTHLESS-- AND VERY, VERY *LUCKY*. TWICE, HE'S BEEN REPORTED KILLED-- TWICE, HE'S *SURVIVED*. *

* SEE GIANT-SIZE SPIDER-MAN #5 & POWER MAN ANNUAL #1 -- ROG

THANKS TO THE INVESTIGATIVE WORKS OF MY GRAND-NIECE, *COLLEEN WING*, AND HER PARTNER, *MISTY KNIGHT*, WE AT LEAST KNOW MAGNUM'S *BASE*--

--THIS SMALL GROUP OF VOLCANIC ISLETS IN THE *KURIL CHAIN*. IT'S DEFENSES ARE REPORTEDLY *IMPREGNABLE*.

MAGNUM HAS ALSO MADE IT ABUNDANTLY *CLEAR* THAT, AT THE FIRST SIGN OF ANY *ATTACK*, HE WILL TRIGGER HIS.. "*MAGNUM FORCE*."

THAT IS WHERE *YOU* YOUNG PEOPLE COME IN. CAN YOU REACH MAGNUM, CYCLOPS, AND *STOP* HIM BEFORE HE UNLEASHES THIS *MONSTROUS* POWER AGAINST US?

I... *DON'T KNOW,* MR. OSAMA. ARE THERE ANY *ALTERNATIVES?*

NONE. THE PRIME MINISTER HAS ALREADY INFORMED THE EMPEROR THAT WE WILL NOT *YIELD.* IF YOU SEVEN CANNOT *SAVE* US...

"...THEN NIPPON IS DOOMED."

NIGHTCRAWLER TO HOME-PLATE--I'M INSIDE THE CRATER. NO *PROBLEMS* YET. OVER.

HOME-PLATE COPIES. BE READY TO *MOVE.* I'M CALLING STORM. AN' BE *CAREFUL,* HUH, FUZZY?

ONE *STRIKE-OUT...*

...AN' THE BALLGAME'S *OVER.*

BANSHEE! MISTY KNIGHT IS *SIGNALLING!*

SHE SAYS WE ARE TO *ATTACK!*

FINE WITH ME, DARLIN'.

'CAUSE I'M ALL TANKED UP--

--AN' *RARIN'* TO *GO!*

DYSFUNCTION IN QUADRANT 4. TOTAL *SYSTEMS FAILURE!*

I'LL NOTIFY MR. MAGNUM.

SOUND A *FIRST-STAGE ALERT.* IT COULD BE AN ATTACK.

IF I RUN ME *SONIC SCREAM* UP-AN'-DOWN THE *HARMONIC SCALE* AS FAST AS I CAN, THAT SHOULD PLAY MERRY *HOB* WITH MAGNUM'S SCANNERS.

ALARM KLAXONS. JUST AS CYCLOPS PLANNED...

...STORM AND BANSHEE ARE DRAWING EVERYONE'S *ATTENTION...*

...LEAVING ME FREE TO SNEAK DOWN TO THE BASEMENT OF THIS ERECTOR SET DISNEYLAND. I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, TOO. CYCLOPS AND HIS TEAM ARE DEPENDING ON ME TO FIND THEM A SAFE ROUTE INTO THIS ROCK...

...BEFORE THEY RUN OUT OF AIR.

ABOVE AND AROUND NIGHTCRAWLER, SCORES OF GRIM-FACED, BATTLE-HARDENED MEN RACE TOWARDS THEIR COMBAT STATIONS.

NONE, HOWEVER, GET VERY FAR...

...AS STORM USES HER ELEMENTAL POWERS...

...TO GENERATE A VICIOUS ICE STORM WITHIN THE CRATER.

WHILE, ELSEWHERE...

CRAFTY BEGGARS! TRYIN' TO SWAT ME WITH A SONIC DISINTEGRATOR CANNON.

BIG MISTAKE, LADS-- 'CAUSE HERE'S SOME O' YOUR OWN MEDICINE BACK AT YE!

WITHOUT CONSCIOUS THOUGHT, BANSHEE ANALYZES THE ULTRA-LOW FREQUENCY SOUND WAVES HAMMERING AT HIM, THEN REPELS THEM WITH HIS OWN SONIC SCREAM.

YEARRRGH!

THE MEN MANNING THE CANNON WILL BE DEAF FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT AT LEAST THEY'LL BE ALIVE.

WE'RE DOING WELL, ALMOST TOO WELL.

BUT OUR VICTORIES MEAN NOTHING IF MAGNUM IS ALLOWED TO FIRE HIS DOOMSDAY WEAPON. BANSHEE AND I ARE DOING OUR PART.

THE NEXT MOVE IS CYCLOPS'

LIGHTNING RIPS UP THE CRATER CONSTANTLY NOW, ILLUMINATING A SKY THAT'S HEAVY WITH THUNDERCLOUDS...

...AS STORM'S POWERS BEGIN TO EFFECT WEATHER PATTERNS AROUND THE ISLAND...

...THE DISRUPTION SPREADING QUICKLY, LIKE RIPPLES ACROSS A POND.

AT THE SAME TIME, JUST OFF-SHORE AND ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET BELOW THE SEA BED...

...THE REST OF THE X-MEN--AND SUNFIRE--ARE MAKING THEIR WAY TOWARDS MAGNUM'S BASE IN A STYLE UNIQUELY THEIR OWN.

HOW'S YOUR POWER HOLDING UP, SUNFIRE?

I HAVE SUFFICIENT.

BUT I WOULD PREFER USING IT IN A MORE DIRECT ATTACK. STEALING UP ON MAGNUM WITH THIS TUNNEL...

...I FEEL MORE LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT THAN A SAMURAI.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, WOLVERINE? THE HEAT--!

I'VE STOOD WORSE.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY OF REACHING THE HEART OF MAGNUM'S COMPLEX UNDETECTED.

STILL NO SIGNAL FROM NIGHTCRAWLER. WITHOUT HIS RADIO BEAM TO GIVE US A PRECISE TARGET, WE'RE STUCK.

TUNNELING BLIND, WE COULD PUNCH THROUGH TO THE OCEAN INSTEAD OF MAGNUM'S BASE. WHERE ARE YOU, MISTER?! WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME--AND AIR!

THIS CHAMBER LOOKS PERFECT--BUT IT TOOK LONGER THAN I THOUGHT TO FIND IT.

I'D BETTER ACTIVATE THE HOMER. CYCLOPS MUST BE GETTING WORRIED.

WAS IST--?!? THAT SOUND--!?!

THERE'S NIGHTCRAWLER'S *SIGNAL!* FOLLOW MY LEAD, SUNFIRE-- MY RECEIVER HAS *PIN-POINTED* HIS LOCATION--

--AND THEN *CUT LOOSE* WITH *EVERY-THING YOU'VE GOT!*

SHKOW

FRESH AIR! I DID NOT KNOW *ANYTHING* COULD SMELL SO GOOD.

NIGHTCRAWLER? FRIEND KURT, ARE YOU *HERE?!*

AARRRGKH!!

HE IS HERE, X-MAN, BUT IN *NO SHAPE* TO ANSWER!

I AM *MASTER* OF THE *EARTH,* ARMORED ONE. *NO ONE* MOVES THROUGH IT WITHOUT MY BEING *AWARE* OF THEM!

YOU THOUGHT TO TAKE ME BY *SURPRISE*-- YOU HAVE *FAILED!* AND AS I DEALT WITH YOU MISANTHROPIC COMPANION--

-- SO SHALL I DEAL WITH *YOU!!*

WHAMMO

SKRAAM!

THAT *PUNCH*-- CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE BEEN HIT SO *HARD!*

I'M GOING LIKE A *ROCKET*--!

I MUST *STOP* MYSELF... BEFORE I FLY *OFF* THE ISLAND!

STRAIN ALMOST *MORE* THAN I CAN BEAR-- BUT I.. CAN'T-- I *WON'T*--GIVE IN!

CHRRRRRRRUKT!

BY THE *WHITE WOLF*..

--I *DID IT!!*

BUT, ONCE AGAIN, I HAVE LET MY COMRADES *DOWN.*

I AM SUPPOSED TO BE THE *STRONGEST* X-MAN, YET OF LATE I HAVE BEEN AS MUCH *USE* TO THEM AS A WALKING *PUNCHING BAG.*

THAT WILL HAPPEN--*NO MORE!*

FROM THIS MOMENT ON-- *COLOSSUS EARNS HIS KEEP!*

MEANWHILE, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CRATER.

THIS IS *MADNESS!* MAGNUM'S DOSSIER SAID HE WAS A *NORMAL* HUMAN--

--YET HE FIRES FORCE *BOLTS* THAT HIT LIKE *ATOM BOMBS!*

WATCH IT, WOLVERINE--!

NO SWEAT, BOSS I'M *READY* FOR HIM

IS THAT SO?

I AM NOT THE MAN I WAS, X-MEN. INDEED, I AM NO LONGER A MAN.

I AM-- POWER!!

UNNNGNH!!

KRAKOW

MY GOD. HE DECKED WOLVERINE.

SUNFIRE, BLAST AN OPENING TO THE OUTSIDE!

WE NEED STORM AND BANSHEE'S HELP!

I GO, CYCLOPS.

BUT I FEAR EVEN YOUR FRIENDS WON'T BE ENOUGH.

MAGNUM IS TAKING OUR STRONGEST ENERGY BEAMS AND LAUGHING THEM OFF.

WHAT THE--?!

SKTHAM!

BANSHEE! CYCLOPS IS CALLING US ON THE RADIO! HE SOUNDS DESPERATE!

AND WITH GOOD REASON!

I COULD DESTROY YOU WHERE YOU STAND, MUTANT. BUT WHY SHOULD I WASTE MY POWER...

...WHEN MY MARK II MANDROIDS CAN DO IT FOR ME.

OH, BROTHER.

I PICKED A HECKUVA TIME FOR A ONE-MAN STAND.

NO!!

SEND TWO OF YOUR *METAL MONSTERS* AGAINST THE X-MEN, MADMAN-- OR SEND *TWO HUNDRED*--!!

KLANG!

COLLOSSUS WILL SMASH THEM *ALL!*

THE BATTLE'S SHORT-AND-SWEET AS COLOSSUS, MOVING WITH A SPEED THAT'S *BELIED* BY HIS MASSIVE ARMORED FORM...

...*TRASHES* THE MAN-DROIDS FROM ONE END OF THE CHAMBER TO THE OTHER, *TAKING* THEIR PUNCHES, DODGING THEIR *LASERS*...

...TOSSING THE *VANADIUM STEEL* COMBAT SUITS AROUND LIKE THEY WERE *RAG DOLLS.*

UNTIL...

YOU'VE WON A *BATTLE,* MUTANTS --BUT YOU'LL *LOSE* THE WAR!

I *SWORE* THAT, IF ATTACKED, I WOULD DESTROY *JAPAN!*

AND BY ALL THE *DEVILS* IN HELL, *DESTROY* IT I *SHALL!*

HEADS UP, SEAN-ME-BUCKO! MAGNUM'S TAKIN' A *POWDER!*

TOO SLOW, CURSE THE LUCK! HE GOT AWAY!

I MUST BE GETTIN' OLD.

BUT ONCE I BLAST THESE DOORS, I'LL--NO GOOD! SOMETHIN'S DEFLECTIN' ME SONIC SCREAM. WHAT NOW?! WE CAN'T STAND HERE AND LET MAGNUM SINK JAPAN.

WAIT A MINUTE! MR. OSAMA SAID THAT HIS SCIENTISTS FIGURED THE AGARASHIMA 'QUAKE WAS TRIGGERED BY AN INTENSE BEAM OF ENERGY.

AN', ON THE RADIO, I HEARD SUNFIRE SCREAMIN' ABOUT MAGNUM FIRIN' ENERGY BLASTS.

IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT I'VE GOT TO PLAY IT. IF THE 'MAGNUM FORCE' IS SOME KIND OF ENERGY BEAM...

...THEN I'M THE ONLY X-MAN WHO HAS A PRAYER O' STOPPIN' IT!

CYCLOPS--GET EVERYONE OFF THIS ROCK! AN' FOR PITY'S SAKE--HURRY!

I WARNED THEM, BUT THOSE SENILE OLD FOOLS IN TOKYO WOULDN'T LISTEN. NOW THEY'LL LEARN ONCE AND FOR ALL...

...THAT MOSES MAGNUM IS NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH!

AS HE RUNS, HE CAN FEEL THE POWER BURNING WITHIN HIM, STRUGGLING TO BE FREE...

...AND HE CAN'T HELP REMEMBERING THOSE LAST MOMENTS, MONTHS AGO, ON THE ISLAND OF KATSYU SHIMA...

...WHEN A MASSIVE EARTHQUAKE HAD TOPPLED HIM SCREAMING...

...INTO THE SHAFT HIS LASER DRILL HAD BORED TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH. *

* POWER MAN ANNUAL #1--R.

HE SHOULD HAVE DIED. BUT, AS HE FELL, THE LASER BEAM, THE EXOTIC WEAPONRY OF HIS COMBAT SUIT, THE ELEMENTAL FORCE OF THE 'QUAKE ITSELF...

...HAD ALL COMBINED WITHIN HIM IN SOME MAD, ARCANE FASHION TO GIVE HIM THE POWER PRIMAL--THE ABILITY TO FOCUS AN INFINITE AMOUNT OF ENERGY ANYWHERE ON EARTH, IN ANY MANNER HE CHOSE...

IN THIS CASE, TO CREATE AN EARTHQUAKE.

BUT, OUT-SIDE...

I'VE GOT TO SLIDE A WALL O' SOUND ACROSS THE BASE O' THE ISLAND-- COUNTER ENERGY WITH ENERGY-- BLOCK MAGNUM'S BEAM...

...THEN REFLECT IT BACK ON ITSELF.

SOMETHING'S WRONG.

MUST... INCREASE POWER OUT-PUT!

NO... MARGIN FOR ERROR-- I HAVE TO MATCH MAGNUM'S ENERGY FREQUENCY EXACTLY. GLORY-- IT HURTS!

WELL--IF I'VE GOT T' GO... AT LEAST I'LL GO... WITH STYLE...

HE SCREAMS AS HE'S NEVER SCREAMED BEFORE, PITTING HIS STRENGTH, HIS HEART, HIS SOUL AGAINST AN ALMOST IRRESISTABLE FORCE.

THE BATTLE RAGES FOR A SEEMING ETERNITY-- THE EERIE, UNNATURAL SILENCE THAT GRIPS THE ISLAND BROKEN HERE AND THERE BY CRIES OF PAIN...

...AS X-MAN AND MERCENARY ALIKE ARE CUT DOWN BY A SONIC BOMBARDMENT TOO HIGH-PITCHED TO BE HEARD--ONLY FELT.

KRA

KRAKOOM

AND THEN, IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, IT'S ALL OVER.

IT'S A FULL DAY BEFORE THE WEATHER **CALMS** ENOUGH FOR SEARCH PLANES TO ENTER THE AREA. THEIR INITIAL REPORTS ARE **TERRIFYING.**

YESTERDAY, A **HUNDRED** TINY ISLANDS DOTTED THIS SECTION OF THE **NORTH PACIFIC.**

TODAY, THERE ARE **NONE.**

...**SONAR** READINGS INDICATE THAT THE WHOLE **SHAPE** OF THE SEA FLOOR'S BEEN CHANGED. **SEISMOGRAPHS** THE WORLD OVER WENT **OFF** THEIR SCALES.

IF ALL THAT ENERGY HAD **HIT** JAPAN...

FUEL'S LOW, MISS KNIGHT. DO WE **CONTINUE** THE SEARCH?

MAJOR, WE'VE ONLY JUST **BEGUN.**

PLEASE, LORD--I HOPE THEY **MADE IT.** I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO TELL **JEAN** THAT THE X-MEN ARE **DEAD.**

HEY! **DEAD AHEAD**-- WHAT'S THAT **LIGHT?!**

SUNFIRE!

AMATERASU BE PRAISED-- THEY **SEE** ME!

IT'S A **MIRACLE** THE X-MEN SURVIVED.

AN **INSTANT** BEFORE THE ISLE EXPLODED...

...STORM **FLEW** CYCLOPS, COLOSSUS AND WOLVERINE OUT, WHILE NIGHT-CRAWLER TELEPORTED TO **SAFETY.**

EVERYONE--**LOOK!** SUNFIRE'S FOUND A PLANE! WE'RE **RESCUED!**

'BOUT TIME, ELF. HOW'S **IRISH,** 'RORO?

NOT GOOD. I FEAR HE MAY HAVE **BURNED OUT** HIS POWER AND **WORSE.**

SHIRO YASHIDA'S HOUSE, TEN DAYS LATER...

HERE YOU ARE, CASSIDY-SAN. TAKE CARE.

THANKS, DOC, FOR THE LIFT, FOR... EVERYTHIN'. BE SEEIN' YE.

I WONDER WHY NO ONE WAS AT THE HOSPITAL? THEY KNEW I WAS BEIN' RELEASED TODAY. THE DOC SAID THEY NEVER LEFT THE WAITIN' ROOM WHILE I WAS IN A COMA.

THREE DAYS, IT WAS, AN' ALL OF 'EM TOUCH-AN'-GO. I ALMOST DIED.

BUT AFTER THIS CAPER, I'VE A NASTY FEELIN' THAT, FOR ALL ME COURTIN' O' THE REAPER, I'M DESTINED TO DIE IN BED.

I WISH ONE O' THE X-MEN HAD COME TO SEE ME HOME. IT'S NOT LIKE THEM TO BE FORGETFUL -- I HOPE NOTHIN'S HAPPENED...

'TIS A LITTLE THING, I SUPPOSE, BUT IT REMINDS ME O' HOW EMPTY ME LIFE WAS WHEN I WAS ALONE.

DASH IT--NO.' IT'S NOT A LITTLE THING! THEY'RE ME FRIENDS-- THEY SHOULD HAVE COME TO MEET ME.

BUT THEY DIDN'T.

AH, ME... I WONDER IF I CAN GET A PHONE CALL THROUGH TO MOIRA MAC-TAGGART...

BY HEAVEN, HOW I LOVE THAT WOMAN, AN' MISS HE...

...ERRRRR...

WELCOME BACK, SE N MERRY CHRISTM

WELCOME HOME, BANSHEE! AND-- MERRY CHRISTMAS!!

WELL, I'LL BE--! IT *IS* CHRISTMAS. THE DATE HAD TOTALLY *SLIPPED* ME MIND.

HAPPY C-C-C-CHRIST...

DON'T TRY TO *TALK*, SEAN. FROM THE *LOOK* ON YOUR FACE, I THINK WE CAN ALL FIGURE HOW YOU *FEEL*.

IT'S *GOOD* TO HAVE YOU BACK WITH US, MY FRIEND. C'MON, HAVE SOME *PUNCH*.

WOLVERINE, WHERE--?!

MARIKO! I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO *SEE* HER ALL WEEK, BUT SHE WAS NEVER *ALONE*. NOW'S MY CHANCE.

I GOTTA GO, ORORO-- SOMETHIN' *PERSONAL*. BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL *BE-HAVE* MYSELF.

ODD. I'VE *NEVER* SEEN WOLVERINE SOUND OR ACT SO... *GENTLE*. IT'S A *NICE* CHANGE.

SO *MUCH* HAS CHANGED BETWEEN WE SIX SINCE WE BECAME X-MEN. WE BEGAN AS... *LONERS*.

AND HAVE GROWN INTO A *FAMILY*.

KURT?

HMMM?

I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU...

...THAT I *LOVE* YOU VERY, VERY MUCH.

PETER, IS ANYTHING THE *MATTER*? YOU'VE BEEN QUIET, *WITH-DRAWN* ALL DAY, LITTLE BROTHER-- WOULD YOU LIKE TO *TALK*?

NO. YES. I DON'T KNOW, ORORO.

I FEEL AS *CLOSE* TO YOU, TO THE X-MEN, AS TO MY OWN *FAMILY*. AND THAT'S THE *PRO-BLEM*.

I *HAVE* A FAMILY.

I THINK I AM THE *ONLY* X-MAN WITH A REAL HOME, WITH... *ROOTS*, AND TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS...

...I *MISS* THEM.

HALF-A-DAY LATER, HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD, IT'S STILL CHRISTMAS DAY AS THE LEGENDARY "FLYING SCOT" EXPRESS TRAIN FROM LONDON PULLS INTO EDINBURGH STATION.

AMONG THE PASSENGERS -- A SLIM, RED-HAIRED YOUNG WOMAN, FRESH FROM SIX WEEKS VACATION IN THE GREEK ISLES.

JEAN GREY... WHO'S FINALLY COME TO TERMS WITH THE DEATH OF THE X-MEN AND, MOST PAINFUL OF ALL, SCOTT SUMMERS*-- AND WHO'S NOW READY TO START PICKING UP THE PIECES OF HER LIFE ONCE MORE.

WAY OUT IS TO YUIR LEFT, MA'AM.

* SHE THINKS THE X-MEN SLAIN IN ISH #114, REMEMBER--ROG.

WOW IT'S MID-DAY AND THE SUN'S BARELY RISEN. NO WONDER--EDINBURGH'S 700 MILES BELOW THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. WINTER DAYS ARE REAL SHORT HERE

I GUESS IT'S A GOOD THING THAT SINCE BECOMING PHOENIX, MY BODY HARDLY FEELS THE HEAT OR COLD ANYMORE.

JEANIE! WELCOME TO SCOTLAND!

AND A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, CHILD.

ALEX, MOIRA, LORNA, JAMIE--! PEOPLE, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

I ENVY YOUR TAN, JEAN

I WORKED HARD TO GET IT

ALL RIGHT, YOU LOT-- LISTEN UP! A TRAIN STATION IS NO PROPER PLACE FOR A REUNION.

YES, MRS MACTAGGERT, MA'AM ANYTHING YOU SAY

READ Daily THE Express

OH, HUSH, JAMIE MADROX! YOU'RE INCORRIGIBLE!

ANYWAY, THIS IS MY PLAN.

WE'LL SPEND A FEW DAYS IN EDINBURGH, SEE THE SIGHTS CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS...

... HEAR JEAN'S TALES OF HER WILD-AN'-WOOLY WEEKS IN THE AEGEAN, THEN HEAD NORTH FOR MUIR ISLE.

"THE COMPUTERS AND AUTOMATIC SYSTEMS WILL HANDLE THINGS TILL WE GET BACK."

MUIR ISLE. A FORBIDDING, ONCE-UNINHABITED SLAB OF ROCK JUTTING OUT OF THE ATLANTIC ABOVE CAPE WRATH, ON SCOTLAND'S RUGGED NORTHERN COASTLINE. IT'S A LONELY PLACE, MILES FROM ANY-WHERE...

...WHICH MADE IT THE IDEAL SETTING FOR MOIRA MACTAGGERT'S MUTANT RESEARCH CENTER. OVER THE YEARS, SHE MADE IT CLEAR THAT SHE LIKES HER PRIVACY...

...BUT SOME PEOPLE JUST WON'T TAKE THE HINT.

GENTLY, ANGUS. COAX THE LOCK-- DON'T FORCE HER...

GOT IT!

HIS NAME IS ANGUS MACWHIRTER. HE ONCE RENTED THE X-MEN A HOVERCRAFT. IT WAS DESTROYED, AND EVER SINCE, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS PAID IN FULL FOR HIS LOSS...

...HE'S NURSED A DEEP AND GROWING HATRED FOR THEM...

MUTANT X NO ADMITTANCE

* BY MAGNETO, IN X-MEN #104 --R

AND FOR ANYONE CONNECTED WITH THEM.

A FEW WELL-PLACED CHARGES OUGHT TO WRECK THIS ACCURSED PLACE.

AN' IF SOME PEOPLE GET HURT ALONG THE WAY, SO MUCH THE BETTER.

HUH?! WHUZZAT?!?

HUMANNN... I NEED...YOU...

OH MY GOD.

HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO SCREAM.

MUIR ISLE. CHRISTMAS DAY. A LIFE ENDS. AND A NIGHTMARE IS BORN.

NEXT ISSUE: WANTED: WOLVERINE! DEAD or ALIVE!

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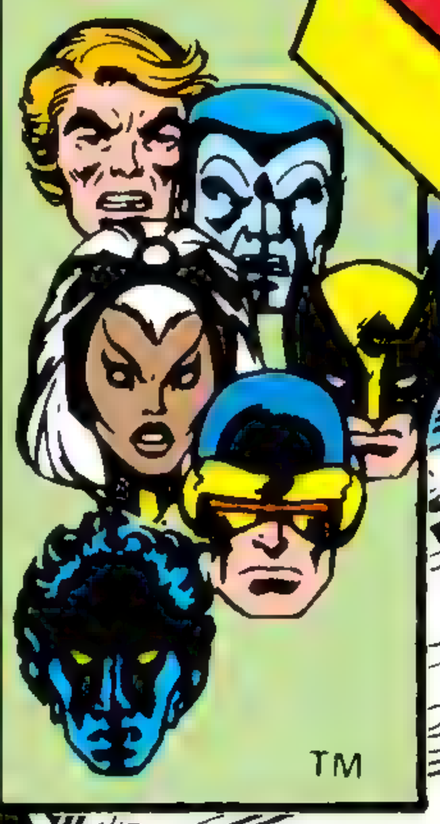

CHAOS IN CANADA!

BUDIANSKI · austin

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS---feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

CHRIS CLAREMONT & JOHN BYRNE * TERRY AUSTIN | TOM ORZECHOWSKI, letterer | ROGER STERN | JIM SHOOTER
AUTHOR/CO-PLOTTERS/PENCILER * INKER | GLYNIS WEIN, colorist | EDITOR | EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

WANTED: WOLVERINE! DEAD OR ALIVE!

THE WAR ROOM OF THE CANADIAN MINISTRY OF DEFENSE -- OTTOWA, ONTARIO, CANADA...

I RECOGNIZE WEAPON X, HUDSON -- THE ONE YOU CODE-NAMED WOLVERINE--

--BUT WHO THE BLAZES ARE THOSE OTHERS?

THEY'RE CALLED THE X-MEN, PRIME MINISTER.

THEY'RE AN UNOFFICIAL TEAM OF SO-CALLED SUPER-HEROES. WE ALSO BELIEVE THAT, LIKE WOLVERINE, THEY'RE ALL MUTANTS.

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BEYOND THAT, WE KNOW VERY *LITTLE*. THEY'RE *DANGEROUS* IN A FIGHT, THEY'RE BASED NEAR NEW YORK CITY, AND THERE ARE HINTS OF A POSSIBLE CONNECTION TO THE *U.S. GOVERNMENT*.

I DON'T CARE IF THEY HAVE *DEFINITE* CONNECTIONS TO THE *BOY SCOUTS*. THEY HAVE WEAPON X-- I WANT HIM *BACK*.

WE SPENT A LOT OF *MONEY* AND RESOURCES DEVELOPING AND *TRAINING* HIM--NOT TO MENTION *YOUR* GROUP AS WELL-- I WON'T SEE IT *THROWN AWAY*.

I REALIZE THAT, PRIME MINISTER. BUT... WOLVERINE *RESIGNED*.

18

THEN HE CAN SIMPLY *UN*-RESIGN, Dr. HUDSON-- UNDERSTAND?

YES, SIR. I WON'T FAIL YOU LIKE *LAST TIME!* *

32-5

*X-MEN #109.--R.

IF *ANYONE* ON EARTH HAS A PRAYER OF *CORRALLING* WOLVERINE, IT'S *ALPHA FLIGHT*.

12-75

a

A BUTTON IS PUSHED, AND AN ALERT SIGNAL FLASHES ACROSS THE CONTINENT, SUMMONING FIVE VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE...

... JEAN-PAUL *BEAUBIER*, OLYMPIC AND PROFESSIONAL SKI CHAMPION, ON A PROMOTIONAL TOUR IN *JASPER NATIONAL PARK*.

Autographs

NORTHSTAR.

... Dr. *MICHAEL TWOYOUNGMEN*, MD, STAFF PHYSICIAN AT THE *SARCEE RESERVE HOSPITAL*, OUTSIDE CALGARY, ALBERTA.

SHAMAN.

... CORPORAL *ANNE McKENZIE*, RCMP, RECORDS OFFICER, ASSIGNED TO YELLOWKNIFE, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.

SNOW-BIRD.

... Dr. *WALTER LANGKOWSKI*, PhD-- FORMER ALL-PRO LINEBACKER TURNED PROFESSOR OF *BIOPHYSICS* AT McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL.

SASQUATCH.

... AND, FINALLY, *JEANNE-MARIE BEAUBIER*, A TEACHER IN LaVALLE, QUEBEC.

AURORA.

HALF-A-WORLD AWAY, HOWEVER, THE X-MEN KNOW **NOTHING** OF THIS AS THEY PREPARE TO LEAVE **JAPAN**...

...ON WHAT THEY HOPE IS THE **LAST** LEG OF THEIR SEEMINGLY **ENDLESS** JOURNEY HOME FROM THE **SAVAGE LAND.** *

*BEGUN IN X-MEN #116.--R.

SAYONARA, MY FRIEND... AND **THANK YOU** FOR ALL THE HELP YOU GAVE ME. AND JAPAN.

I WAS... **PROUD** TO FIGHT BY YOUR SIDE, AND WOULD BE **HONORED** TO DO SO AGAIN. FAREWELL.

THE FEELING'S **MUTUAL**, SHIRO. AND REMEMBER-- IF YOU'RE EVER IN THE **STATES**--

--OUR HOME IS **YOURS.**

DONE WITH THE **CEREMONIES**, ARE WE, LADDIE?

THAT WE ARE, BANSHEE--AND ABOUT **TIME**, TOO. C'MON, PEOPLE, LET'S **BOARD** THAT PLANE.

WAIT A MOMENT, CYCLOPS! **WHERE'S WOLVERINE?!**

FOR THAT ANSWER, WE NEED LOOK NO FURTHER THAN THE LIMOUSINE OF SHIRO YASHIDA--SUNFIRE--PARKED JUST BEYOND THE BARRIER FENCE.

IT HAS ONE OCCUPANT...

...SHIRO'S COUSIN, MARIKO.

I **LIKE** THE X-MEN.

TAP! TAP!

I WILL **MISS** THEM, ESPECIALLY-- **WHAT'S THAT?!**

SOMEONE OUTSIDE-- BUT **WHO?**

WHIRRRR

?!?

<A WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM???>

KORE WANAN DESU-KA? <WHAT--WHAT IS THIS?>

<A GIFT, LITTLE ONE. FROM A FRIEND.>

<SOMETHING TO REMEMBER HIM BY.>

<IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL, WOLVERINE-SAN.>

<AND SO ARE YOU.>

<MARIKO-CHAN-- MY NAME IS LOGAN.>

<BE SEEING YOU.>

NIGHT PASSES, AND MIRACULOUSLY BECOMES THE MORNING OF THE PREVIOUS DAY...

... AS LAWYER JERYN HOGARTH'S CUSTOM-BUILT DC-10 SOARS EASTWARD OVER THE PACIFIC, CROSSING THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE JUST OFF THE ALASKAN COAST--

THUS FAR, IT'S BEEN AN UNEVENTFUL FLIGHT.

THAT'S ABOUT TO CHANGE.

STORM'S GETTING WORSE, ANNIE. ANCHORAGE AND JUNEAU AIRPORTS ARE CLOSED -- CONDITIONS AT VANCOUVER AND SEATTLE ARE DETERIORATING.

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP THE ROCKIES!

TAKE OVER, JILL. I'LL GO TELL OUR PASSENGERS.

I'LL BE--! THEY FINALLY FELL ASLEEP.

SCOTT SUMMERS AND COLLEEN WING HAVE BEEN TO-GETHER--AND TALKING NON-STOP-- SINCE WE LEFT TOKYO.

PITY I HAVE TO BREAK IT UP.

EXCUSE ME, Mr. SUMMERS...?

HUH--??

COULD YOU COME UP TO THE FLIGHT DECK? I THINK WE HAVE A PROBLEM.

WHAT'S WRONG?

THE FORECAST WAS FOR *CLEAR* WEATHER ALL THE WAY TO NEW YORK, BUT AN HOUR AGO, THIS *FREAK BLIZZARD* BLEW UP FROM NOWHERE. IT'S SHUT DOWN EVERY *AIRPORT* WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

WE *CHANGED* OUR COURSE FOR SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE STORM MOVED TO *CUT US OFF*. WE VECTORED FOR HAWAII, AND IT *CLOSED IN* AROUND US.

Hmmm. DEFINITELY NOT YOUR *NORMAL* STORM.

SCOTT, I SENSE A... *WRONGNESS* ABOUT US.

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CALL YOU, ORORO. WE'VE RUN INTO SOME VERY *SINGLE-MINDED* WEATHER. CAN YOU DO *SOMETHING* ABOUT IT?

I CAN *TRY.*

SHE GESTURES...

*....HER EYES BECOMING POOLS OF **COBALT FIRE** AS SHE REACHES OUT WITH MIND AND BODY AND **SOUL**...*

*...TO **GENTLY** SHAPE THE ELEMENTS TO HER **WILL**.*

CYCLOPS-- THE STORM *RESISTS* ME!

SOME *OUTSIDE* FORCE-- AN INTELLIGENCE-- *CONTROLS* IT!

FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, SUMMERS-- *NO MORE!* THE *STRAIN* IS STARTING TO TEAR THE PLANE *APART!*

THAT'S *ENOUGH*, ORORO. SOMEONE'S OBVIOUSLY GOING TO A LOT OF *TROUBLE* TO CAPTURE US. AND *I*, FOR ONE, AM CURIOUS TO FIND OUT *WHY.*

*THE HOURS PASS, THE **WORLD** AROUND THE DC-10 REDUCED TO A HORIZONLESS **COCOON** OF CLOUDS...*

*... AS THE FREAK BLIZZARD **HERDS** IT EAST ACROSS THE **YUKON**, THEN SOUTH INTO THE PROVINCE OF **ALBERTA**.*

WOLVERINE'S HERE, SCOTT.

SHALL I *WAKE* THE OTHERS?

NOT YET. LET 'EM GET ALL THE *REST* THEY CAN. THEY'LL *NEED* IT.

HOW ARE WE *DOING?*

THIS CRATE IS A FLYING *GAS-CAN,* SCOTT, BUT EVEN IT HAS ITS *LIMITS.* WITH EDMONTON SOCKED IN, WE EITHER LAND AT *CALGARY...*

...OR WE *CRASH.*

CALGARY APPROACH CONTROL FROM JULIET-HOTEL ONE, REQUEST IMMEDIATE CLEARANCE TO LAND.

ROGER, JULIET-HOTEL ONE. YOU'RE CLEARED TO RUNWAY SEVEN-LEFT.

SHOOTER

WALT, TELL THAT *SPECIAL OPERATIONS* TEAM THAT THEIR PIGEONS ARE ON *FINAL.*

IT'S A HAIRY APPROACH-- MADE INTO THE TEETH OF A VICIOUS CROSS-WIND-- BUT THE PILOT GREASES THE JUMBO-JET DOWN IN A FLAWLESS LANDING.

THAT'S *ODD.* THE TAXI ROUTE THE TOWER GAVE US WILL TAKE US ABOUT AS *FAR* FROM THE TERMINAL AS WE CAN *GET.*

STORM, GET EVERYONE *UP!*

ANNIE, HIT THE BRAKES-- *FAST!*

THERE'S A *MAN* ON THE RUNWAY!

WOLVERINE! YOU *KNOW* WHO THIS IS, AND YOU KNOW *WHY* I'M HERE. SURRENDER NOW, AND YOUR FRIENDS DON'T GET *HURT.* *RESIST*-- AND I WON'T BE *RE-SPONSIBLE* FOR WHAT HAPPENS!

YOU'VE GOT *ONE* MINUTE TO MAKE UP YOUR *MIND.*

WHAT THE--?! ISN'T HE THAT CHARACTER WHO ATTACKED YOU LAST *SUMMER?*

SNIKT!

STAY *OUTTA* THIS, BUB. IT'S *MY* FIGHT.

*X-MEN #109. --R.

SHEATHE YOUR CLAWS, WOLVERINE. THIS ISN'T THE TIME OR PLACE FOR A RUMBLE-- NOT WITH INNOCENT PEOPLE ABOARD.

TURN THIS CRATE AROUND, ANNE --AND GET US OFF THE GROUND!

YOU HEARD THE MAN, JILL.

WHEEL ISN'T ANSWERING, ANNIE.

THIS IS CRAZY! I'VE GOT THE ENGINES AT FULL THROTTLE--

-- BUT WE'RE STANDING STILL!

WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?! I THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE ON THE GROUND, BUT NOW THE SHIP'S SHAKIN' LIKE A MIXMASTER.

I'LL TAKE A LOOK OUT THE WINDOWS, SEE IF I CAN SPOT ANYTHING!

MEIN GOTT.

BANSHEE, COLOSSUS --OVER HERE! THE LANDING LIGHTS SHOW A MAN'S SHADOW! HE'S BENEATH THE PLANE, AND I THINK--

-- HE'S STOPPING IT WITH HIS BARE HANDS!!

FIREWALLED, A DC-10'S THREE TURBOFAN ENGINES GENERATE 150,000 POUNDS OF THRUST, BUT--

--THE PLANE DOESN'T MOVE AN INCH, UNTIL MUSCLES THE SIZE OF BRIDGE CABLES SUDDENLY FLEX, HEFTING THE 250 TON AIRCRAFT A FEW FEET OFF THE GROUND AS IF IT WEIGHED NOTHING.

AND THEN, WITH HORRIFYING EASE...

...THOSE SAME MUSCLES SIMPLY THROW THE PLANE AWAY.

HELPLESSLY, THE JUMBO JET CAREENS ACROSS THE FIELDS TOWARDS AN OLD, DERELICT HANGAR, ITS ENGINES **THUNDERING** EVEN ABOVE THE HOWL OF THE STORM...

... IN A DESPERATE, **VAIN** ATTEMPT TO PREVENT A **TRAGEDY**...

CRASH

SASQUATCH, YOU INCREDIBLE ***LUMMOX***-- I TOLD YOU TO ***STOP*** THAT PLANE, NOT ***SMASH*** IT!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, ***VINDICATOR***. I GUESS I STILL DON'T KNOW MY OWN ***STRENGTH***.

THAT'S FOR SURE. I THOUGHT ONLY THE *HULK* WAS CAPABLE OF STUNTS LIKE THIS.

GOOD THING THE TOWER SAID THEY WERE ALMOST OUT OF *FUEL*.

THAT SHOULD LESSEN THE CHANCE OF *FIRE*.

EVEN SO, I'D BETTER GET EVERYONE *OUT* OF THE WRECK-- *FAST!*

LORD, I HOPE NOBODY'S *HURT*. ALPHA FLIGHT'S GOING TO BE IN ENOUGH *TROUBLE* OVER THIS MESS AS IT IS.

WHAT THE--?! IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!*

THE PLANE'S *EMPTY!*

HEY!!

THE STORM -- IT JUST *DOUBLED* IN INTENSITY AND CLOSED IN OVER THE AIRPORT LIKE A *BLANKET*. IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO DO THAT!

SHAMAN! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO *PHASE OUT* YOUR BLIZZARD THE MOMENT THE PLANE TOUCHED DOWN!

THIS IS NOT *MY* DOING, VINDICATOR.

ONE OF THE X-MEN MUST HAVE POWER OVER THE *ELEMENTS*. HE IS TURNING MY WEATHER SPELL *AGAINST* ME, AND I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN *STOP* HIM!

WE CUT THINGS REAL *CLOSE*, BOSS, BUT WE ALL GOT OUT OKAY. AN' *NO ONE* SPOTTED US.

THANKS, WOLVERINE. ORORO'S STORM SHOULD GIVE US *COVER* ALL THE WAY TO THE TERMINAL.

WE'LL PLAN OUR NEXT MOVE WHEN WE'RE OUT OF THIS *WIND*.

AND WOLVERINE -- I WANT SOME ***STRAIGHT ANSWERS*** FROM YOU. THIS IS THE ***SECOND*** TIME THAT "***MAJOR MAPLE LEAF***" HAS CALLED YOU OUT, AND THIS TIME HE'S BROUGHT ***FRIENDS***.

WHO ARE THEY? AND WHY ARE THEY ***AFTER*** YOU?

I TOLD YOU, BUB, IT'S ***MY*** FIGHT.

NOT ANYMORE... "***BUB***".

AIR CANADA 02

EXIT

THE COAST IS ***CLEAR***, CYCLOPS.

THEN LET'S ***MOVE***, PEOPLE, AND HOPE THE AIRPORT ISN'T WALL-TO-WALL ***MOUNTIES***.

SO FAR, SO GOOD. THE BLIZZARD'S TRAPPED A ***LOT*** OF PLANES HERE. WITH LUCK, WE CAN FADE INTO THE ***CROWD***.

I'M ***WAITING***, WOLVERINE.

I HEARD YA. THEY AIN'T ***VILLAINS***, FOLKS. THEY'RE WHAT I USED TO BE -- ***CANADIAN GOVERNMENT AGENTS***.

JIMMY HUDSON -- "***MAJOR MAPLE LEAF***" -- IS HEAD OF A PROJECT TO DEVELOP A TEAM OF CANADIAN ***SUPER-HEROES***. HE STARTED BY LOOKIN' FOR ***MUTANTS***, SAME AS PROFESSOR X.

77

HE FOUND ***ME***.

TERRY -- INK THIS NOW! — Stan

I WAS HIS ***GUINEA PIG***.-- HIS FIRST BIG SUCCESS, HIS ONLY ***FAILURE***.

HUDSON ***GAMBLED*** ON ME, WHILE ALL THE SHRINKS SAID I WAS UNCONTROLLABLE -- A ***PSYCHO***. IN THE END, I PROVED 'EM ***RIGHT***.

20

26 34 35 75 77 88

FUNNY. I THOUGHT I ***RESIGNED***. MY MISTAKE.

I WAS ***OPERATIONAL*** WHEN HUDSON GATHERED THE REST OF ALPHA FLIGHT. OUTSIDE OF HIM, I DON'T KNOW ***WHO*** WE'RE UP AGAINST. OR HOW ***MANY***.

THEN WE ***SPLIT UP***. OUR DISAPPEARING ACT HAS THROWN THEM ***OFF-BALANCE***, AND I MEAN TO KEEP IT THAT WAY.

PEDESTRIAN X

"I SPOTTED A HUGE CONCRETE ***TOWER*** IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY. WE'LL ***RENDEZVOUS*** THERE."

NOT MUCH LATER, IN A WET, SNOW-STREWN SIDE STREET...

I THINK I'M LEARNING THE *LIMITS* OF MY TELEPORTING TALENT. COLLEEN WING SAID THE CITY WAS ABOUT *SEVEN* MILES FROM THE AIRPORT...

... AND I MADE IT IN *THREE* "*JUMPS.*"

SO THIS IS *CALGARY,* hm? NOT MUCH TO *LOOK* AT-- BUT THEN, WHAT CITY *IS* WHEN YOU'RE ON THE RUN?

I HAVEN'T FELT LIKE THIS SINCE *WINZELDORF*-- AND I DON'T MUCH LIKE IT. I CAME IN *FRIENDSHIP* THAT NIGHT, AND THE VILLAGERS CALLED ME *DEMON*-- AND TRIED TO BURN ME AT THE STAKE.*

ACH! WHAT AM I THINKING?! THAT IS ALL PAST... THINGS ARE *DIFFERENT* NOW...

P ENTER

TOWER

TARATANOVI

*GIANT-SIZED X-MEN #1--*PROG.

ARE THEY, KURT WAGNER?

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, X-MAN, AND YOU WILL NOT BE *HARMED!*

WAS--?!?

NO SHADOWS NEARBY--MUST *TELEPORT--!*

MY-- EYES!!

SUDDENLY, NIGHTCRAWLER IS ENVELOPED IN PURE, ELEMENTAL LIGHT.

FOR A MOMENT, HE'S TOO STUNNED *TO MOVE OR THINK...*

... AND IN THAT MOMENT, HE IS LOST.

<HE IS *UNCONSCIOUS,* SISTER-- ONE DOWN, FIVE TO GO.>

<YOU HIT HIM VERY *HARD,* BROTHER. I HOPE HE ISN'T *HURT.*>

<DESPITE HIS APPEARANCE, HE IS LIKE US-- A *MUTANT.* I DON'T LIKE HUNTING MY OWN *KIND.*>

CALGARY: TO MANY, IT'S THE GATEWAY CITY TO WESTERN CANADA, A SPRAWLING, YOUNG, VIBRANT METROPOLIS MADE UP.. NOT OF OLD AND NEW--BUT OF NEW AND VERY NEW.

THE CENTERPIECE OF ITS INNER-CITY RENAISSANCE IS THE CALGARY TOWER...

... A SIX HUNDRED FOOT SPIRE OF CONCRETE, OUTSIDE OF WHICH ARE SOME VERY WORRIED X-MEN -- AND THEIR FRIENDS.

WE HAVE CHECKED ALL THE NEARBY STREETS, SCOTT. THERE IS NO SIGN OF KURT.

OR OF BANSHEE. OR STORM. OR WOLVERINE.

RELAX, SCOTT. WE MADE PRETTY GOOD TIME. MAYBE THE OTHERS JUST GOT HELD UP.

MAYBE, MISTY. BUT WE'RE ON HUDSON'S TURF, FIGHTING BY HIS RULES.

WE CAN'T AFFORD EVEN ONE MISTAKE.

ACTUALLY, SOME OF CYCLOPS' MISSING TEAM-MATES ARE A LOT CLOSER THAN HE THINKS -- BARELY THREE CITY-BLOCKS AWAY, IN A PLUSH BOUTIQUE ON THE THIRD LEVEL OF THE TORONTO-DOMINION MALL...

I OUGHT TO HAVE ME HEAD EXAMINED.

THERE'S A TIME AN' PLACE FOR SHOPPIN', BUT I'VE A FEELIN' THIS AIN'T IT. ON THE OTHER HAND, COLLEEN HAS A POINT.

WITH HER HEIGHT AN' HAIR, ORORO STANDS OUT IN ANY CROWD. UNLESS WE CAN DISGUISE THAT, I DOUBT WE'LL GET VERY FAR, UNNOTICED.

I SHOULDN'T BE SMOKIN'. THE DOC IN JAPAN SAID IT'D BE QUITE A WHILE BEFORE I COULD SCREAM AGAIN -- IF EVER.

I WONDER -- WOULD IT BE SO BAD IF I QUIT SWASH-BUCKLIN'? NO MORE BANSHEE--

--ONLY SEAN CASSIDY, AN' HIS LADY?

WELL, SEAN, HERE SHE IS: WHAT D'YOU THINK?

I LOVE IT!

I'M... NOT SO SURE.

I MEAN, IT'S A **GRAND** OUTFIT, BUT ON ORORO, IT LOOKS... I DUNNO, I GUESS I'M USED TO SEEIN' HER IN THE **WILD.**

product England e

I DON'T UNDER-STAND.

I **DO.** AND SEAN IS CORRECT. I FEEL **SMOTHERED** IN ALL THESE CLOTHES.

WELL, THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO KEEP YOU **WARM.**

WHY? I AM NEVER **COLD.**

OH, WELL-- BACK TO THE FITTING ROOM!

AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...

THEY THINK THEY'VE GIVEN US THE **SLIP.** BOY, ARE THEY IN FOR A **SURPRISE.**

THE BLIZZARD **SCRAMBLED** OUR GROUND SCANNERS A BIT, BUT NOW THAT THE SYSTEMS ARE **RE-CALIBRATED...**

... WE'LL HAVE THE X-MEN UNDER **LOCK-AND-KEY** BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S **HIT** THEM.

BASE IS RELAYING A **STRONG CONTACT** CENTERED ON THE DOMINION MALL. PROBABLY A **BUNCH** OF THEM.

JUST MY LUCK. WITH THE REST OF ALPHA FLIGHT **SCATTERED** ALL OVER TOWN, I'LL HAVE TO HANDLE THIS ON MY **OWN.**

I'VE ONE BIG ADVANTAGE -- **SURPRISE.** I'VE GOT TO PUSH IT FOR **ALL** IT'S WORTH.

ZRASSH!

KELLY-- **LOOK OUT!**

EATON

JOHNNY, WHAT **IS** IT?!?

DUMB MOVE, HUDSON. I PROBABLY **SCARED** THOSE KIDS HALF-TO-DEATH. THIS ISN'T NEW YORK... PEOPLE HERE AREN'T **USED** TO SUPER-TYPES.

SUZ

HERE'S THE **FOCAL POINT** OF THE CONTACT.

A... **BOUTIQUE?!?**

THIS MAKES NO SENSE, BUT I'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT ANYW--

BANSHEE!

YOU--!! THE SPALEEN WHO NEARLY MURDERED MOIRA McTAGGERT! *

*BY ACCIDENT, IN X-MEN #109.--R.

HE REACTS INSTINCTIVELY, VOCAL CHORDS TENSING TO CHANNEL HIS SCREAM...

...INTO A TIGHT BEAM OF IRRESISTABLE SONIC ENERGY. AND THEN...

EEARRGH

WHAT-- HAPPENED? HE STARTED TO SCREAM, THEN HE DOUBLED OVER IN AGONY!

EASY, BANSHEE. DON'T TRY TO TALK, MAN. I'LL PHONE FOR A DOCTOR.

TWICE YOU HAVE ATTACKED US, JAMES HUDSON, THOUGH WE HAVE NEVER DONE YOU ANY HARM...

...BUT I PROMISE YOU, BY ALL I HOLD DEAR--

LORD, I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT.

PRAY THAT HE IS, ASSASSIN, OR YOU WILL PAY THE PRICE.

Eh?

--THERE WILL NOT BE A THIRD!

SHA

BOOM

YOU SPOKE ONCE OF *POWER*.

LITTLE MAN, YOU DO NOT KNOW THE *MEANING* OF THE WORD!

MISS ORORO, PLEASE-- *STOP IT!* YOU'RE WRECKING MY STORE!

SHE TURNED A *HURRICANE* ON-AND-OFF IN HERE, WITH JUST A *THOUGHT*. I KNEW SHE WAS POWERFUL, BUT I NEVER *DREAMED*...

Oh, MY POOR STORE...

'RORO,.. LET HUDSON GO.

WE'VE GOT TO... WARN SCOTT... OTHERS. HELP ME... UP.

SO MUCH FOR MY *MACHO PRIDE*... NO WAY I CAN HANDLE THAT WOMAN *ALONE*.

NOT WITHOUT RISKING THE *DESTRUCTION* OF THIS MALL AND EVERYONE *IN* IT.

SOME *SUPERHERO*-- AND TEAM LEADER -- I'M TURNING OUT TO BE.

PERHAPS HEATHER WAS RIGHT. I'M JUST NOT *CUT OUT* FOR THIS KIND OF LIFE.

I NEVER *WANTED* THE JOB IN THE FIRST PLACE. FROM THE BEGINNING, I MEANT IT FOR *WOLVERINE*.

PETER-- *LOOK!* DO YOU RECOGNIZE THAT *ENERGY TRAIL?!*

IT'S HEADING AWAY FROM THE BUILDING WHERE WE SAW THAT BIG *LIGHTNING FLASH* A MINUTE AGO.

I *KNOW* IT, COMRADE. THAT IS *GOSPODIN* HUDSON -- "*MAJOR MAPLE LEAF*".

I FEAR HE HAS FOUND *STORM*.

I'VE MADE MY ONE *MISTAKE*, PETER, AND IT'S A DOOZY: I'VE *UNDERESTIMATED* OUR FOE.

HUDSON WORKS WITH *MUTANTS*. IT STANDS TO REASON THAT HE MIGHT HAVE SOME SENSOR DEVICE AKIN TO OUR *CEREBRO*. I ASSUMED WE WERE *SAFE*...

"... AND, INSTEAD, I'VE MADE US MORE *VULNERABLE* THAN EVER."

SOME THINGS *NEVER* CHANGE. ALL THEM BIG SHINY SKYSCRAPERS DOWNTOWN CAN'T HIDE THE *POVERTY* THAT'S HERE.

SAM'S SHO

SMUT

THEY JUST MAKE IT *HARDER* TO FIND.

I'VE BEEN GONE A *LONG TIME*. I WONDER IF *CRACKLIN' ROSA* STILL RUNS HER "SOCIAL CLUB".

EAST CALGARY SMOKE SHOP

PAPERBACKS & NE

SMOKES

I WAS A *WILD* KID, BACK THEN, AN' SHE WAS *MY* KIND O' WOMAN.

ERS BOOKS AGAZINES

SO WHERE DO I GET OFF *FALLIN'* FOR A... A LADY LIKE *MARIKO YASHIDA*?

LOVE. WHO NEEDS IT?

ME.

THWIP!

WHAM

CAPTAIN LOGAN, YOU'VE PUT ME AND MY FRIENDS TO A LOT OF *TROUBLE* TONIGHT. NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO COME ALONG *QUIETLY*...

... OR DO I HAVE TO GET *ROUGH?*

KRAM

GOOD. I'M SO GLAD YOU SEE THINGS *MY* WAY.

PLEASANT DREAMS.

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE CITY, BANSHEE AND STORM ARE TELLING CYCLOPS OF VINDICATOR'S ATTACK...

I *DUNNO* WHICH WAY HE WENT. I'M... SORRY, LAD.

DON'T BE, SEAN. YOU DID YOUR *BEST.*

COLLEEN AND MISTY ARE PHONING THEIR LAWYER-BOSS, *JERYN HOGARTH,* TO GET US SOME *LEGAL HELP.*

FOUR SEASONS HOTEL

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO *WAIT.*

WOLVERINE AND NIGHTCRAWLER ARE STILL *MISSING.* WE HAVE TO FIGURE THAT THEY'VE BEEN *CAPTURED.*

THE X-MEN DIDN'T *START* THIS FIGHT, PEOPLE--

-- BUT WE'RE SURE AS HELL GONNA *FINISH* IT IF NECESSARY, OVER ALPHA FLIGHT'S *DEAD BODIES!*

NEXT **SHOOT-OUT AT THE STAMPEDE!**

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THE UNCANNY X-MEN™

ALPHA FLIGHT ATTACKS!

THE X-MEN BATTLE TO SAVE WOLVERINE FROM CANADA'S FIGHTING-MAD SUPERHEROES!

CockRum Austin

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS––feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

SHOOT-OUT at the STAMPEDE!

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE IS CALLED THE GREATEST OUTDOOR SHOW ON EARTH, AND DURING THE YEAR, WELL OVER A MILLION PEOPLE VISIT THE VAST RECREATIONAL COMPLEX SURROUNDING THE FAIRGROUND.

IT'S WINTER NOW, THE CITY OF CALGARY BRACED FOR THE ONSLAUGHT OF A VICIOUS ARCTIC BLIZZARD, AND THE PARK IS EMPTY, ITS GATES CLOSED AND LOCKED.

CALG HIBITION

JULY 6TH TO

KTHAM!

ZARK!

BUT WHEN THE X-MEN COME CALLING, THEY MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN LEFT WIDE OPEN.

CHRIS CLAREMONT & JOHN BYRNE AUTHOR/CO-PLOTTERS/PENCILER / TERRY AUSTIN INKER / DIANA ALBERS letterer / GLYNIS WEIN colorist / ROGER STERN editor / JIM SHOOTER ed-in-chief

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CYCLOPS, DID WE HAVE TO BREAK THOSE DOORS DOWN? COULD NOT STORM HAVE FLOWN US INSIDE?

TOO RISKY, COLOSSUS. CARRYING BOTH OF US, SHE'D BE A SITTING DUCK.

BESIDES, AFTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, I'M IN NO MOOD TO BE GENTLE.

WHICH WAY, CYCLOPS?

YOU SCOUT AHEAD, STORM--SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT ANYTHING FROM THE AIR. COLOSSUS AND I WILL SEARCH ON FOOT.

NOT GOOD. THE X-MEN OBVIOUSLY DON'T INTEND GIVING UP WOLVERINE WITHOUT A FIGHT.

AT LEAST, I CAN MAKE SURE NO INNOCENTS GET INVOLVED. ONCE I SCATTER SOME "MAGIC DUST" ACROSS THE ENTRANCE...

...THE ENTIRE STAMPEDE GROUNDS WILL BE SEALED.

I WISH I COULD MAKE SENSE OF THIS. ALL WE WERE DOING WAS FLYING HOME FROM JAPAN--

AS HE MOVES THROUGH THE DESERTED FAIR-GROUND, CYCLOPS THINKS BACK ACROSS THE HOURS.

--NOW WE'RE IN A FIGHT, AND RIGHT OFF THE BAT OUR STRENGTH'S BEEN CUT IN HALF.

...TO THE FREAK STORM THAT HAD HEADED THEIR PLANE OFF ITS COURSE...

... AND FORCED IT TO LAND AT CAL-GARY--IN THE WESTERN CANADIAN PROVINCE OF ALBERTA. THEY WERE EXPECTED.

WOLVERINE! YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS, AND WHY I'M HERE! SURRENDER--

--OR I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS!

MONTHS AGO, JAMES HUDSON--THE VINDICATOR--HAD ATTACKED THE X-MEN IN NEW YORK, IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE WOLVERINE. NOW, ON HIS HOME TURF, HE WAS TRYING AGAIN--

--ONLY THIS TIME HE BROUGHT FRIENDS...ONE OF THEM THREW THE X-MEN'S PLANE THROUGH A HANGAR.

ESSO

BUT WHEN VINDICATOR SEARCHED THE WRECKAGE, HE CAME UP EMPTY-HANDED. HIS PREY HAD ESCAPED.

STORM PULLED THE BLIZZARD DOWN ON TOP OF THE AIRPORT AND, USING IT FOR COVER, THE X-MEN MADE THEIR WAY INTO CALGARY...

...WITH THE CANADIAN HEROES HOT ON THEIR HEELS.

VINDICATOR CORNERED STORM AND BANSHEE IN THE TORONTO-DOMINION MALL.

THE BATTLE WAS BRIEF--AND NO-CONTEST.

OTHER X-MEN DIDN'T FARE SO WELL. WOLVERINE AND NIGHTCRAWLER BOTH DISAPPEARED--

--PRESUMEDLY TAKEN PRISONER.

CYCLOPS SWORE TO RESCUE THEM.

BUT FIRST, THEY HAD TO BE FOUND.

WHEN PETER AND I SAW HIM, HUDSON WAS HEADING SOUTH-EAST.

HIS POWER CREATES A DISTINCTIVE ENERGY TRAIL, A DISRUPTION IN THE AIR I THINK I CAN FOLLOW.

THEN WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR?

IT WAS HARD WORK--STORM LOST THE FAINT TRAIL MORE THAN ONCE--BUT FINALLY IT LED THEM TO THE STAMPEDE GROUNDS.

AND THEN...

I'VE FOUND THEM!

BEYOND THAT BUILDING! NIGHT-CRAWLER AND WOLVERINE ARE ALONE IN THE CENTER OF SOME HUGE FIELD. THEY LOOK UNCONSCIOUS.

CYCLOPS, SHOULD WE BE THIS DIRECT? SUPPOSE IT IS A TRAP?

I'M SURE IT'S A TRAP--

--BUT WITH JUST THE THREE OF US AGAINST LORD KNOWS HOW MANY, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO SPLIT OUR FORCES.

GET THE GATE, COLOS-SUS.

SHLG

AS YOU WISH, COMRADE.

CYCLOPS, ARE WE DOING THE RIGHT THING? IF WOLVERINE IS WANTED BY HIS GOVERNMENT...

HE'S NO CRIMINAL, OR PROFESSOR X WOULD NEVER HAVE TAPPED HIM FOR THE X-MEN.

WOLVERINE SAID HE RESIGNED, STORM. HIS PEOPLE HAVE NO MORE HOLD ON HIM.

SEE ANY-ONE AROUND?

NO ONE, BUT THEY COULD EASILY BE HIDDEN.

LET'S GO, THEN.

I GUESS THE BOTTOM LINE, STORM, IS THAT WOLVERINE IS OUR FRIEND...

...AND WHAT-EVER THE COST, THE X-MEN TAKE CARE OF THEIR OWN.

AN ADMIRABLE SENTIMENT, CYCLOPS, BUT THIS TIME THE COST MAY BE MORE THAN YOU CAN BEAR.

WHAT--?!

BY THE WHITE WOLF!

THIS IS **ALPHA FLIGHT**--CANADA'S FIRST TEAM OF SUPERHEROES--THE CULMINATION OF A DECADE OF INTENSIVE RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT. AND THEY THINK THEY'RE THE EQUAL OF ANY SUPER-GROUP ON EARTH!

SASQUATCH!

SHAMAN!

AURORA!

NORTHSTAR!

VINDICATOR!

SNOWBIRD!

WE'VE NO QUARREL WITH YOU, X-MEN. YOU CAN TAKE YOUR BLUE-SKINNED FRIEND AND GO... WE'LL GUARANTEE YOU SAFE CONDUCT INTO THE STATES...

...BUT WOLVERINE STAYS!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE MAIN GATE, MISTY KNIGHT, COLLEEN WING AND BANSHEE HAVE ARRIVED, ONLY TO FIND THAT...

WE'RE TOO LATE!

TAXI

TAXI

LOOKS LIKE IT, MISTY.

IF I WERE HEALTHY, I'D BE IN THERE WITH 'EM, INSTEAD O' HANGIN' BACK OUT O' HARM'S WAY.

I'M TAKIN' A LOOK AROUND.

SEAN--DON'T!

RELAX, COLLEEN. MAYBE I CAN'T USE ME SONIC SCREAM*...

*DUE TO INJURIES SUFFERED IN X-MEN #119--ROG.

...BUT I'VE OTHER SKILLS--

--WHOAFF!

THUMP!

YOU OKAY?

LITTLE...WINDED

WHAT DID I HIT?

A WALL!

LIKE THE AIR ITSELF HAS TURNED SOLID!

AND INSIDE THAT WALL...

...LAST TIME YOU ALMOST KILLED MOIRA MAC TAGGERT*-- NOT TO MENTION US AND OUR FLIGHT CREW A FEW HOURS AGO WHEN SASQUATCH SKRAGGED OUR PLANE!

*X-MEN #109--R.

YOU SEEM TO HAVE A LOT OF THEM.

THOSE WERE ACCIDENTS.

THAT CHANGES NOTHING. OUR ORDERS ARE TO GET WOLVERINE...

WHAT IS NORTHSTAR DOING?

WHETHER HE WANTS TO GO OR NOT?! THAT STINKS, MISTER!

CONSIDERING THE ODDS, CYCLOPS, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO THE SMELL.

SUSPICIONS FLARE IN THE YOUNG RUSSIAN'S BRAIN...

HE'S MOVING BEHIND CYCLOPS!

...AND WHETHER THEY'RE JUSTIFIED OR NOT, WE'LL NEVER KNOW, FOR AN INSTANT LATER...

BEWARE, CYCLOPS!

THOOM

WHAT THE--?!

HEY!!

I FEAR TREACHERY!

BUSTER, YOUR STEEL SKULL'S RUSTING!

SASQUATCH--NO! I WANT NO FIGHT!

A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT, JIMMY.

BAM

WOLVER-INE-- YOU'RE AWAKE!

YOU GOT IT, BABE. ME AN' THE ELF... WERE PLAYIN' POSSUM.

GLAD TO HEAR IT. WE CAN USE YOUR HELP.

WHY DID PETER STRIKE LIKE THAT? IT'S UNLIKE HIM TO BE SO RASH.

THE WOMAN'S AIRBORNE, VINDICATOR! I'LL HANDLE HER!

MAY THE GREAT SPIRIT FLY WITH YOU, SNOWBIRD.

MEANTIME, LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO END THIS MADNESS...

...BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT.

GRANDPA NEVER APPROVED OF MY GOING TO THE WHITE MAN'S MEDICAL SCHOOL, SAID IT WAS A WASTE OF TIME.

HE TRAINED ME TO BE LIKE HIM--A HEALER, A MAN OF PEACE.

I WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY NOW, IF HE SAW HOW I WAS USING THE SKILLS HE TAUGHT ME?

FORM ON ME X-MEN!

WE CAN'T LET THEM SPLIT US APART, PICK US OFF ONE AT A TIME!

SKAKOW

YOU'RE PRETTY HANDY WITH THOSE EYE-BEAMS, X-MAN.

IT'S A PITY YOU CAN'T SHOOT THEM EVERY-WHERE AT ONCE!

≥UNNNGNH!≤

SHOK!

CYCLOPS IS DOWN!

GUTEN ABEND, FRÄULEIN. WE MEET AGAIN.

HO! A TELEPORTER, EH?

I THINK THE TIME HAS COME TO START EVENING THE ODDS IN THIS FIGHT, NICHT WHAR?

TO DO THAT, M'SIEU NIGHTCRAWLER, YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME.

AND THAT'S FAR EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

WANNA BET?

BAMF

SNOWBIRD FLIES AS WELL AS I. AND SHE KEEPS FORCING ME AWAY FROM THE STADIUM.

I COULD PROBABLY OVERWHELM HER WITH MY POWERS...

"...BUT THE LOCAL WEATHER PATTERNS HAVE BECOME SO UNSTABLE, I DARE NOT TAKE THE RISK."

YOU MAY BE A MATCH FOR MY HUMAN FORM, WOMAN.

BUT CAN EVEN YOU STAND AGAINST--

--A GIANT ARCTIC OWL!

SHE'S A SHAPE-CHANGER!

WE'RE GETTIN' CREAMED. AFTER MONTHS O' BEATIN' SOME OF THE ROUGHEST CHARACTERS ON EARTH...

SKCHOK!

...ALL OF A SUDDEN, WE'RE COMIN' APART LIKE FLAMIN' AMATEURS.

THE KEY IS TEAMWORK, WOLVERINE.

WE HAVE IT. YOU DON'T.

CRIPES!

IT'S A LITTLE WIND, SUMMONED BY A PINCH OF POWDER AND AN ANCIENT, WHISPERED INCANTATION...

...BUT, AS THE SAYING GOES, IT'S THE STRAW THAT BREAKS THE CAMEL'S BACK.

TO BRING THE X-MEN TO CALGARY, SHAMAN WARPED WEATHER SYSTEMS FROM HERE TO THE NORTH POLE, CREATING A CYCLONIC BLIZZARD...

...AND THEN SHUNTING IT THIS WAY AND THAT IN DEFIANCE OF PRIMAL NATURAL FORCES. HE STILL THINKS HE'S IN CONTROL, UNAWARE THAT THE STORM HAS DEVELOPED A LIFE OF ITS OWN.

NOW, ITS POWER BUILDS GEOMETRICALLY WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND, TURNING IN ON ITSELF LIKE AN EVER MORE TIGHTLY COILED SPRING.

LOOKS PRETTY ROUGH OUTSIDE, JOHN.

OH, NOTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT, DARICE.

SOONER OR LATER, THE SPRING HAS TO SNAP, THE ELEMENTAL PRESSURE COOKER TO BURST.

DID YOU ENJOY NEW YORK?

YOU KNOW I DID. AND I LOVED SEEING "GREASE" ON BROADWAY.

ME, TOO. I...

DARICE-- DUCK!!

OOOHHHHH!

ELSEWHERE...

THAM!

THAT YOUR BEST SHOT, RUSTY? I'VE TAKEN WORSE FROM THE STEELERS' FRONT-FOUR.

MY TURN, FELLA! LET'S SEE IF YOU TAKE AS GOOD AS YOU GIVE.

POW!

FLAMIN' WEATHER'S STARTIN' TO MATCH THIS FIGHT-- IT STINKS!

SHAMAN'S RIDIN' AIR CURRENTS OUTTA MY REACH-- HE MUST FIGURE I'M FINISHED. THAT'S HIS MISTAKE.

I SHOULD'A KNOWN HUDSON WOULDN'T LET ME GO. I PROBABLY COST TOO FLAMIN' MUCH MONEY!

I JUST WISH I WAS GOIN' THIS ROUTE ALONE.

I DON'T WANT THE X-MEN SKRAGGED ON MY ACCOUNT.

HUDSON--!

VINDICATOR TO YOU, MISTER!

QUIT BEING STUBBORN, WOLVERINE.

THWOK

SAY THE WORD AND THIS BATTLE'S OVER!

NORTHSTAR'S AS FAST AS QUICKSILVER--ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO HIT. 'SPECIALLY WITH MY HEAD STILL RINGING FROM THAT PUNCH HE GAVE ME.

COLOSSUS! YOU DON'T WIN A FIGHT WITH YOUR FISTS ALONE! YOU'VE GOT A BRAIN, MAN--USE IT!

WHOOPS!

HA! IT IS AS CYCLOPS SAID WHEN HE STARTED TEACHING ME JUDO--THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!

WHAM

THE EYE OF THE BLIZZARD IS CENTERED OVER THE SPELL-SEALED STAMPEDE GROUNDS, AND THE WEATHER WITHIN THAT EYE IS RELATIVELY CALM. BUT OUTSIDE...

WIND'S PICKING UP, PAUL!

COLD, TOO.

GRANPA JAKE'S

JIM, COREY--WE GOTTA GET PEOPLE OFF THE STREET BEFORE THIS STORM FREEZES 'EM WHERE THEY STAND!

NO SIGN OF NIGHT-CRAWLER. STRANGE, I THOUGHT HE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME.

IF TIMES WERE DIFFERENT, THIS WOULD BE FUN.

BUT THEY AREN'T. I WISH I WAS MORE LIKE MY BROTHER, JEAN-PAUL.

HE'S BEEN A SCAPPER FROM THE DAY HE WAS BORN.

ME--AT HEART, I'M A LOVER.

FRÄULEIN...

...BOO!

SSS!

≷!?!≸

YOU--ELF!!

TALLY-HO!

ZOOOM!

BAMF

JUS' LIKE OLD TIMES, EH, JIMMY? YOU NEVER GAVE ME A CHOICE ABOUT BEIN' CHANGED, OR ABOUT JOININ' YER TIN-POT YUKON AVENGERS.

WHY SHOULD YA START NOW?

UH-UH, LOGAN--IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.

HEATHER AND I GAVE YOU A HOME, A CHANCE TO BE HUMAN INSTEAD OF THE FERAL WILD-CHILD YOU'D BEEN. IF YOU'RE ANYTHING TODAY, IT'S BECAUSE OF ME!

WHAT I AM, VINDICATOR, IS FREE.

AN' I'M GONNA STAY FREE--OR DIE!

SUDDENLY, THE CORE OF THE STORM EX-PLODES, WINDS OF OVER 200 MPH THUNDERING OUT ACROSS THE PLAINS...

...ITS SNOW TURNING TO ICE AND FALLING LIKE KNIVES OR RIFLE BULLETS.

AND EVEN THOUGH MUCH OF THE MONSTER STORM'S FORCE IS BLUNTED BY SHAMAN'S MYSTICAL FORCE FIELD...

...ENOUGH OF ITS FURY GETS THROUGH TO BRING THE BATTLE TO A SCREECH-ING HALT.

HOLY--!

SHAMAN--WHAT'S... HAPPENING?!

I... I... DO NOT KNOW.

AT THAT MOMENT, HIGH ABOVE THE "INFIELD"...

SNOWBIRD'S COMING CLOSER WITH EVERY PASS--YET I DARE NOT USE MY POWERS...

GODDESS! THE STORM--IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!

SHAMAN--WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

HE USED HIS SPELLS TO WHISTLE UP A GREAT WIND...

...ASSUMING THAT IT COULD BE AS EASILY TURNED OFF AS A LIGHT SWITCH.

I CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME--IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE.

FIRST, I MUST DEAL WITH SNOWBIRD.

WHROOOTT!

I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE.

WITH THE STRETCHING CAPACITY OF THE UNSTABLE MOLECULES OF MY CAPE, SNOWBIRD SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO CLAW FREE.

IF ONLY MY NEXT PROBLEM COULD BE HANDLED SO EASILY.

I ONLY TRIED ONCE TO SHAPE A STORM LIKE THIS.

THUMP!

I FAILED--AND THE EFFORT NEARLY KILLED ME. BUT I DARE NOT FAIL NOW.

THE BLIZZARD'S CORE REACHED A FRIGHTENING INTENSITY BEFORE IT STARTED EXPANDING. IF UNCHECKED, IT MAY NOT BLOW ITSELF OUT UNTIL NEXT SUMMER--IF THEN.

ARMS OUTSTRETCHED, SHE SOARS PAST THE CLOUDS, INTO AIR SO THIN AND COLD THAT A NORMAL HUMAN WOULD PERISH IN SECONDS.

HER PERCEPTIONS WIDEN UNTIL SHE SEES AND FEELS THE STORM--NOT AS CLOUDS AND WIND AND SNOW--BUT AS PATTERNS OF ENERGY.

SHE REACHES OUT--WITH MIND AND BODY AND SOUL--BECOMING ONE WITH THE TEMPEST...

...AND THEN, GENTLY AT FIRST, SHE DRAWS IT TO HER, CHANNELING IT THROUGH HER BODY, INTO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE...

...SPREADING ITS FURY ACROSS AN ENTIRE CONTINENT--CREATING SURPRISE SNOWFALLS FROM THE ROCKIES TO THE ATLANTIC COAST.

A MISERY, TO BE SURE, AS SHE SLOWLY DIFFUSES THE STORM'S CORE, BUT FAR BETTER THAN WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

SHE FINISHES A LITTLE BEFORE DAWN...

THE STORM WAS MORE POWERFUL THAN I... THOUGHT...

FORCED ME TO TAP INTO THE ELECTRICAL POTENTIAL ENERGY OF THE EARTH ITSELF...

I NEVER WANT... TO TRY THIS... AGAIN...

STRAIN WAS PURE... MURDER. I FEEL LIKE... I COULD SLEEP FOR A WHOLE YEAR--

--RUNNNGNH!!

YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY THE MOST POWERFUL X-MAN, MY DEAR. WITH YOU DOWN, THE REST WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE.

ORORO!

KRAAD!

JEAN-PAUL!!

YOU LOUSY, LITTLE--! STORM RISKED HER LIFE TO SAVE YOUR MISBEGOTTEN COUNTRY!

OR DID YOU THINK THAT BLIZZARD YOUR SHAMAN CREATED BLEW AWAY BY ITSELF?! PRAY SHE ISN'T BADLY HURT, NORTHSTAR--

--AS IT IS, YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE SOME TEETH!

NO, CYKE.

WHAT GIVES, WOLVERINE? I THOUGHT I'D BE THE ONE HOLDING YOU BACK.

YEAH--WELL, LIFE'S FUNNY LIKE THAT, THROWIN' YOU CURVES WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT 'EM.

I CHECKED ORORO. SHE'S OKAY--ONLY A LITTLE STUNNED. AN' AS OF NOW, THIS FRACAS IS FINISHED.

IT'S MY SCRAP, CYKE--I TOLD YA THAT. IT'S ME THEY WANT. THEY COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THE X-MEN.

IF I'D HAD A CHANCE, IF THINGS HADN'T GOTTEN OUTTA HAND SO FAST--IF I HADN'T STARTED ENJOYING THE ROUGH-HOUSE--

--I WOULD'A CALLED IT QUITS LONG AGO, AN' SAVED EVERYONE A LOT OF GRIEF.

YOU'RE AN X-MAN, WOLVERINE. YOUR FIGHTS ARE OURS..

I APPRECIATE THAT, BOSS--MORE'N YOU KNOW. BUT I AIN'T GONNA SEE MY...FRIENDS CHEWED UP ON MY ACCOUNT.

YOU WANT ME, JIMMY--I'M YOURS.

YOU MADE THE RIGHT DECISION, WOLVERINE.

TELL ME ABOUT IT. AN' THE X-MEN GO FREE, RIGHT? NO MATTER WHAT.

YOU HAVE MY WORD ON IT.

I'D BETTER, BUB.

MINUTES LATER, AT THE MAIN GATE...

WHAT A STORM! IF WE HADN'T FOUND SHELTER, THAT WIND WOULD HAVE FLAYED US ALIVE.

I THINK WE'VE ORORO TO THANK FOR ITS QUICK EXIT.

Y'KNOW, IF I HAD ME SONIC POWERS BACK, I BET I COULD VIBRATE THROUGH THIS BARRIER.

I'D BETTER GIVE IT A TAP, MAKE SURE IT'S STILL--

--HEE-EERRRE!!

BANSHEE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THE BARRIER, COLLEEN! I FELT IT FOR AN INSTANT, FIRM AS EVER, AN' THEN--POOF! IT VANISHED!

SAINTS, I HOPE IT WAS FOR ALL THE RIGHT REASONS. IF THE X-MEN HAVE BEEN BEATEN...

GRILL FAAD

MIKE'S

WHAT'S THAT?! AN ARMORED CAR?

THIS CAGE WAS SPECIALLY-DESIGNED FOR YOU, SHORTY. YOU COULDN'T BUST LOOSE IN A MILLION YEARS.

'COURSE, YOU'RE SO DUMB YOU'LL PROBABLY TRY.

YOU ALWAYS HAD A BIG MOUTH, GARSON. KEEP FLAPPIN' IT AROUND ME...

...AN' YER WIFE'LL BE A WIDOW BEFORE HER TIME.

WOLVERINE IS NOT AN ANIMAL, CYCLOPS. THAT MAN DID NOT HAVE TO TREAT HIM LIKE THAT.

I KNOW.

THEY ARE NOT AS LUCKY AS WE, COLOSSUS. THEY KNOW ONLY THE "SURFACE" WOLVERINE.

THEY KNOW NOTHING OF HIS TRUE SELF.

HOURS LATER...

CAE

--THEIR PLANE ESCORTED TO THE U.S. BORDER BY A FLIGHT OF CANADIAN AIR FORCE FIGHTERS.

...THE X-MEN ARE FINALLY HEADING HOME--

THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING US LIKE HAWKS ALL MORNING. YOU'D THINK THEY DIDN'T TRUST US.

WE MUST BE CROSSING THE BORDER. OUR ESCORT IS TURNING BACK.

ALL RIGHT. WE HAVE TWO ALTERNATIVES, PEOPLE. WE CAN GO HOME, OR GO BACK AFTER WOLVERINE. IF WE DO THE LATTER, I WOULDN'T MAKE BOOK ON OUR CHANCES. BUT THE WAY I SEE IT, WE HAVE TO TRY. ANY OBJECTIONS?

I'M IN, SCOTTY.

AND I, SCOTT.

ME, TOO.

I, AS WELL, TOVARISCH.

ANNIE--CHANGE OF COURSE!

HEAD FOR THE ROCKIES. AS SOON AS IT'S FEASIBLE, DROP BELOW RADAR COVER AND HEAD NORTH FOR CANADA.

WE'RE GOING TO RESCUE WOLVERINE WHETHER HE WANTS US TO OR NOT!

I WOULDN'T DO THAT, IF I WERE YOU--BUB.

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HUH?!? WOLVERINE!!

WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE?!?

WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?

I'M RIDIN' HOME IN STYLE AN' JAWIN' WITH A PRETTY GIRL.

BUT HOW--?! THAT TRUCK-- I THOUGHT--!

YEAH. SO DID JIMMY HUDSON. TROUBLE IS, THE CAGE AIN'T BEEN BUILT THAT CAN HOLD ME.

WHAT ABOUT NEXT TIME?

WHAT ABOUT IT? I DON'T WORRY ABOUT TOMORROW, MAN. I TAKE EACH DAY--EACH MOMENT--AS IT COMES. NO QUESTIONS, AN' NO REGRETS.

BUT IF YOU'RE SO FLAMIN' GLAD TA SEE ME, CYKE-- SHOW IT! LET'S BREAK OUT THE DRINKIN' STUFF AN' CELEBRATE--

--'CAUSE THE X-MEN ARE GOIN' HOME!!

NEXT ISSUE

CRY for the Children

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